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QUARTERLY REVIEW.

AUGUST 1, 1848.

ART. I.—*The Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith. A Biography in four Books.* By JOHN FORSTER, Author of the ‘Lives of Statesmen of the Commonwealth.’ London, 1848.

THERE are few biographies in any language to be compared with this minute, extensive, well-conceived, and entertaining work. It has been a labour of love; and, as the product of searching industry and generous enthusiasm, it will not only throw fresh light upon Goldsmith and upon Goldsmith’s age, but will go far towards raising biography into something like the position due to it as an Art. Johnson said of some one, that he was ‘a dead hand at a biography.’ He might have extended the remark to biographers in general, who certainly have handled *their* subject with as little reference to its being the *life* of a man, as if they had the ‘subject’ on the dissecting table, and had to demonstrate the muscles of the back rather than the complicated mystery of vital existence. With such ‘dead hands,’ such droning ‘demonstrators,’ Mr. Forster has nothing in common. He holds biography to be the art of setting forth, in some imperfect representation, the life of a man: how he looked, spoke, acted, lived; what were his hopes, his aims, his follies, his virtues, his shortcomings; in what element of circumstance he lived, and how that element was not the one in which *we* now live. The work is not mainly critical, not philosophical, not eulogistic,—although criticism, philosophy, and eulogy enter into its composition,—but *pictorial*. He does not attempt to dissect the man, but to represent him. He does not dissertate; he narrates. He does not eulogize; he loves.

To such a form as this, biography has of late been strenuously tending. Biography, like history, has within the last twenty years grown into higher importance, and is recognised as of wider scope, and demanding more artistic treatment than heretofore. A change has come over its spirit. We can now no more tolerate the wearisome pomp of academic eulogy, than the well-balanced periods of the 'dignity of history.' We look for something deeper than facts, dates, and anecdotes: we seek for glimpses of the man. Let any one, for example, compare Mr. Prior's laborious volumes upon Goldsmith with this 'Life and Adventures,' and he will see that Mr. Prior's diligence, praiseworthy though it be, has not in any shape succeeded in producing a *Life*; and that, even were his charges against Mr. Forster as correct as they are indubitably incorrect,* the fact would still remain that Mr. Forster alone had written the *Life* of Goldsmith. The question between them, respecting the copyright in facts, we will not touch upon; we here speak only on the literary question.

As a contribution to the art of biography, we welcome this 'Life and Adventures'; as a picture of Goldsmith's life and times it is still more welcome. Our review of it will divide itself into two sections: the one considering it as a work of art; the other, as a bit of literary history.

As a work of art, with many fine qualities, it has defects, upon which we may be permitted to enlarge, warranted as we are by our hearty admiration of its beauties. Minor faults it has, of course: *aliter non fit, Avite, luer!* But these we may pass over. Let us rather confine ourselves to matters of importance. And to begin: it is surely a fault of design that the picture should be so crowded as to obscure the principal figure? In Mr. Forster's picture of Goldsmith's times, he has, unhappily too often, and for too long, forgotten Goldsmith. Page after page (very amusing, it is true) may you read, without the slightest reference to the hero. Sketches of politicians and political movements are introduced by the author's discursive abundance, without a shadow of pretence. What was the Rockingham administration to Goldsmith, or he to it? He was not a politician—not a place-hunter—not even a political hack. He lived not in the troubled element of politics; rather kept himself sedulously aloof from it. A few lines might have conveyed all the information necessary; but where the artist should have thrown in a few potent touches, he has 'made out' elaborate figures. Observe, however, that it

* See Mr. Prior's Letter in the *Literary Gazette*, and Mr. Forster's complete and satisfactory Answer, in the *Athenaeum*, June 10th, 1848.

is only as a fault in art we object to these discursive passages; in themselves they are excellent, and add to the entertainment of the book. One only asks, might they not have been elsewhere, and better elsewhere?

Is there a fatality of insignificance attached to Goldsmith the man? During his life, at the height of his celebrity, he was lost amidst the crowd of lesser men who jostled him; and here, in these pages, where he lives again, he is overshadowed by his contemporaries—lost amidst the Johnsons, Burkes, Reynoldses, Garricks, Hawkesworths, Hawkinses, Davises, Topham Beauclercs, Bennet Langtons, and Boswells. As Goldy had to be silenced by the ingenuous German, because ‘Toctor Shonson’ was going to say something; so he is now huddled into a corner, or altogether withdrawn from our sight by his affectionate biographer, who wants to let ‘Toctor Shonson,’ or Burke, or Garrick, or Walpole, or Reynolds, speak.

Another defect is the imitation of Carlyle. Mr. Forster writes so well when he writes like himself, that every one must regret the presence of a certain tone, which sounds like an echo of another's voice. The imitation is never glaring; never reflecting the grotesqueness of the original; but it is, nevertheless, too like to be pleasing. Carlyle has evidently had a great influence on Mr. Forster, who reproduces here some of his favourite ideas; and we all know how difficult it is to escape unconscious imitation of any style which powerfully affects us. Few things are rarer than an original, *personal* style. Carlyle himself is an imitator.

There is a system of criticism now much in vogue, and which makes fault-finding the easiest of tasks: it is to dwell upon the qualities which a book has *not*, to which the book does not even pretend! Having deprecated any ill construction on that score, let us note in Mr. Forster's book the absence of any serious attempt to analyze Goldsmith's character. We speak not of failure, for he has not attempted. It came not within his mode of treating the subject. He has attempted to paint, and only to paint. So far he has succeeded. But in giving us this portrait, he would have added another charm if he could have let us see the workings of the poet's soul; in presenting this figure on the stage, it was in his power to have admitted us behind the scenes. We see the man, we do not know him yet. To know him we must ponder long upon his life and works; we must interpret the riddle for ourselves, with scanty aid from his biographer. Yet what a tempting subject for the psychologist! What strange apparent contradictions for the observer of moral phenomena to reconcile! In revising this book for a second

edition, how gladly should we find Mr. Forster cutting away several repetitions—some pointless anecdotes—and some pages of mere digression, to substitute in their place some thoughtful pages of analytical exposition, in which Goldsmith's *mind* might be depicted as vividly as his appearance and ways are now presented to us.

As a fault against the truth and integrity of art must be noted Mr. Forster's *indulgence* towards his hero. True it is that he is less bitten by the *furor biographicus* than most writers; and we shall perhaps be accused of severity in noticing so modified a form of the malady, but the malady is there, and demands recognition. He does not exalt his hero into a demi-god; does not discover that his ugliness was beauty; his foibles, graces; his vices, virtues. There is no spurious enthusiasm, no ‘got up’ sensibility, no raving of any kind. The tone is manly and moderate; but it has not the severe beauty of truth. We do not object to his love for Goldsmith: let the biographer's love be as hearty as possible for his hero, but let his love rise superior to defects, not blind itself to them. Love the scarred face, if you will, and paint it; but do not make it smooth. The man in his truth is lovelier than in any colours of falsehood with which the adroitest artist can disguise him. Mr. Forster's sins on this head are comparatively small; but they are, nevertheless, great enough to warrant notice, because great enough to interfere with the perfect truth of the delineation. Goldsmith had, perhaps, all the excellence which his biographer ascribes to him; but with it there was a large amount of human infirmity and moral deficiency, and this Mr. Forster does not so much deny, as slur over. It evidently goes hard with him to admit a fault in his idol, though he has Johnson's example to show how much tenderness could be allied with a keen recognition of the failings of little Goldy.

Having thus set down what appear to us the points which, judging the work by its own high standard, criticism may reasonably object to, let us not forget to add those which claim our hearty applause. First, the unflagging spirit of the whole book; next, the true and novel light in which Goldsmith is placed. There had been a traditional judgment, which pronounced him ‘an inspired idiot,’ the delightful author of the ‘Deserted Village,’ it was said,

‘Wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll.’

Anecdotes of his absurdities were staple commodities in all literary *aera*. His conceit became a proverb; his envy of the most trivial success has been a stereotyped phrase. Much of

this Mr. Forster has set right. He has clearly seen that a great deal of what stupid people have taken for conceit and jealousy, was nothing more than playfulness and exuberant animal spirits. One example shall suffice. When he was in France, one day,

' Standing at the window of their hotel, to see a company of soldiers in the square, the beauty of the sisters Horneck drew such marked attention, that Goldsmith, *with that assumption of solemnity to heighten drollery, which was generally a point in his humour, and was very often solemnly misinterpreted*, turned off from the window with the remark that *he* too could have his admirers. The *Jessamy Bride* was asked about the occurrence not many years ago; remembered it as a playful jest; and said, how shocked she had been to see it adduced in print as proof of his envious disposition. The readers of Boswell will remember that it is so related by him: 'When accompanying two beautiful young ladies on a tour in France, he was seriously angry that more attention was paid to them than to him!'

Surely we all of us must know some lively, conceited persons, who humorously assert pretensions of which the joke consists in their being notoriously the reverse of what they assume: ugly men praising their beauty, frivolous men their profundity, illiterate men their scholarship? And we must also know some solemn prigs, who, taking these 'agreeable rattles' at their word, whisper confidentially amongst each other that Mr. So-and-so has an inordinate opinion of himself? A great deal of Goldsmith's supposed jealousy and conceit must be set down to an analogous misinterpretation, as Mr. Forster has, we believe for the first time, successfully shown. He has not cleared Goldsmith from the charge of an exuberant child-like vanity; the evidence was too strong for that. But he has placed even that vanity in a new light, by showing how, on the one hand, it was mere exuberance, and how, on the other, it was a self-assertion forced upon him by the harsh depreciation of the world. 'It arose,' says Mr. Forster, 'not from overweening self-complacency in supposed advantages, but from what the world had forced him since his earliest youth, to feel, intense, uneasy consciousness of supposed defects.' He had a great desire to shine, yet nature had made him ridiculous. He knew that his superiority was not acknowledged, because it was not seen; and he asserted it. All that was seen of him, told against him: he was ugly, small, and awkward—his manners wanted dignity, refinement, and repose. He was loud when he meant to be merry, absurd when he meant to be eloquent. He endeavoured to attract attention because he fancied that the more he was known the more he would be admired. His vanity was *uneasy*, but not *diseased*. It was hearty and frank, not fretful and morbid.

Worthy of remark, also, is the deeply interesting picture here drawn of the life of a man of letters in that eighteenth century, and the earnest, manly tone, in which Mr. Forster throughout asserts the dignity of letters. There is no wailing here over the ‘miseries of genius,’ no drivelling cant about ‘neglected genius,’ no arrogant assumption of superiority claiming its immunity from all moral and social restraints. In a wise and earnest moderation men are reminded of the importance of letters to a civilized state, and authors are reminded of the dignity they too often forget.

In touching upon the merits of this biography as a work of art, we must not omit to mention how admirably the eighteenth century is sketched in its pages. By the adroit union of pictorial power with pleasant gossip, we are introduced to this busy world, and made familiar at once with it. There jostle the highest and the lowest. Politics, religion, the drama, caricature, newspapers, squibs, libels, Vauxhall, the Royal Academy, each in its turn, and sometimes all together, are brought before us. The Gerrard-street Club we know as well as if we had been a member. Grub-street stands hideously distinct there—with its grinding tyrants and its servile slaves, writing poetry while they are dunned for a milk-score. Walpole flutters to and fro, in ceaseless affectation and with ceaseless wit. Hogarth, the honest, downright Hogarth, one of the greatest *thinkers* perhaps in art, though not one of the highest, he, too, is there—hating the connoisseurs, hating Wilkes, abusing Churchill, and lauding Johnson. There, too, the courtly, bland, accomplished Reynolds; the parsimonious, poropous Hawkins; the silly, fat, conceited, bustling Boswell; the elegant Bennet Langdon; the elegant, rake-hell, licentious, sarcastic, volatile, clever, polished Topham Beauclerc, at once a scholar and a man of fashion, whose real superiority of manner was great enough to make even Johnson declare that he envied Beauclerc’s talents more than those of any one whom he had known; and, to make an end of this enumeration, (omitting Johnson, who was to be found in Boswell,) Edmund Burke, ‘the great star of Whiggism, the great ornament of English literature, the best talker, and the greatest orator of his day. All these shades of the great departed are here evoked, and move as in a mimic world.

We have now to consider this work as a contribution to literary history in general, and to the history of Goldsmith in particular.

As so much of the work relates to the position of literature in respect to society, we shall begin with that topic. What Mr. Forster says on it, is for the most part excellent; but he scatters his observations so widely, as if he had not originally made up

his mind what to say on it, but had from time to time set down what occurred to him at the moment, and, moreover, so carefully abstains from any precise statement of what he considers as the proper remedy for existing evils, that we may possibly not do justice to his opinions if we give our impression of them; it will be better, therefore, to avail ourselves of his assistance, than state the case in our own way.

Literature was in a sorry plight when Goldsmith wrote.

'It was in truth,' as Mr. Forster says, 'one of those times of transition which press hardly on all whose lot is cast in them. The patron was gone, and the public had not come. The seller of books had as yet exclusive command over the destiny of those who wrote them; and he was difficult of access; without certain prospect of the trade wind, hard to move. The shepherd in Virgil,' said Johnson to Lord Chesterfield, 'grew at last acquainted with love, and found him a native of the rocks.' Nor had adverse circumstances been without their effect upon the literary character itself. Covered with the blanket of Boyse, and sheltered by the night-cellar of Savage, it had forfeited less honour and self respect than as the paid client of the ministries of Walpole and Henry Pelham. As long as its political services were acknowledged by offices in the state; as long as the coarse wit of Prior could be paid by an embassy, or the delicate humour of Addison win its way to a secretaryship; while Steele and Congreve, Swift, and Gay, sat at ministerial tables and were of account in cabinet councils, its slavery was not less real than in later years, yet all externally went well with it. Though even flat apostasy, as in the case of Parnell, might in those days be the claim of literature to worldly esteem, still it was esteemed by the crowd, and had the rank and consideration which worldly means could give to it. But when another state of things succeeded, when politicians had too much shrewdness to despise the helps of the pen, and too little intellect to honour its claims and influence; when it was thought that to strike at its dignity was to command its more complete subservience; when corruption in its grosser forms had become chief director of political intrigue, and it was less the statesman's office to wheedle a vote than the minister's business to give hard cash in return for it, literature, or the craft so called, was thrust from the House of Commons into its lobbies and waiting rooms, and ordered to exchange the dignity of the council table for the comforts of the great man's kitchen.

'The order did not of necessity make the man of genius a servant or a parasite; its sentence upon him was simply, that he must descend in the social scale, peradventure starve. But though it could not disgrace or degrade him, it called a class of writers into existence whose degradation and disgrace reacted upon him; who flung a stigma on his pursuits, and made the name of man of letters the synonyme for dishonest hireling. Of the fifty thousand pounds which the secret committee found to have been expended by Walpole's ministry on

daily scribblers for their daily bread, not a sixpence was received, either then or when the Pelhams afterwards followed the example, by a writer whose name is now envably known. All went to the Guthries, the Amhersts, the Arnalls, the Ralphs, and the Oldmixons. A Cook was pensioned, a Fielding solicited Walpole in vain. What the man of genius received, unless the man of rank had wisdom to adorn it by befriending him, was nothing but the shame of being confounded, as one who lived by his pen, with those who lived by its prostitution and abuse.

'It was in vain he strove to escape this imputation. It increased and it clung to him. To become author was to be treated as an adventurer; a man had only to write, to be classed with what Johnson calls the lowest of all human beings, the scribbler for party.'

To whom, then, was the author to look? Johnson has answered the question, to booksellers; or rather, to the public, for whom booksellers cater. Johnson stands out as the first man who made an honourable existence by the aid of booksellers—as the man who formed the basis upon which literature as a profession could be raised. Mr. Forster, to us somewhat incomprehensibly, joins Goldsmith in his protest against booksellers, adding this remark :

'He might believe that those trade indentures would turn out ill for literature; that in enlarging its channels by vulgar means might be mischief rather than good; that facilities for appeal to a wide circle of uninformed readers were but facilities for employment to a circle of writers nearly as wide and quite as uninformed; that, in raising up a brood of writers whom any other earthly employment had better fitted, lay the danger of bringing down the man of genius to their level; and, in short, that literature, properly understood and rightly cherished, had altogether a higher duty and significance than the profit or the loss of a tradesman's counter. In this I hold him to have taken fair ground. The reputations we have lived to see raised on these false foundations, the good clerks and accountants whom magazines have turned into bad literary men, the readers whose tastes have been pandered to and yet further lowered, the writers whose better talents have been disregarded and wasted, the venal puffery and pretence which have more depressed the modern man of letters than ever shameless flattery and beggary reduced his predecessors, are good evidence on that point.'

This final sarcasm seems to us altogether misplaced. That good clerks have been turned into bad literary men is a melancholy fact; but the same fact has been noticeable in all periods of literary history. So long as men confound aspiration with inspiration—confound the desire to succeed with the consciousness of power, so long will there be these mistaken pursuits of literature. If the facilities afforded by an increased 'demand'

have made the examples more numerous, they did not create the evil. Side by side with these unhappy pretenders, to how many men of industry and talent has not this same enlarged channel given employment and independence? It would doubtless be well, both for authors and the public, if there were fewer writers; but the thing is clearly impossible in a *republic* of letters; and with due recognition of all the evils to literature and to authors which are incident to, and inseparable from, literature as a profession, and bookselling as a trade, it seems to us that no man can look calmly and impartially at the present condition of things, and not see that literature never was heretofore so honoured, its professors so independent, its produce so rich and varied. There may not, perhaps, be any one towering intellect—there may not be a Shakspeare, a Milton, a Bacon, or a Göthe: such men are rare, and always will be. But if we have not the one golden guinea, we have sixty shillings in silver; while in point of mere personal comfort and security, authors never were so enviable. Fancy Goldsmith or Johnson in our day! They would have had few struggles, little of that sordid poverty, still less of that necessity to work as mere drudges, when capable of creating works to charm the world. Now, unless it be argued that poverty is beneficial to authors and to literature, we cannot conceive how the present condition of authors is not on all sides a very decided gain.

Though bright in comparison with bygone days, there are still dark spots which need removal. There are crying evils in the present condition of literature. The best works are by no means those best remunerated. It must ever be so. Amusement will be more greedily bought than instruction; a rope-dancer will obtain better pay than a poet; a novelist, more fame and money than a philosopher. It is idle to weep over the inevitable. Instead of wailing, let us see where the evils are evitable, and endeavour to avoid them.

To state the case distinctly: A man of delicate genius, or of profound thought, can hope for but little patronage from the public, simply because the appetite of the public is not, and cannot be, for delicate food, or for deep philosophy. That is the fact. You cannot alter it. What, then, must genius do? Starve? Mr. Forster will tell you in one of his thoughtful sentences—‘Men of genius can more easily starve, than the world, with safety to itself, can continue to neglect and starve them.’ Whereupon we directly ask—What can society do to prevent the man of genius from starving? What have we a right to demand of it? Found an academy, and pension men of genius! How easily that is schemed, and how prosperous it looks upon

paper! Unhappily, the whole history of academies, and the whole philosophy of man, irresistibly demonstrate that it is the inevitable tendency of academies to foster mediocrity to the exclusion of originality, and of governments, to bestow pensions with the most reckless disregard of all question of claims. Pensions always will be matters of favouritism. Let any one run his eye over the pension list, and he will be amazed at the names he finds there; even those who have a right to their place there have seldom, if ever, been admitted on the strength of their claims; while the celebrity of the greater number could only be ascertained by considerable research!

It is, indeed, desirable that society should more distinctly recognise the importance of literature. One cannot but deplore a state of things which tolerates hall porters to government houses being paid higher than astronomers royal. One cannot but deplore the indifference of governments to literature—an indifference shown in the scanty encouragement given to men of letters, and their exclusion from all official situations. Every one can see that it would be greatly for the benefit of literature if men whose talents do not fit them for popularity, could gain their livelihood by some other means than those of the pen; that poets, historians, philosophers, should be employed by the state to do the state's work; as mere clerks if you will, but at any rate as clerks whose existence would be secured by the employment, and whose leisure hours might be devoted to the prosecution, of useful though unpopular studies. But the fault lies not at the door of government. Did the public but feel strongly on this point, and distinctly express its feelings, government would be forced to trouble itself about the matter. To answer the question then just put—What can society do?—we would say: It can open its eyes to the fact that literature is one of the most important elements in civilization, and that men of letters are lay priests, whose calling demands respect. That is the word: *respect!* Goldsmith himself, in a passage in his ‘Inquiry into the State of Learning,’ has said the same thing. ‘What are the proper encouragements of genius?’ I answer, ‘*Subsistence and respect!*’

But it appears to us that subsistence itself is involved in the respect. And now the question arises how to generate this respect?

‘It is not an act of parliament,’ says Mr. Forster, ‘which can determine this, even though it were an act to restore to the man of letters the rights of which the legislature has thought fit to deprive him. The world must exercise those higher privileges, which legislation follows and obeys, before the proper remedy can be found for

literary wrongs. Mere wealth would not have supplied it in Goldsmith's day, and does not supply it now. It must flow from a higher sense, than has at any period yet prevailed in England, of the duties and responsibilities assumed by the public writer, and of the social consideration and respect that their effectual discharge should have undisputed right to claim. The world will be greatly the gainer when such time shall arrive, and when the biography of the man of genius shall no longer be a picture of the most harsh struggles and mean necessities to which man's life is subject, exhibited as in shameful contrast to the calm and classic glory of his fame. But with society itself rests the advent of that time.'

But Mr. Forster has forgotten to add one essential condition—viz., that if society has its part to play, no less have authors theirs. Before society can truly award literature that respect which is due to it, authors must learn to *respect themselves*. That men of letters are all, or even the majority of them, disreputable, no one will perhaps maintain; yet the idea of literature, as a profession, is too distinctly associated in the public mind with sordid poverty, with reckless improvidence, and with disreputable conduct, not to have ample cause in general experience. Hence men more sensitive than dignified—more nice than courageous—have shrunk from calling themselves authors. They prefer styling themselves barristers or gentlemen. They are afraid to share the name of author with men who have disgraced it. As reasonably might a lawyer shrink from avowing his profession because pettifogging practitioners have disgraced their robes. This evasion should cease. Men should learn to honour their calling, and to be honourable in it. Let them assert their dignity, quietly, properly, and the world will bow to it. ‘An author,’ says Goldsmith, ‘may be considered as a merciful substitute to ‘the legislature. He acts, not by punishing crimes, but by preventing them.’ Shelley said the same thing in a grander style: ‘poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world!’ Others have trumpeted the importance and the dignity of literature, and volumes of high-sounding, smoothly-flowing periods might be collected, in which its splendours are proclaimed. Are, then, these high-sounding periods only words? Is literature to be lauded in print, and shirked in private? Is the eloquent disclaimer to expend all his fervent loyalty upon paper, and to give the lie to his own words by screening himself under the respectability of a barrister? Or is literature a noble thing only to be honoured in itself, *not* in its professors?

Again we say, authors must respect themselves, must respect their calling, must stand by it through good and ill report, refusing to acknowledge scamps as its true representatives, dis-

daining to follow the ‘tricks of the trade,’ bringing their *consciences* into their task, and judging their literary acts by the same severe standard of morality as that by which they judge the rest of their lives. Then will society respect them; then will all the world see that literature is not like rope-dancing, is not a craft, not an amusement, but the written thought of earnest men, and as such worthy of all honour.

Quitting this inexhaustible subject, we turn to Mr. Forster’s vindication of the character of Goldsmith—a vindication rather latent and implied than distinctly expressed, and which, while quite successful on some points, has by no means satisfied us on the whole. Mr. Prior, in that injudicious partizanship common to biographers, throughout his volumes assumed the polemical attitude of a thorough-going advocate. He roused opposition, and by his inconsiderate assertions roused a spirit of investigation by no means favourable to his hero. A striking article in the *Edinburgh Review*, (April, 1837,) though written, perhaps, with too much animus on the other side, will not have been forgotten by those who read it; and Mr. Forster’s book, it was anxiously expected, would answer, or at least mitigate, that severe criticism on Goldsmith’s character. It has not done so. He has avoided all mention of the article; we did not even trace an allusion to it. His whole book, indeed, may be accepted as an answer, could we but accept his view of Goldsmith’s character: this, however, we cannot do. He has satisfactorily shown Goldsmith’s exuberant animal spirits to have been the real prompter of much that has hitherto been taken for stupidity, envy, and intolerable conceit; he has satisfactorily shown that Goldsmith was a man more loveable and loved than people asserted—a man by no means so ridiculous and contemptible as he appears in Boswell and Hawkins; but while he has shown all this, and more, he has not rescued Goldsmith’s moral character; he has not firmly grasped it, and held it up to our gaze. Standing between Mr. Prior’s thorough-going partizanship and the Edinburgh reviewer’s austere and undue severity, Mr. Forster has not quite made up his mind which side to take; or rather, let us say, has not distinctly expressed his judgment on the matter. He has an evident partiality for his hero, and his pity for failings takes sometimes the form of tender sympathy. He does not excuse him; he does not argue the point; he contrives to represent the failings in such a pleasant light and under such mild aspects, that what was really morally reprehensible, appears at the worst a sort of amiable weakness.

Looking at Goldsmith as kindly as we can, and with every wish to extenuate his faults, we cannot help the conviction that

he was a reckless, improvident spendthrift, with no strong moral feelings, with more sensibility than heart, more sympathy than benevolence, without strength of mind to keep him upright, to keep him from meanness—weak, wayward, generous, forgiving, petulant, vain, and unprincipled. He seems to us to have united the most striking characteristics of the Celtic character, with all its charm of manner and all its volatility. Not a bad man by any means, not a vicious man ; with no malignancy, no dark passions, no odious moral defects ; but without manly strength, without truth, without affections. He may be likened to his own writings, which, with all their incomparable grace, lightness, elegance, ingenuousness, and lambent fire, have nothing deep or grand ; they charm, they do not instruct, they do not inspire—they are graceful, not *wise*. He had good qualities, but we cannot discover that he had any virtues. ‘Everything in him,’ to quote the Edinburgh Reviewer, ‘was impulse ; nothing conscience and reflection. In his easiness of temper, in his social good humour, ‘in the agony of his momentary sympathy with distress, he had ‘elements which, properly grounded and sustained, would have ‘succeeded in making virtue a more amiable thing than it always ‘has the happiness of being. But these qualities are so far from ‘themselves constituting virtue, that they are not even necessary ‘conditions to it. They are, however, enchantments which fly ‘over the surface and which every one can see. The tear which ‘lies near the eye is often a gracious thing ; but it must come far ‘deeper before it can be much relied on.’

Let us descend to particulars. He had the keenest sympathy with distress of all kinds, and many are the touching anecdotes of his generosity. At one time he gave the blankets off his own bed to a poor starving wretch, and crept himself into the ticking for shelter. He gave his watch and his last half guinea to an hypocritical beggar. ‘It is not meant,’ says Mr. Forster, with admirable interposition, ‘to insist on these things as examples of conduct. Sensibility is not benevolence ; nor will this kind of agonized sympathy with distress, even when graced by an active self-denial, supply the solid duties or satisfactions of life. There are distresses, vast and remote, with which it behoves us still more to sympathize than with those, less really terrible, which only attract us by intruding on our senses ; and the conscience is too apt to discharge itself of the greater duty by instant and easy attention to the lesser. So much it is right to interpose, when such anecdotes are told.’ Here we see clearly that Mr. Forster is not the dupe of this sensibility.

Another instance of his generosity is worth citing, because characteristic ; in it we see sensibility over-riding honesty !

' It was four days after the rejection, Christmas day of 1758, when, to the ordinary filth and noise of number twelve in Green Arbour Court, there was added an unusual lamentation and sorrow. The landlord had been suddenly dragged by bailiffs from his home on the previous night, and his poor wife, with loud wailings, sought the room of her poorer lodger. He was in debt to the unfortunate couple, who, for the amusement of their children by his flute, had been kind to him according to their miserable means; and it was now her sobbing petition that he should try to help them. There was but one way; and in the hope, through Hamilton or Griffiths, to be able still to meet the tailor's debt, the gay suit in which he went to Surgeon's Hall, and in which he was dressed for his doleful holiday, was put off and carried to the pawnbroker's. Nor had a week passed, before the pangs of his own destitution sharply struck him again; and without other remaining means of earthly aid—for death had taken in Doctor Milner, his apparently last friend—he carried the four books he had recently reviewed for Griffiths to a neighbouring house, and left them in pledge with an acquaintance for a trifling loan. It was hardly done when a letter from Griffiths was put into his hand, peremptorily demanding the return of the books and the suit of clothes, or instant payment for both.'

There is something at once loveable and despicable in this. The man who will pawn his clothes to relieve a fellow-creature must assuredly have unusual kindness of disposition; but our admiration becomes strangely perplexed when we learn that the clothes were not his own, and when we find him pawning books that were not his own, to relieve himself. True it is, that there was no deliberate dishonesty in the transaction—it was more recklessness and imprudence than dishonesty; but the whole affair betrays great *weakness*. It drew upon him the aspersion of being a sharper; it drew from him this painful and humiliating letter :—

' Sir,' wrote Goldsmith, ' I know of no misery but a gaol to which my own imprudence and your letter seem to point. I have seen it inevitable these three or four weeks, and, by heavens! request it as a favour; as a favour that may prevent somewhat more fatal. I have been some years struggling with a wretched being, with all that contempt which indigence brings with it; with all those strong passions which make contempt insupportable. What, then, has a gaol that is formidable? I shall, at least, have the society of wretches; and such is, to me, true society. I tell you, again and again, I am now neither able nor willing to pay you a farthing, but I will be punctual to any appointment you or the tailor shall make; thus far, at least, I do not act the sharper; since, unable to pay my debts one way, I would willingly give some security another. No, sir, had I been a sharper, had I been possessed of less good nature and native generosity, I might surely now have been in better circumstances. I am guilty, I

own, of meannesses, which poverty unavoidably brings with it; my reflections are filled with repentance for my imprudence, but not with any remorse for being a villain. That may be a character you unjustly charge me with. Your books, I can assure you, are neither pawned nor sold, but in the custody of a friend, from whom my necessities obliged me to borrow some money: whatever becomes of my person, you shall have them in a month. It is very possible both the reports you have heard, and your own suggestions, may have brought you false information with respect to my character; it is very possible that the man whom you now regard with detestation, may inwardly burn with grateful resentment. It is very possible that, upon a second perusal of the letter I sent you, you may see the workings of a mind strongly agitated with gratitude and jealousy. If such circumstances should appear, at least spare invective till my book with Mr. Dodsley shall be published; and then, perhaps, you may see the bright side of a mind, when my professions shall not appear the dictates of necessity, but of choice. You seem to think Dr. Milner knew me not. Perhaps so; but he was a man I shall ever honour. But I have friendships only with the dead! I ask pardon for taking up so much time; nor shall I add to it by any other professions than that I am, sir, your humble servant, Oliver Goldsmith. I shall expect impatiently the result of your resolutions.'

This letter is but the type of much wretchedness and humiliation, brought on him by his improvidence and recklessness. It will be said that he was poor, and poverty condemned him to meanness. But how differently does his great friend and rival, Johnson, bear himself! Poverty does not triumph over *him*. He knows want, he knows hunger, *he knows not where to lay his hand upon a shilling; yet we trace no act of meanness—no act of which he or any man should be ashamed! No one could say of Johnson what Johnson sadly said of Goldsmith: 'He raised money and squandered it by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense.' No tailors' bills aggravate his distresses by their misplaced extravagance.

As a picture of literary improvidence and miserable shifts to get money, this life of Goldsmith is not without its use. Mr. Forster might with advantage have made it the text for some grave teaching. We will not dwell upon it longer. Let us merely, in passing, allude to those two characteristic traits of his reading in bed, and putting out the candle by throwing his slipper at it, and his tearing out six pages from a book containing the information Hawkins had asked him to copy for him. Here is Irish recklessness vividly portrayed! It was so with him throughout his career: he tore out the pages from Life's book, and defaced the whole rather than undergo a little troublesome labour! He obeyed the childish impulse rather than the

manly resolution. Hence his whole life was fragmentary, frivolous. The frivolity of it is surprising; his light-hearted levity, so charming when we see it supporting poverty, obscurity, and failure, becomes anything but charming when we see it trifling away the most precious opportunities, and rendering worthless some priceless gifts of genius. Typical of his career is that entry in Filby, the tailor's bills for purple silk small-clothes, scarlet roquelaure, which with wig, sword, and gold-headed cane, was all the preparation he deemed necessary for starting as a physician; not by serious study, not by the walking of hospitals, but by foolish finery, he hopes to secure patients!

How can we wonder that little Goldy was so generally despised? Was he not, in many things, somewhat despicable? Incontinent of speech, irrepressible in vanity, uncouth in manner, his bearing did not cover the defects of conduct. Over the patched beggary of his coat he could place his hat and conceal it—he had no such grace to hide the folly of his acts. People therefore spoke contemptuously of him; even those who loved him looked upon him as a child. His talents, his generosity, his open-heartedness, his light-heartedness, gained him the regard of Johnson, of Reynolds, of Hogarth, and others; but even they never spoke of him with *respect*. That his Irish animal spirits made him amusing, we can well understand; but there was great need of higher qualities to make him esteemed. Do not let us underrate his goodness—his sunny disposition must not be lightly spoken of—nor let us overrate it; for although, perhaps, the ‘salt of earth,’ sensibility and light-heartedness are by no means the staple food of life. To apply what Mr. Forster says of Honeywood, in the ‘Good Natured Man,’ to Goldsmith, ‘Not all our liking for good nature can prevent our seeing that there is a charity which may be great injustice—‘a sort of benevolence, for which weakness would be the better name; and a friendship that may be nothing but credulity.’

Mr. Forster, we repeat, is not the dupe of Goldsmith’s showy qualities, and not to him are these observations addressed; but we doubt whether his readers will not carry away a false *impression* of Goldsmith’s moral character, owing to the tone in which it is generally spoken of by his biographer. There is no suppression, but the whole is narrated with a delusive tenderness. With regard to the literary character, on the other hand, there is positive suppression. To this we alluded in the early part of our paper, and it is now time to specify it. In his account of Goldsmith’s Essays, we only see the happy sallies and graceful writing; and, although he does not pretend to give a complete account of them, it is surely unwarrantable to suppress all men-

tion of the mistakes and nonsense they contain. As a mere matter of literary history, it ought to have been recorded that Goldsmith pronounces Hamlet a 'heap of absurdities,' and ridicules the 'indecision' of the unhappy prince; nor should the preference for Pope over Homer, and all the analogous criticism, have been omitted. As they appear in this 'Life and Adventures,' one would suppose that the 'Critical Essays,' and the 'Enquiry,' were masterpieces; as they appear in the 'Works of Oliver Goldsmith,' they are very poor, and can be read only by the light of that interest which is thrown by a great reputation upon all early efforts.

One more point Mr. Forster has omitted to mention, which is, nevertheless, significant, and which has been touched upon by a living critic: we mean, his making butts and disagreeable women of mothers. The vicar's wife, Mrs. Croker, and Mrs. Hardcastle, are unpleasant illustrations. The fact is, Goldsmith had no sort of affection for his mother. Mr. Forster insinuates, rather than shows, that Oliver's mother had but little affection for him. If, however, Mrs. Goldsmith sat for Mrs. Hardcastle, as Oliver assuredly did for Tony Lumpkin, the fault would seem to have been more that of injudicious kindness than of ill-treatment.

Although we have entered a protest against Mr. Forster's perhaps unconscious varnishing of his picture of Goldsmith's character, which we should have preferred seeing in its crude reality, there is one striking characteristic in his work which is too valuable to be passed over in silence; and that is, the admirable manner in which he has portrayed what may be called the genesis of the poet's life and works. He has brought vividly before us the elements out of which they sprang. At Lissoy, at Dublin, at Leyden, on his continental journey, in his Grub-street captivity, in his Gerrard-street prosperity, in the silence of his chambers, in the solitude of Hyde Village, amidst the vexations of the playhouse, we see the circumstances which modified his character, the impulses which directed it, and the experiences which grew into the 'Traveller,' the 'Vicar,' and 'She Stoops to Conquer.' Here is a poet's life unrolled before you. With painful curiosity you follow it, sympathize with it, pity it. As at the touch of an enchanter's wand, that mystery is laid open. In the space of an article we cannot be expected to reproduce that masterly panorama; but a few glimpses at it must be taken. Here is one from his early youth:—

'A year after he had entered college, at the commencement of 1747, his father suddenly died. The scanty sums required for his support had been often intercepted, but this stopped them altogether. It may have been the least and most trifling loss connected with that sorrow,

but ‘squalid poverty,’ relieved by occasional gifts, according to his small means, from uncle Contarine, by petty loans from Bryanton and Beatty, or by desperate pawning of his books of study, was Goldsmith’s lot thenceforward. Yet even in the depths of that despair arose the consciousness of faculties reserved for better fortune than continual contempt and failure. He would write street ballads to save himself from actual starving, sell them at the *Rein Deer Repository*, in Mountrath Court, for five shillings a-piece, and steal out of the college at night to hear them sung.

‘Happy night! worth all the dreary days! Hidden by some dusky wall, or creeping within darkling shadows of the ill-lighted streets, watched and waited this poor neglected sizar for the only effort of his life which had not wholly failed. Few and dull, perhaps, the beggar’s audience at first—more thronging, eager, and delighted, when he shouted the newly gotten ware. Cracked enough his ballad-singing tones, I dare say; but, harsh, discordant, loud or low, the sweetest music that this earth affords fell with them on the ear of Goldsmith. Gentle faces pleased, old men stopping by the way, young lads venturing a purchase with their last remaining farthing. Why, here was A World in Little, with its fame at the sizar’s feet! ‘The greater world will be listening one day,’ perhaps he muttered, as he turned with a lighter heart to his dull home.’

Here is a good reflection following up a statement of Goldsmith’s early experiences :—

‘If these irregular early years unsettled him for the pursuits his friends would have had him follow, and sent him wandering, with no pursuit, to mix among the poor and happy of other lands, he assuredly brought back some secrets, both of poverty and happiness, which were worth the finding; and, having paid for his errors by infinite personal privation, turned all the rest to the comfort and instruction of the world. ‘There is a providence that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will;’ and to charming issues did the providence of Goldsmith’s genius shape these rough-hewn times. It was not alone that it made him wise enough to know what infirmities he had, but it gave him the rarer wisdom of turning them to entertainment and to profit. Through the pains and obstructions of his childhood, through the uneasy failures of his youth, through the desperate struggles of his manhood, it lighted him to those last uses of experience and suffering which have given him an immortal name.’

Graphic and pitiful is the account given of the Literary Life in Mr. Forster’s second book, which he entitles ‘Authorship by Compulsion.’ There we see the struggling, starving man of genius reduced to rely upon his pen for support; and a hard lot he has of it. Through all these struggles Mr. Forster is careful to trace a ray from above which will lead the victim out of them :—

'When such a mind is brought to look its sorrow in the face, and understand clearly the condition in which it is, without further doubting, shrinking, or weak compromise with false hopes, it is master of a great gain. In the accession of strength it receives, it may see the sorrow anyway increase and calm its worst apprehension. The most touching passage of that letter is the reference to his project, and the bright side of his mind it may reveal. I will date from it the true beginning of Goldsmith's literary career. Not till he was past thirty, he was wont to say, did he become really attached to literature; not till then was the discipline of his endurance complete, his wandering impulses settled firmly to the right object of their aptitude, or his real destiny revealed to him. He might have still to perish in unconquered difficulties, and with the word that was in him unspoken; but it would be at his post, and in a manly effort to speak the word. Whatever the personal weaknesses that yet remain, nor are they few or trifling, his confidence and self-reliance on literary pursuits date from this memorable time. They rise above the cares and cankers of his life, above the lowness of his worldly esteem, far above the squalor of his homes. They take the undying forms which accident or wrong cannot alter or deface; they are tenants of a world where distress and failure are unknown; and perpetual cheerfulness sings around them. 'The night can never endure so long, but at length the morning cometh,' and with these sudden and sharp disappointments of his second London Christmas, there came into Green Arbour Court the first struggling beams of morning. Till all its brightness follows, let him moan and sorrow as he may; the more familiar to himself he makes those images of want and danger, the better he will meet them in the lists where they still await him; the more he cultivates those solitary friendships with the dead, the more elevating and strengthening the influence that will reward him from their graves. The living, busy, prosperous world about him, might indeed have saved him much, by stretching forth its helping hand; but it had not taught him little in its lesson of unrequited expectation, and there was nothing now to distract him with delusive hope from meditation of the wisest form of revenge.'

The 'form of revenge' Goldsmith took was light-hearted indifference to the 'whips and scorns of time.' He threw himself fairly into literature, resolved to stand by that if it would stand by him. He did not do this very manfully, perhaps, but he did it thoroughly; and accordingly the next and greatest epoch of his life is called by his biographer, 'Authorship by Choice.' Much drudgery he had to undergo, no small amount of improvidence hampered his efforts, but yet, cheerfully struggling through all, he wrote, and worked out for himself an immortal name as the author of that simple, exquisite tale, 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' It was a labour of love:

'Rather as a refuge,' says Mr. Forster, 'from the writing of books was this book undertaken. Simple to very baldness are the materials employed. But he threw into the midst of them his own nature; his actual experience; the suffering, discipline, and sweet emotion of his chequered life, and so made them a lesson and a delight to all men.'

'Good predominant over evil, is briefly the purpose and moral of the little story. It is designed to show us that patience in suffering, that persevering reliance on the providence of God, that quiet labour, cheerful endeavour, and an indulgent forgiveness of the faults and infirmities of others, are the easy and certain means of pleasure in this world, and of turning pain to noble uses. It is designed to show us that the heroism and self-denial needed for the duties of life, are not of the superhuman sort; that they may co-exist with many follies, with some simple weaknesses, with many harmless vanities; and that in the improvement of mankind, near and remote, in its progress through worldly content to final happiness, the humblest of men have their place assigned them, and their part allotted them to play.'

'There had been, in light amusing fiction, no such scene as that where Doctor Primrose, surrounded by the mocking felons of the gaol into which his villainous creditor has thrown him, finds in even those wretched outcasts a common nature to appeal to, minds to instruct, sympathies to bring back to virtue, souls to restore and save. 'In less than a fortnight I had formed them into something social and humane.' Into how many hearts may this have planted a desire which had, as yet, become no man's care? Not yet had Howard turned his thoughts to the prison. Romilly was but a boy of nine years old, and Elizabeth Fry had not been born. In Goldsmith's day, as for centuries before it, the gaol existed as the gallows' portal. It was crime's high school, where law presided over the science of law-breaking, and did its best to spread guilt abroad. This prison, says Doctor Primrose, makes men guilty where it does not find them so: 'it encloses wretches for the commission of one crime, and returns them, if returned alive, fitted for the perpetration of thousands.' With what consequences? 'New vices call for fresh restraints. Penal laws, which are in the hands of the rich, are laid upon the poor, and all our paltriest possessions are hung round with gibbets.' It scares men now to be told of what no man then took heed. Deliberate murders were committed by the state. It was but four years after this that the government, which had reduced a young wife to beggary by pressing her husband to sea, sentenced her to death for entering a draper's shop, taking some coarse linen off the counter, and laying it down again as the shopman gazed at her; listened unmoved to a defence which might have penetrated stone, that inasmuch, since her husband was stolen from her, she had had no bed to lie upon, nothing to clothe her children, nothing to give them to eat; perhaps she might have done something wrong, for she hardly knew what she did; and finally sent her to Tyburn, with her infant sucking at her breast. Not

without reason did Horace Walpole call the country ‘on shambles.’ Hardly a Monday passed that was not Black Monday at Newgate. An execution came round as regularly as any other weekly show; and when it was that ‘shocking sight of fifteen men executed,’ whereof Boswell makes more than one mention, the interest was, of course, the greater. Men not otherwise hardened, found here a debasing delight. George Selwyn passed as much time at Tyburn as at White’s; and Mr. Boswell had a special suit of execution black, to make a decent appearance near the scaffold. Not uncalled for, therefore, though solitary, and as yet unheeded, was the warning of the good Doctor Primrose. Nay, not uncalled for is it now, though eighty years have passed. Do not, he said, draw the cords of society so hard, that a convulsion must come to burst them; do not cut away wretches as useless before you have tried their utility. Make law the protector, not the tyrant of the people. You will then find that creatures, whose souls are held as dross, want only the hand of a refiner, and that ‘very little blood will serve to cement our security.’

The narrative of Goldsmith’s theatrical experience reads like a chapter of contemporary history ; the hopes of the dramatist, the exigencies of actors, the want of judgment in managers, are here pictured as if they occurred but yesterday. Will it be credited that Colman, a wit and a dramatist, was dismal in forebodings respecting so genuine and hearty a comedy as ‘She Stoops to Conquer’?—that comedy which Mr. Forster so felicitously calls ‘a legacy of laughter.’ One bit of criticism on this play we must not omit:

‘There is altogether, let me add, an exuberant heartiness and breadth of genial humour in the comedy, which seems of right to overflow into ‘Tony Lumpkin.’ He may be farcical, as such lumpish, roaring, uncouth animal spirits have a right to be; but who would abate a bit of ‘Cousin Tony,’ stupid and cunning as he is, impudent yet sheepish, with his loutish love of low company, and his young squire-like sense of his ‘fortin.’ There is never any misgiving about Goldsmith’s fun and enjoyment. It is not obtained at the expense of any better thing. He does not snatch a joke out of a misery, or an ugliness, or a mortification, or anything that, apart from the joke, would be likely to give pain; which, with all his airy wit and refinement, was too much the trick of Sheridan. Whether it be enjoyment or mischief going on in one of Goldsmith’s comedies, the predominant impression is hearty, jovial, and sincere; and nobody feels the worse when ‘Tony,’ after fearful joltings down Feather-bed-lane, over Up-and-down Hill, and across Heavy-tree Heath, lodges his mother in the horse-pond. *The laugh clears the atmosphere all round it.*’

That poverty was not the curse of Goldsmith’s life becomes very apparent, as we trace it through these pages. Poor he was, but even in prosperity he was poor. When fame had given a

value to his simplest writings, when booksellers were glad to advance large sums on works *to be written*—(five hundred guineas were paid and spent before a line of the ‘Animated Nature’ was printed,) when literature might really have given him independence, he was just as much in debt and distress as when, a Grub-street hack, he was glad of the loan of a few shillings. Incurable improvidence would always have kept him poor. His debts always outran his credit, and at his death he owed two thousand pounds. His love of ostentation, his reckless disregard of the future, his open-handed generosity, would have squandered thousands, and no income could have sufficed.

And now, harassed in mind, wasted in body, poor Goldsmith lies on his death bed:

‘Hawes (the substance of whose brief narrative I resume, with such illustrations as other sources have supplied) did not see his patient when he called on Saturday morning. ‘His master lay dozing, he lay very quiet,’ was the announcement of Eyles. He called again at night; when, ‘with great appearance of concern,’ the man told him that everything was worse. Hawes went in, and found Goldsmith extremely exhausted and reduced, his pulse very quick and small; and on inquiring how he did, ‘he sighed deeply, and in a very low voice said he wished he had taken my friendly advice last night.’ To other questions he made no answer. He was so weak and low that he had neither strength nor spirit to speak. There was now, clearly, danger of the worst, and Fordyce next day proposed to call another physician, naming Dr. Turton, into consultation. Goldsmith’s consent was obtained to this step at eight o’clock on Monday morning, and Hawes retired altogether from attendance. The patient had again passed a very bad night, ‘and lay absolutely sunk with weakness.’ Fordyce and Turton met that day, and continued their consultations twice daily, till all was over.

‘A week passed—the symptoms so fluctuating in the course of it, and the evidence of active disease so manifestly declining, that even sanguine expectations of recovery would appear to have been at one time entertained. But Goldsmith could not sleep. His reason seemed clear; what he said was always perfectly sensible; ‘he was at times even cheerful;’ but sleep had deserted him, his appetite was gone, and it became obvious, in the state of weakness to which he had been reduced, that want of sleep might in itself be fatal. It then occurred to Doctor Turton to put a very pregnant question to his patient. ‘Your pulse,’ he said, ‘is in greater disorder than it should be, from the degree of fever which you have. *Is your mind at ease?*’ ‘No, it is not!’ was Goldsmith’s melancholy answer. They are the last words we are to hear him utter in this world. His end arrived suddenly and unexpectedly. He lay in the sound and calm sleep which so anxiously had been looked for, at midnight, on Sunday, the 3rd of April; his respiration was easy and natural; his skin warm and

moist; and the favourable turn was thought to have come. But, at four o'clock in the morning, the apothecary, Maxwell, was called up in haste, and found him in strong convulsions. These continued without intermission; he sank rapidly; and, at a quarter before five o'clock on the morning of Monday, the 4th of April, 1774, having then lived five months beyond his forty-fifth year, Oliver Goldsmith died.

'When Burke was told, he burst into tears. Reynolds was in his painting room when the messenger went to him; but at once he laid his pencil aside, which in times of great family distress he had not been known to do, left his painting room, and did not re-enter it that day. Northcote describes the blow as the 'severest Sir Joshua ever received.' Nor was the day less gloomy for Johnson. 'Poor Goldsmith is gone,' was his anticipation of the evil tidings. 'Of poor dear Doctor Goldsmith,' he wrote, three months later, to Boswell, 'there is little more to be told. He died of a fever, I am afraid more violent by uneasiness of mind. His debts began to be heavy, and all his resources were exhausted. Sir Joshua is of opinion that he owed not less than two thousand pounds. Was ever poet so trusted before?' He spoke of the loss for years, as with the tenderness of a recent grief; and in his little room, hung round with portraits of his favourite friends, Goldsmith had the place of honour. 'So, your poor wild Doctor Goldsmith,' wrote Mrs. Carter to Mrs. Vesey, 'is dead. He died of a fever, poor man. I am sincerely glad to hear he has no family, so his loss will not be felt in domestic life.' The respectable and learned old lady could not possibly know in what other *undomestic* ways it might be felt. The staircase of Brick Court is said to have been filled with mourners, the reverse of domestic: women without a home, without domesticity of any kind, with no friend but him they had come to weep for, outcasts of that great, solitary, wicked city, to whom he had never forgotten to be kind and charitable. And he had domestic mourners too. His coffin was re-opened at the request of Miss Horneck and her sister, (such was the regard he was known to have for them,) that a lock might be cut from his hair. It was in Mrs. Gwyn's possession when she died, after nearly seventy years.'

On closing this book, no man will easily banish from his mind the crowding reflections it suggests. Such a picture of such a life is to be contemplated long and steadily 'in the still air of delightful studies,' to be recurred to, and re-read with minute care and ever new instruction. Considering the vitality of the subject—considering Goldsmith's imperishable fame—we may safely pronounce of this picture of his career, that as a work long matured it will not pass away—

δψιμον ὑχιτέλεστον, οὐ κλίος οὐ ποτ' δλεῖται.

The question respecting an author's happiness and success, which this painful history will raise, Mr. Forster has well answered, both in his preface and in the book itself. He has clearly

kept in view the fact, that inasmuch as an author's aims, an author's means, and an author's enjoyments, are not those dependent on merely worldly success, they should not be tested by that standard. The following excellent observations should be attentively considered:—

“ It seems rational to hope,” says Johnson, in the ‘Life of Savage,’ ‘that minds qualified for great attainments should first endeavour their own benefit; and that they who are most able to teach others the way to happiness, should, with most certainty, follow it themselves; but this expectation, however plausible, has been very frequently disappointed.’ Perhaps not so frequently as the earnest biographer imagined. Much depends on what we look to for our benefit, much on what we follow as the way to happiness. It may not be for the one, and may have led us far out of the way of the other, that we had acted on the world’s estimate of worldly success, and to that directed our ‘endeavour.’ So might we ourselves have blocked up the path, which it was our hope to have pointed out to others, and in the straits of a selfish profit, made wreck of ‘great attainments.’

‘ Oliver Goldsmith, whose Life and Adventures should be known to all who know his writings, must be held to have succeeded in nothing that the world would have had him succeed in. He was intended for a clergyman, and was rejected, when he applied for orders; he practised as a physician, and never made what would have paid for a degree. The world did not ask him to write, but he wrote, and paid the penalty. His existence was a continued privation. The days were few in which he had resources for the night, or dared to look forward to the morrow. There was not any miserable want, in the long and sordid catalogue, which in its turn and in all its bitterness he did not feel. The experience of those to whom he makes affecting reference in his *Animated Nature*—‘ people who die really of hunger, in common language, of a broken heart’—was his own. And when he succeeded, at the last, success was but a feeble sunshine on a rapidly approaching decay, which was to lead him, by its flickering and uncertain light, to an early grave. Self-benefit seems out of the question here: the way to happiness distant, indeed, from this. But if we look a little closer, we shall see that he passes through it all without one enduring stain upon the child-like purity of his heart. Much misery vanishes when that is known; when it is remembered, too, that in spite of it, a *Vicar of Wakefield* was written; nay, that without it, in all human probability, a *Vicar of Wakefield* could not have been written. Fifty-six years after its author’s death, a great German thinker and wise man recounted to a friend how much he had been indebted to the celebrated Irishman:—‘It is not to be described,’ wrote Göthe to Zelter, in 1830, ‘the effect that Goldsmith’s *Vicar* had upon me, just at the critical moment of mental development. That lofty and benevolent irony, that fair and indulgent view of all infirmities and faults, that meekness under all calamities, that equanimity under all changes and chances, and the whole

train of kindred virtues, whatever names they bear, proved my best education; and in the end,' he added, with sound philosophy, 'these are the thoughts and feelings which have reclaimed us from all the errors of life.'

'And why were they so enforced in that charming book, but because the writer had undergone them all; because they had reclaimed himself, not from the world's errors only, but also from its suffering and care, and because his own *life and adventures* had been the same chequered and beautiful romance of the triumph of good over evil.'

'Though what is called worldly success, then, was not attained by Goldsmith, it may be that the way to happiness was not missed wholly. The sincere and sad biographer of Savage might have profited by the example. His own 'benefit' he had not successfully 'endeavoured,' when the gloom of his early life embittered life to the last, and the trouble he had endured was made excuse for a sorrowful philosophy, and for manners that were an outrage to the kindness of his heart. Goldsmith had borne what Johnson bore. Of the calamities to which the literary life is subject, 'Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol,' none had been spared to him. But they found him and left him gentle; and though the discipline that taught him charity had little contributed to his social ease, by unfeigned sincerity and unaffected simplicity of heart he diffused every social enjoyment. When his conduct least agreed with his writings, these characteristics failed not him. What he gained was the gain of others; what he lost concerned only himself; he suffered, but he never inflicted pain.'

Mr. Forster's argument is strengthened by the very unpromising appearance of his illustration. Goldsmith certainly was not a type of literary prosperity. He suffered all the ills which genius complainingly declares to be the 'badge of all its tribe'; but above and around all these ills Mr. Forster has shown us the bright halo which no suffering can dim. He has taken a notoriously unsuccessful case, to point out how, even there, genius achieved true success. Goldsmith was unhappy, it is true; but he was not unhappy *through literature*; it was not his genius which caused his sufferings. In any sphere of life he would have been as unsuccessful, as unhappy, if not incomparably more so. The sufferings he endured were the penalties paid by his weaknesses, they were not caused by his strength!

From this 'Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith,' we not only carry away with us much valuable information, but we also carry with us the conviction that literature is a great and sacred thing, and that men of letters have a calling in this world which nothing but the want of proper dignity in themselves can prevent the world from acknowledging. This is no small gain. If, as we said, the great and perhaps only practical remedy for the ills now affecting literature is to spring from respect, such books as this now before us are the heralds of a new era.

ART. II.—*A History of the Hebrew Monarchy, from the Administration of Samuel to the Babylonish Captivity.* London: John Chapman. 1847.

THE workshop whence this book has proceeded has acquired some kind of fame for putting forth a mass of materials which, diversified as they are in character, have for their common tendency and effect the undermining of generally-received and deeply-cherished religious convictions. Not only have publications of this sort been frequent within the last ten years, but their appearance has borne traces of being more or less guided by a concerted plan and community of action. Had a number of persons formed a confederacy against revealed religion, the assaults that have been made could scarcely be more continuous and systematic. Great diversity, indeed, both in tone of thought as well as skill in treatment, is seen especially in the periodical organ of this new movement, but the constancy with which the fire is maintained indicates a leading aim, and a commanding officer. A passage favourably quoted from ‘Sterling’s Remains,’ in the May number (1848) of the ‘Prospective Review,’ seems to intimate that a formal attack against the inspiration of the Scriptures has for some time been regarded as a desideratum:—

‘ But make it ever so plain, that *in upsetting this dead idol*, one was striving for Christianity, and not for critical and historical science merely, yet I am persuaded that any clergyman caught in the fact must abandon all notion of acting for the future in any ecclesiastical function. It has struck me that if my life should be prolonged, as I must probably at all events relinquish all public ministration, I might perhaps be peculiarly well suited for trying to do some good of the kind to theology. The materials are all prepared and abundant in the books of the Germans.’

To some extent, however, the combination may have been tacit, if not fortuitous. We do not suppose that more than a latent community of purpose exists in the minds of Hennel, Strauss, De Wette, Von Bohlen, Parker, Emerson, and others.

However this may be, it is beyond a question, that a current bearing adversely to everything historical and positive in religion has been set in motion. The current is constantly fed; it grows in strength and rapidity; it becomes more and more threatening; it must not be disregarded. Let us not be misunderstood; we invoke no appeal to resources of a lower kind: the employment of force would be highly criminal, scarcely less so the employment of prejudice. We are ardent, and we trust consistent friends of mental liberty, claiming entire and unimpaired freedom

of speech for others, as well as for ourselves; and therefore we reject and disclaim any aid which might accrue from a recourse to sympathies that are strong rather than enlightened. Would even the use of hard words advantage our cause, we would not knowingly employ the unholy weapon. While, however, we would give even atheism fair play, we claim, and shall take the same privilege on behalf of the gospel. If unbelief is bold and active, faith, in union with charity, may be allowed to speak aloud. And were faith now to hold her peace, the stones in the street would cry out against her failure in duty. We therefore employ our privilege of free speech, in order to declare the fact that unbelief has assumed unwonted activity,—to publish our full conviction, that the tendency which it manifests is clearly towards pantheism; that the career which has, within the last half century, been run in Germany—from the denial of miracles to the denial of a God—has passed its first stadium in this country; to give it as our opinion, that it behoves those quiet, peace-loving members of our churches, whose very goodness indisposes them to suspect evil, to awake from their cherished security, and look the danger in the face; and especially to call on our professors and students of theology, and the ministers and friends of the gospel in general, to give due attention to this new and spreading movement, so that they may know its symptoms, understand its pathology, and as good physicians be able to apply the needful remedy.

In making these remarks, we shall, we are well aware, be stigmatised as alarmists. The promoters of theological and metaphysical novelties will cry out, as they are wont to do, that our fears are groundless—that truth must have free course—that progress must not be impeded—and that the friends of religion ought to be glad to see old notions giving place to new and living principles. But this intellectual sentimentality we hold very cheap. It has, we believe, a tendency, if not a purpose; and that tendency is, to conceal the direction in which certain men are going. It is a fire of small arms to cover the advance of the troop sent to capture the citadel. Bare unbelief has little chance, at least in England, of gaining prevalence. The more naked she is in reality, the more necessary it is that she should ‘take the veil’ of some meritorious quality. She is not presentable unless decently clad. She may intend to demolish, but she must appear to build. She may be uprooting all the convictions, and quenching all the impulses that have brought the world to its present advanced position, but she will have little success unless she boldly affirms that progress is at once her aim and her reward. When, then, we are told to be quiet and all will go

well, we promptly answer that we will not hold our peace,—that we will ‘cry aloud, and spare not,’—that we would rather prove mistaken in our fears than unfaithful to our trust,—that religion is too serious, too momentous a concern, to permit an unworthy self-regard, or the silence of complacency. In our opinion, the believers in an historical Christianity have been mute long enough; it now becomes them to speak to each other of the common danger, and to take due care that justice is done to the sacred cause of which they are the conservators, and ought to be the champions. Let them not deceive themselves with the illusion that the gospel can exist together with the aerial, cloud-spun transcendentalism of our neologists. An option has to be made: Christ can as little coalesce with Belial as with Spinoza, Kant, and Hegel.

‘But the evil will pass away.’ Yes, if the friends of truth are faithful. We do not believe that any system of disbelief can be permanent in God’s world and in man’s heart. But the denials of the first French revolution have not yet terminated their destructive work. Disbelief, though cold and hard, is not without its recommendations to the human mind. There is something fascinating, though not very lofty, in appearing ‘to be wise above what is written,’ and in being superior to vulgar prejudices. If disbelief supplies but a scanty *viaticum* for the high purposes of our moral life, it has resources for gaining victories, and gratifying vanity, in social intercourses. And bad as is the bargain which is made by him who exchanges a lively faith for the gratification of saying smart, or writing brilliant things, yet there are persons even of education who are content to waste half their days in such ruinous transactions. The guerdon may seem small and even pitiful in the eyes of the mature Christian, but food is savory or otherwise according to the state of the appetite. If to be ‘the observed of all observers’ is an allowable pleasure, the circle in which a performer plays his part may, in some cases, be narrow and mean, as well as wide and dignified. The small vanity of small men is as impulsive as the hero’s love of renown. The barber’s shop, as well as the professor’s chair, may be the arena for reviving in effect the old cry of, ‘The Christians to the lions!’

Though, therefore, confident that in the long run the gospel will prevail, not only in spite, but in virtue of the assaults to which it is subjected, we cannot hide from our view the evils which disbelief occasions. It is no small calamity for a living man to be robbed of a living faith. It is a terrible thing for the young to grow up in confirmed scepticism. It is awful to have to bear the woes of decrepitude, and to endure the issues of

death, with no higher resources than those which earth and sins supply. An age of unbelief is an age of terror. An unbelieving nation has all its joints and bands relaxed, and is on the eve of dissolution. Without positive, well-formed, definite, and cherished religious convictions, the great problems of civilization cannot be successfully worked out, and the lofty hopes of the friends of their kind must be miserably disappointed.

Were, then, the present danger inconsiderable, it would still require watchfulness and precautions. But the evil is not small. Unbelief has been set before the eyes of the English public in winning forms. Philosophy holds high her head in teaching its lessons. Poetry, borrowing the charms of distance, has come across the Atlantic, in order to throw its dazzling drapery of words around our wondering minds. And theology, with all her native gravity, has uncovered her Minerva-face, in order to set forth the profundities of the new pantheism. Nor are they inferior abilities that some men in our own land employ in expounding and enforcing their neogogical fancies. We cannot, and we do not wish to deny, that our speculatists have among them men of high mental and moral refinement, accurate learning, industry rarely surpassed, combined with a pure and lofty, if also a too imaginative, spirit of devotion, and a warm, intelligent, practical, and most comprehensive philanthropy. These high qualities give them great power in their appeal to the public, and make a disregard of their efforts most unwise. Some of them, moreover, are well skilled in the tact of authorship. Facility in composition, supported by knowledge and inspired by a brilliant imagination, puts forth essays that command general attention, and delight and captivate the young. Even certain defects contribute to make the school more dangerous. Having adopted the extremes of German heterodoxy, without possessing any suitable share of profound and exact German scholarship, they have no sufficient guarantee against misstatements, are apt to exaggerate the very things that want to be subdued, and retail, as new and valuable discoveries, positions which in the land of their birth are either exploded or forgotten.

'A History of the Hebrew Monarchy' has more than an average share of the characteristic faults of this school. Bearing unmistakeable traces of solid and extensive learning, as well as of high intellectual culture, and in many respects of moral refinement, and written in a style which, with a few exceptions, is pure, easy, and flowing, it abounds in ingenious and perverse paradoxes, and presents a greater accumulation of arbitrary views and erroneous positions than, we believe, were ever compressed within the same space. The history of the

Hebrew monarchy is here not set forth, but travestied. With the most unyielding determination, and in the combined spirit of an iconoclast and a chartist, the writer pursues his disbelieving and perverting course,—sweeping away obstacles as so much gossamer,—turning all things upside down,—transposing cause and effect,—imputing the worst motives, and disallowing the best,—bringing forth darkness out of light,—and doing all he can to obliterate every trace of God's superintending providence in the career of his people Israel.

The antipathy of the writer to the Hebrew religion lies at the basis of what he has written. Having contracted an intense and very active dislike for that religion as developed in the Scriptures of the Old Testament, he sat down to the composition of a work which should become as destructive to them as, in the opinion of some, the *Leben Jesu* of Strauss has proved to the writings of the Evangelists. We do not mean that the author is an irreligious man. He professes, and we have neither the right nor the wish to question his sincerity, that—

' He desires his book to carry on its front, his most intense conviction that pure and undefiled religion is the noblest, the most blessed, the most valuable of all God's countless gifts; that a heart to fear and love Him, is a possession sweeter than dignities, and loftier than talents; and that although the outward form of truths held sacred by good men, is destined to be remodelled by the progress of knowledge, yet in their deeper essence there is a spirit which will live more energetically with the development of all that is most precious and glorious in man.'—(Preface, p. vii.)

We have not, then, to do with an avowed scoffer, and yet we must say that in the perusal of his work we have more than once been reminded of the cavillings of a Celsus, the insinuations of a Gibbon, and the scorn of a Voltaire. What may be the complexion of the writer's religion we know not, and are not curious to inquire. That is a matter which lies between him and his God. But we do think that had his better religious feelings habitually predominated, he would have shrunk from publishing some passages found in his present work, which he could not but know would wound feelings that deserve to be respected. So far, however, was he from being restrained by any delicacy of the kind, that he, in some cases, appears to have been actuated in what he wrote, by what he deemed the too easy faith, or too intense reverence of others. Thus he spares no pains to detract from the splendour of Solomon's temple, because '*we are told* that it was an edifice such as a traveller might expect in El Dorado,' (p. 129.) This antagonistic spirit

is even expressly avowed in the last sentence of the following quotation:—

‘ If we judge of Jeremiah’s position by the common laws of prudence and morality, we shall find that there were two ways of promoting his country’s welfare ; one by trying to persuade the princes and the king to yield at once to Babylon; the other, by inciting the people to resist manfully when the rulers obstinately chose that course. The third method, which Jeremiah followed, of urging individuals to flee for their lives, because defeat was certain, was not the part of prudence and patriotism, but was the highest imprudence. It was the most obvious way of distracting the nation, paralyzing its rulers, and ensuring the public ruin.’ ‘ *It is requisite to insist on this*, because writers who do not venture to say that Jeremiah was freed from the observance of common obligations, are fond of extolling him as a model of patriotism and practical religion.’—(P. 361.)

Were what the author has himself termed ‘ a History,’ a ~~party~~ pamphlet, or a controversial essay, we could appreciate the reason here assigned, but we say that such a motive is unworthy of the dignity and destructive to the calmness that befit the historian, whose sole office is to narrate facts as he finds them directly or indirectly set forth in his authorities. We must also remark on the tenour of the passage cited from the preface, that we here recognise a fundamental error of these neologists, with whom religion is something wholly divested of form, and perpetually evolved out of the elements of our nature, in the progressive advances of society. A mere earth-born religion is to us no religion at all. If religion is a product of man’s nature, it is clearly not divine in its origin, and can scarcely be divine in its tendencies and effects. Clear, however, it is that such a religion is a constantly varying quantity, alike in no two ages, in no two individuals—here, a conclusion of the intellect ; there, a fancy of the imagination ; in a third place, the offspring of the moral sentiments ; but whatever its source and its general nature, as changeless as the contour of the human countenance, the variations of clime, the degree of civilisation, and the form of social polities. In such a medley all varieties are right and all are wrong. Religion is a purely subjective something, with no authority but that of an individual’s acquiescence, and no permanence save in a vague and variable movement of the soul towards God. Such a religion may not prove fatal to the moral welfare of men who, like our author, have an intellectual power, and, in some sort, a spiritual life, independent of their speculations ; but it would, we are assured, entail scepticism, indifference, and death, on the bulk of mankind. It is, without question, gratifying to men of action, intellect, and refined trains of thought, to

indulge in the lofty reveries which ensue from the sundering of religion from its outward forms. But even to such persons the exercise, if pleasing, is also dangerous. Pantheism itself is a belief in God refined to an airy nothing. When, indeed, men of high culture and enlarged understandings employ their powers in divesting religion of its grosser forms, and evolving from its essence the ever-living spirit of practical truth, they render a valuable service to their species. But in the process, caution is needed, lest their reformatory work end in useless refinements, or empty verbal abstractions. Do what we will, while in this state we can never wholly escape from forms. If we throw off one form it is only to adopt another. Pure intellectual conceptions are impossibilities. Nor is it seldom seen that the last state of that man is worse than the first, who has spent days and nights in the endeavour to penetrate to the essence of things, and in so doing has learnt to regard all forms as contemptible, and truth itself as too evanescent to be seized and held by the human mind. This spirit with no bodily tenement, this treasure but no earthen vessel in which it is preserved, this religion without convictions, this gospel destitute of facts for its basis, this something which no one can define, but which all men *feel*, this universal abstraction, may be a fancy, a heap of summer cloud, a fond notion; but certainly it is not ‘the glorious gospel of the blessed God,’ and as certainly is it not, nor ever can it become, ‘the staff of life’ for the hungry, famishing thousands of our race, whose sins, cravings, and woes, make them demand substantial fare—the bread that came down from heaven to be the life of the world. Had our author, however, entertained convictions of this nature, or felt a warmer and more active sympathy with the religious wants and yearnings of his fellow men, he would scarcely, we think, have so rudely torn the veil which reverence and love have wrapped round what we shall still call the *sacred* scriptures. To a deeply religious mind, the iconoclastic is a strange, if not almost impossible spirit. Not lightly, nor easily can the revering associations of successive ages be torn to tatters. Such a work may be imperatively demanded; and then, let God’s voice be implicitly obeyed. Still man’s heart will shrink back, and when at last it is nerved and strung to the effort, not without tears, and in a gentle mood, will the painful office be discharged. To us the impeachment of the Bible is like the exposure of a parent’s defects. It may be a child’s duty even to bear witness against his mother; but unless nature be dead within him, he will speak with a quivering lip and a trembling voice.

With these feelings we have some difficulty in reconciling the writer’s professed respect for religion with his ruthless treatment

of many parts of that book which is the medium, ‘the sign and the seal’ of the religious convictions, hopes, and charities of the bulk of his fellow-countrymen, and no small portion of the whole of his species. A sectarian aim, indeed, will account for much that wears the appearance of inconsistency, and if the author is associated with others for the express purpose of destroying what Coleridge and Blanco White termed *bibliolatry*, or the worship of the Bible, in order to undermine, and eventually to destroy religious error, the service of Mammon, fanaticism, and priestcraft; then, his tone, if it cannot be approved, may yet be understood. Still we may be excused if we venture to hint at the perilous nature of the means employed. If you sap the foundations of the temple, it can hardly avoid falling, and may bury the good and the bad in one indiscriminate ruin. More effectual, as well as more safe, in our opinion, would a less sweeping course prove. Simple truth is the best exorcist of error. The right will supplant the wrong spirit. Even truth itself becomes falsehood, failing discrimination. And the reform that is not tempered by prudence, and softened by love, issues in new abuses. If you fell error with the axe, take care lest there ensue the death of general scepticism, or positive unbelief. Yet is there scarcely a form of imputation supplied by the English language, that is not found in this so called ‘History of the Hebrew Monarchy,’ employed against writings and statements found in the Bible. This is a strong averment. If true, it proves one of two things—that either the Bible is a very bad book, or that its accuser is, at least, a very wrong-headed man. The averment, however, prove what it will, is true. Evidences of it, collected from the volume under review, lie before us, but we will not sully our pages, and wound the feelings of our readers, by printing so large a mass of offensive details.

Whilst every character, and almost every event which the believers in revealed religion have been accustomed to regard with respect or reverence, is harshly, and sometimes ignominiously, stripped of all, or nearly all, title to a good and honest man’s esteem, the shield of the writer’s protection is thrown before, and sometimes the smile of his patronage bestowed upon, persons and transactions which have been commonly thought worthy of blame, if not condemnation. In these pages Jezebel becomes an injured woman, and the priests of Baal lay claim to our sympathy as confessors and martyrs (179 ; 205); false prophets are set on the same level as those claiming to be the only true ones, (339;) Jeremiah is put in the wrong, and Jehoiakim, his persecutor, justified, (350, *seq.*;) Ahaz is exculpated, (267,) Sennacherib defended, (298, 302,) and Hezekiah condemned, (306;) ‘the

' priestships of Jehovah and Baal, alike enjoying state establishment, live in decorous mutual toleration, in contrast to the fierce enthusiasm displayed by the prophets, the Puritans of that age.' (214.) Isaiah, besides being grandiloquent, is coarse, (278,) predicts things that do not answer to any historical reality, (287 comp. 296,) Rehoboam is lashed, and the idolatry of Jeroboam extenuated, (155, 157.)

' The tribe of Judah everywhere consecrated high places and images to Jehovah, *without a suspicion that this could deserve censure*; nor only so, but deadly Canaanitish immoralities are specified with the rites of Astarte, as established in the land, under pretence of religion. Thus the worldly prosperity of David and Solomon appeared to have *had no other result* than to give to the Hebrew metropolis, both outwardly and in reality, a large share of pagan superstition.'—(P. 153.)

It is true there are some passages (23, 69, 225, 279,) which intimate a better spirit, and a more correct appreciation of characters and facts. But they form only a grain of wheat in a load of chaff. We place one or two specimens before our readers. Referring to the passage already cited from the preface, we subjoin the following:—' The Hebrew prophet differed essentially in this, that his first great aim was to please and honour God in faith, that from obedience to Him the highest good of man would assuredly follow.' (32.) Now this confidence must, in the author's opinion, have rested, or not, on a solid foundation. If the prophet were really instructed of God, then Jeremiah does not deserve the blame which is so copiously bestowed upon him in these pages. But if that blame is justifiable, then the confidence of Jeremiah had no real foundation, and his faith was a mere matter of opinion, and in such a case our author has enunciated his verdict—a verdict which wears the appearance of trenching on the rights of mental liberty:—

' While religious teachers confine themselves to religious topics, the case is wholly different; but when they invade the political arena, and, *under whatever inward convictions*, so conduct themselves as to play into the hands of the public enemy, it is too much to claim for them the inviolable character of sacred persons; nor can we any longer suppose that they act under divine warrant, without lowering the Most High into a partisan of human strife.'—(P. 353.)

Indeed we see not how the writer can ascribe paramount, or even high authority, to men whose sole recognised source of inspiration was the lyre, meditation, and the poetic enthusiasm which ensued. (p. 37.) Yet 'such is the best general idea which we can get of the position and agency of those prophets who,

‘ from Samuel downwards, imparted to the history of Israel nearly all its peculiarity and all its value.’—(P. 37.)

Another passage in which there is a gleam of right-mindedness, stands as the last sentence of the book :—

‘ If Greece was born to teach art and philosophy, and Rome to diffuse the processes of law and government, surely Judea has been the well-spring of religious wisdom, to a world besotted by frivolous or impure fancies. To these three nations it has been given to cultivate and develop principles characteristic of themselves; to the Greeks beauty and science, to the Romans jurisprudence and municipal rule, but to the Jews the holiness of God, and his sympathy with his chosen servants.’—(P. 370.)

That this was ‘ the true calling of the nation,’ we have no doubt. Equally are we convinced that the mission did not stand on the same platform as that of the Greeks and Romans. Even in his admissions, our author cannot ascend above a bare cold naturalism. But we take the concession here made, assured by the tenor of the whole work, that it is reduced to the smallest possible dimensions; while, however, we accept it, we are utterly unable to see in what possible way it does or can result from the premises. Its tone is in broad contrast with nearly the entire volume. ‘ The holiness of God’ to be ‘ cultivated and developed’ in a system of almost unmixed failure, fraud, and deception! ‘ God’s chosen servants,’ who are they? Go over the names of those generally accounted such—Moses, Samuel, David, Elijah, Isaiah, Jeremiah; they are all blurred and blotted memories, the subjects or the objects of mistake, misrepresentation, folly, or imposture, the most potent and the most gross. • A ‘ calling?’ Whence? From below, if our author is a trustworthy guide. Less incorrect would it have been, less contrary, also, to his general views, had he declared that the mission of Israel was to show to the world how effectually, for some three thousand years, a complex system of misconception, credulity, bigotry, and deception, could be palmed upon mankind as a system of divine truth, and as a display of ‘ the holiness of God, and his sympathy with his chosen servants.’ The possibility, however, of so transparent and long-lived an imposition, we utterly deny. Its admission is a disavowal of an omnipotent, wise, and good Providence. Its admission is a justification of universal scepticism. If such a thing could be, men have no grounds and reasons of certainty. History is something worse than ‘ an old almanack,’ it is a register of folly and fraud—and our race is divided into two classes, the dupers and the duped. Religion, also, which wore the appearance of holiness, and gave promise of raising men from earth to heaven, has, in one of its most marked manifestations, been the handmaid of

chicanery, the minister of sin, darkening men's eyes, bewildering their hearts, stupifying their minds, and so degrading them below the level where, but for her sorceries, they, in their own power, could have safely stood.

The defaming, unsystematic, and desultory mode of treatment pursued in this volume, can end in nothing satisfactory. The learned can as little instruct as mislead. The doubting and the disbelieving it will confirm; the popular mind it may dazzle and bewilder. Erroneous in its conception, the volume is delusive in its execution. It begins the history of a people in the middle point of its career, and arbitrarily assuming the antecedents, which should have been carefully developed, it goes forward, weaving at will a story which has neither unity, object, nor end; for, without a beginning and without a close, it establishes no great purpose for which the Hebrew nation was formed out of a horde of slaves. That the writer had an aim is very clear; so far as his work has authority, he will attain his aim; for beyond a doubt he has, in his narration, very effectually set everything in confusion. A more complete inversion of history can scarcely be imagined. All is here topsy-turvy. In some cases, the distortion is scarcely less than if the loveliness of a Madonna were suddenly transmuted into the deformity of a hag. Such are the dislocations, that the later books of the Bible take precedence of the earlier, Joel stands before Deuteronomy, and the reader feels he should not be surprised, if he found the Apocalypse and Genesis change places. Similar is the metamorphosis of facts. God's chosen people, Israel, is 'a hater of mankind,' (286,) and Hebrew monotheism is compatible with the co-existence of idolatrous rites. Samuel, not Moses, laid the foundation of Hebrew nationality. (30.) The transmutations effected in this book, and the most astounding paradoxes asserted with all the calmness of moral certainty, may cause some readers to ascribe a very undue share of industry and learning to the writer.

The ease with which such a narrative may be constructed depends on the state of mind employed. Let not the reader imagine a huge difficulty. Historical scepticism is a facile dexterity. Take as a specimen these words,—

' Various duplicate accounts occur in this portion of the narrative. A new version is given us of the story of Saul's prophesying, which, it is said, gave rise to the proverb, ' Is Saul also among the prophets ?' (Contrast 1 Lam. x. 12, with xix. 34.) Since both of these accounts cannot assign the correct origin of the proverb, it is possible that neither may.'—(P. 56.)

This is quite accordant with the established rationalistic model. We could give scores of such modes of confutation from Strauss

and his fellow-workers. In this dexterous logic no strict connexion between the premises and the conclusion is required; no research is necessary; save yourself trouble; you will do well to take the matters as they lie on the surface; if you look for an explanation you may spoil the argument. In the present case, for instance, nothing is in the way of the supposition that the second is an independent repetition of the proverb, nor without such repetitions could the original saying have passed into a proverb. It is a pure assumption of the author, that both accounts were intended to assign '*the origin* of the proverb.' He first forces on the Scripture terms of his own origination; then, having created a divergence, he pronounces it a contrariety, and from that contrariety infers that the whole affair never took place. Even, however, were there here a real contradiction, his logic is of no avail. Two incompatible accounts of the number of ships employed by England in resisting the Spanish Armada are found in our best authorities. One account makes them to have been 117, the other declares they amounted to 181. 'Since both of these accounts cannot assign the correct number, it is possible that neither may, and, consequently, the whole story of the intended invasion is a myth. That myth grew out of the morbid fears of the English queen, and her newly-made Protestant subjects, aided by a desire to glorify Elizabeth, by exhibiting her as the great antagonist of Catholicism, on the part of historians who had the advantage of writing long after the event. The alleged scattering of the enemy's fleet by a storm, proves that the real origin of the story is to be found in "superstitious imaginations"! (27.) There was abundant time for oral tradition to generate a mere romance,' (54,) and it must be confessed that, from subsequent events in the history of Europe, 'the miracles appear to have been very partially efficient.' (57.) We supply materials for another argument of the same kind. The Egyptian castes were, according to Herodotus, seven in number; according to Plato, six; according to Diodorus Siculus, five. From this divergency the reader will easily prove that there were no castes at all, and that the three historians might less untruly be termed fabulists.

The metamorphoses in this volume, which are almost as numerous and singular as those sung by Ovid, must, the reader will naturally feel, have had a special origin. No ordinary cause can have produced these new and astounding readings of an old book, universally perused, and revered most by those who have studied it best. The central source, the great intellectual origin, of these misinterpretations is found in an abstract notion which the author puts forth in his preface, and to which he silently

renders homage in almost every page of his book. Here it is :—

‘God is always like himself; and whatever are his moral attributes now, and his consequent judgment of human conduct, such were they then and at all times. Nor ought we to question that the relations between the Divine and the human mind are still substantially the same as ever, until we find this obvious presumption utterly to fail in accounting for the facts presented to our examination. We explain all phenomena by known causes, in preference to inventing unknown ones.’—(P. iv.)

These words justify the implication which we have expressed, that the ‘Hebrew Monarchy’ is composed on the principles which form the essence of the Straussian school. They contain, indeed, the essence of rationalism, or rather of that system which admits none but what are termed natural causes in the origination and government of the universe. This we could establish by a score of quotations. Let one suffice. Strauss, in his Introduction to the ‘Leben Jesu,’ (p. 8, of the English translation,) has these positions :—

‘An account is not historical when the narration is irreconcilable with the known and universal laws which govern the course of events.

‘Now, according to these laws, agreeing with all just philosophical conceptions and all credible experience, the absolute cause never disturbs the chain of secondary causes by single arbitrary acts of interposition, but rather manifests itself in the production of the aggregate of finite causalities, and of their reciprocal action. When, therefore, we meet with an account of certain phenomena or events of which it is expressly stated or implied that they were produced immediately by God himself, (divine apparitions, voices from heaven, and the like,) or by human beings possessed of supernatural powers, (miracles, prophecies,) such an account is in so far to be considered as not historical.’

The reader is now in a condition to judge of the real nature of the question at issue. That question, with our rationalists, is not whether or not the narratives of the Bible are true. They have already answered in the negative. They have no occasion to trouble themselves with a minute investigation of the import of a passage, or the authority of a book ; this is a work of supererogation, discharged, if at all, with the benevolent design of breaking our superstitious imaginations in pieces, not of ascertaining the truth. The truth is ascertained ; they know that a history involving miracle is destitute of claims to credibility. But the Bible is from first to last a book of miracle—understanding by miracle, the immediate act of God. Consequently the Bible is false in its very essence.

Let the issue be distinctly observed. The foundations of Zion

are assailed. The very basis of revealed religion is being undermined. The Bible is placed in the same class with the Vedas, the Edda, and the Koran. The religions of Moses and of Jesus are reduced to mythologies. The 'History of the Hebrew Monarchy' and 'the History of Rome' belong to the same category. Moses fraternises with Romulus. Jesus and Numa enjoyed the same inspiration. Our author appears as the Niebuhr of the Old Testament.

Now, we do not at the present affirm that this equalisation of revealed religion with systems of merely human origin is wholly erroneous. We merely mark the fact, for we wish the Church of Christ to have a distinct conception of the matter put in issue. Surely it becomes its members to understand the position in which our speculators would place them; and surely when their common heritage is invaded, they will not stand idly by. All questions of greater or less are sunk in the question of questions. Forms of Christian doctrine, modes of church government, distinctions of sect and party—not without importance in themselves—lose their importance when the stronghold of our faith, the palladium of our safety, 'the root and the stem of Jesse,' are thus put in peril. *The axe is laid at the root of the tree*, and there is no safety except in striking it out of the feller's hand. On the other side, we wonder that these philosophers should take the pains of comparing passages and scrutinising texts. The labour is far too small for them. It is also needless. On great *à priori* principles, they have decided against the Bible. 'We assume,' (Pref. iv.) is the shortest and most effectual way to its confutation. After so dignified and lofty a proceeding, they perform an unworthy part when they descend to criticise histories made out of prophecies—prophecies which could not have happened, and miracles that had no effect. The *αὐτὸς ἐφα*, *the master has said*, decides all, and might save a world of trouble. These violent disputes may be left to 'ingenious theologians,' (comp. Pref. vi.) It is hardly worth the while for professors, linguists, and historians to undertake the extraction of the *very* small modicum of truth which lies hid in narratives written by no one knows whom, but obviously by men given to fable, credulous, superstitious, narrow-minded, and persecuting.

The historian of the 'Hebrew Monarchy,' however, may have undertaken his task in order to disabuse the mind of the Christian world. Small, we think, will be his reward. He has too little in common with us to exert an influence on our convictions. His fundamental principle is not ours, but its opposite. So far as we are concerned, therefore, he might have spared himself the trouble. The simple denial of his first assumption makes the

bulk of his book nugatory. He is at issue with us on no less a point than the intervention of Omnipotence. Till that issue is settled, the discussion of details is idle. That intervention he denies, and of course plays havoc with a volume in every page of which the interposition is alleged or assumed. Herc is the cause which vitiates nearly all he has written.

Why, with such an assumption at the bottom, he should have attempted ‘a History of the Hebrew Monarchy,’ is to us a mystery. He could not hope to succeed. Disowning the hand of God, how could he narrate a story in every line of which the hand of God is manifest? We say that by his principles he was incapacitated for the office. The Bible, from first to last, is a religious history; indeed, it is not so much a history as an account of God’s special dealings with his chosen people. It affects no completeness of treatment, no precision of detail, no lofty philosophy, no critical acumen, no universal philanthropy, but simply and unpretendingly tells you how, with one small branch of the human race, and especially with distinguished individuals of that branch, God dealt in the lapse of many centuries,—informing their minds, elevating their souls, chastising them in wrong-doing, rendering them prosperous and happy when obedient, in order that he might make himself known, and his will revered, first among the chosen few, and then in the world at large. The religious aim of the Bible is its great, if not its sole aim. Everything else is subordinate and subsidiary. Yet this aim our author has everywhere disallowed. Every religious interpretation of events is set down to credulity and superstition. If a scriptural writer intimates that the wicked are punished for their wickedness, he is himself a priest, or subject to the malign influences of priesthood. If the prosperity which shone over the latter part of David’s reign is referred to the favour of God, who thus honoured those that honoured him, the assigned cause had its sole origin in the glorifying spirit of some Levite, eager to repay to the national idol benefits received, and to keep the people in good humour by judicious adulation to a monarch of whom they were proud. *Haud tali auxilio*—not by a pen of this kind can the history of God’s people be written. Of all futile attempts, such an one is the most nugatory. You might as well try to expound the system of the universe after denying the ‘Principia,’ and proclaiming La Place a driveller. Rationalism can never produce a theology or a sacred history. It wants the vital principle necessary for both. It has not the requisite central light. It may have a universe of thoughts and scattered information, but it is without a sun. Denying all resources superior to those of earth, it is emasculate and impotent when it has to do with ‘the

genesis' of revealed religion. Its only consistent course is to establish, if it can, its first principles. Then its work is done; the Bible straightway becomes a book of fables, and the gates of hell have prevailed against the church of Christ.

This task our author has, however, not even attempted. He throws out his assumption in the preface, and forthwith leaves it, as if ashamed of his offspring. Yet is that assumption allowed to operate in almost every page of his book: you may track its destructive footsteps in the desecration of the divine, the discolouring of facts, the dislocation of events, the disfiguring of characters, and in general, in the transmutation of a religion into a mythology. Let the reader observe that the talisman which effects these melancholy changes is *an assumption*, a mere unsustained assumption; on behalf of which not one word is advanced in the way of either proof or illustration. As such, it is logically worthless. It is a base coin, which will pass current only with those who have previously agreed to receive it.

Under these circumstances we might spare ourselves the trouble of confuting it. But if left in these pages without support, it has its roots in a system of thought that for some time has been gaining prevalence in this country, and on that account we shall subjoin a few strictures.

That 'God is always like himself,' is the same as saying that he is unchangeable. This position we readily admit. Hence it is inferred that his judgment of human conduct is now what it ever was. As an abstract proposition, we see no objection to this, only that it savours too much of the presumption that affects to dive into the mind of God, and read it out aloud to the world. What God is in himself, no mortal does or can know. We have to do solely with his manifestations of himself. If, therefore, it is meant that God, as disclosed to man, is always the same, that is asserted which cannot be proved; nay, that which all history contradicts. But if the manifestations of God vary, his judgments, which are a part of those manifestations, must also vary. It is, therefore, not true that his judgment of human conduct has always been the same. Proceeding from the same great principles, his judgments doubtless change so as to meet the ever-changing contingencies of human life, and promote the wise and benign purposes of the divine government. Those principles and those purposes may be advanced by what appears to human eyes a retrograde course, as in some aspects the planets seem to stand still, and even to turn back. Equally may they require what we call evil, as well as what wears to us the appearance of good. Darkness, no less than light, are ministers in God's universe. It is also an undeniable fact, that pain as well as hap-

piness, is employed for the furtherance of God's designs. True it is, that man is not hence justified in doing evil that good may come. Man cannot guarantee the good; and he cannot guarantee the good because he cannot see the end from the beginning. In cases, however, in which that guarantee is given, or there exists some other sufficient authority, he is not only at liberty, but is bound, if necessary, to inflict punitive evil that good may follow. Such is the conduct of the wise governor, when he deals with treason or dishonesty; such also is the conduct of the good father, who inflicts pain with a view to the child's amendment. Indeed, punishment is an essential attribute in all governments; and punishment, as it is nothing else than the causing of evil with a view to good, must have its instruments, which, when God sees fit, may be men, as well as earthquakes and tornadoes.

Presuming that the complexion of our illustrations will be obvious to those who read the volume before us, while also they have a general application, we in the same manner pursue the analysis of our author's unsupported and unwarranted assumption. He adds, that the relations between the Divine and the human mind are still substantially the same as ever. Our assent to such a proposition cannot be at once conceded. We must first know what it is of which we are required to make an averment. The relations between the Divine and the human mind?—Well, what are they? When we are told that, we may consider whether they are permanent or varying. Till then, it would seem rash to make any positive assertion respecting them. Hence, we would suggest to the author whether there is not something presumptuous in his declaration, ‘Nor ought we to question,’ &c., which is his manner of declaring that those relations remain for ever unchanged. We confess we shrink from these universal affirmations. The subject is of too solemn a nature for dogmatism, even though under the philosopher's cloak. At least, the position is not a self-evident truth, and religious wisdom would suggest that it is easy to err by affirming, too much. This we probably may declare—namely, that those relations are not bonds in which the mind of either God or man lies bound, restricted in its action, and confined to a particular course. Liberty is of the very essence, at least, of the mind of God; and, if so, the modes of action of that mind will in any case depend on the materials on which it has to operate, and the precise ends which it means to bring about. Such a power of adaptation seems, in its very nature, to involve variety, and hence it would be less incorrect to say, ‘We are not to assume that the relations of the Divine to the human mind are invariably the same.’ Here, again, we must

take the distinction between what God is in himself, and what he is to his creatures—between the essence and the manifestation of God. By confounding these two, this historian has been led into many grievous errors. In truth, it is only with the latter that we have to do. Now, as a matter of fact, God's manifestation of himself has been, and is of all things the most diversified. ‘God, who, *at sundry times and in divers manners*, spake in time ‘past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days ‘spoken unto us by his Son,’ (Heb. i. 1, 2,) who, as such, is represented as the great revealer, the word of God, in whose light we see light reflected on all past history, on the times that are, and on those to come; being, as he is, the sun that, shining through all ages, unites the past, present, and future by the light of heaven’s own love, displayed to man in forms the most diversified, but to one great result—namely, the promotion of God’s glory in the salvation of the world. Now, in so grand a scheme of Divine wisdom and benignity, in which all are but parts in one stupendous whole, you cannot ‘judge righteous judgment,’ if you contemplate mere insulated facts and single incidents; nor indeed can any, save the eye of God, take in a sufficient number of particulars to warrant a universal conclusion. In issues so multiform and momentous, God’s ways are past finding out; and possibly there may be more true philosophy in one sentence of Holy Writ, or one thought of pious deference and conscious self-abasement, than even in the whole *Critique of Pure Reason*. However this may be, clear is it that God’s relations to man must, at least, be so far diverse as to be suited in each particular case to man’s condition. The lesson taught in Eden is different from that which fell from the Cross; and even where the lesson is the same, the manner of conveying it has needed variation. Who would instruct a child in the terms and the mode employed in the legislature? If God is a father, he is paternal in his measures of adaptation to his children’s capacities. Consequently he has milk to dispense, as well as strong meat, and both does he impart as those he nurtures are able to receive and bear the nutriment. Some minds are capable of—nay, more—demand pure spiritual food; others may have no appetite for truth, no eyes to see God’s light. If to the former God displays his own word, is he not equally wise and good, if, in regard to the latter, he first makes bare his arm, speaks with his voice of power, and then when he has gained attention and awakened an interest, proceeds to give his gracious lessons? Miracles in consequence would seem to be involved as a necessary part of God’s instruction to man. At any rate, they are clearly not to be summarily set aside in virtue of the prorogation of our author’s sovereign *assumption*, that be-

tween the mind of God and that of man, ‘all things continue as they were from the beginning of creation,’ (2 Peter, iii. 4.) The author has put a qualification to his general position, ‘until we find this obvious presumption utterly to fail in accounting for the facts presented to our examination.’ The absolute validity of this restriction we need not investigate, while we have before our eyes such a specimen as this book offers of the application of the principle itself; for we are not afraid of being borne out, by every unprejudiced person, in the statement that the writer of the work has not explained but perverted, misinterpreted, and put into confusion, the phenomena with which he undertook to deal.

It may be well to give, in a specific instance, an example of the use which our historian makes of his assumption in the course of his history. A pestilence, it is well known, was inflicted on Israel, avowedly in punishment of David’s guilt, contracted in numbering his subjects. Having irreverently discoursed on what other men would call ‘the ways of God to man,’ thus—

‘It is now well understood that as in the frequent tossing-up of a crown-piece there will occur periodically what are called runs of luck on the side of the heads, so the seasons, which commonly vary within narrow limits, at distant times, exhibit more prolonged series of very good or very bad weather. When poverty, improvidence, or the ravages of civil war aggravate the calamity of several bad seasons, real famine arises, which an ignorant age imputes to a Divine judgment.’—pp. 105-6.

—the writer proceeds to apply his doctrine to the pestilence in question:—‘A superstition inevitable in that age ascribed it to ‘some sin nationally incurred; and, instead of imputing it as a ‘judgment on Israel for their massacres of the adjoining nations, ‘a fantastical trespass was imagined,’ (108.) ‘The whole idea ‘that the pestilence was a judgment on David, was perhaps of a ‘later origin,’ (109.) We subjoin words employed on another occasion: ‘Sennacherib himself returned safe to Ninevah, and ‘since he, of all others, on every moral estimate, should have ‘fallen by the destroying angel, our confidence is somewhat ‘shaken as to the universality of the destruction,’ (302.)

Thus contemptuously does this author treat the religious interpretation put on events by the Scriptures themselves. In our humble judgment, the superstition which imagined a fanatical judgment of old was as likely to be right as the scepticism in our own days, which sees in history no cause higher than man. Is our author prepared to deny all religious construction of events? If so, then how has he any religion at all? That which is from above he disowns; and if man’s religious view of the universe,

and what takes place in it, is to be disallowed, religion is a mere name. If, to escape from this alternative, he declares that his religion is of his own formation, then we add that it is a matter of lively regret that it has not taught him tolerance of speech towards the view taken by others. Though we have often deplored the loose way in which ‘a divine judgment’ has, by ordinary men, been affixed on a calamity, yet we think such a step not more blameworthy than the illustration supplied ‘by ‘the tossing up of a crown-piece,’ and ‘runs of luck on the ‘side of the heads.’ The supposition that the idea of the pestilence being a judgment was of a later origin, may pass with the remark, that theologians are not the only persons to call in the aid of conjecture, in order to eke out a theory. The preservation of Sennacherib, and the destruction, under David, of thousands by the pestilence, may be accounted scriptural difficulties, when similar occurrences every century, in battle, fire, and flood, have been explained by our transcendental philosophers.

The general tone prevalent in these pages, in regard to God’s dealings with man, would give the idea that all the dark passages in Providence were strictly confined to the Bible. Firmly believing, as we do, in the essential wisdom and benignity of God, we yet find in the pages of History much that distresses our heart and confounds and baffles our judgment. Sure we are that the Divine purposes are not wrought out, nor the great drama unfolded, without what, speaking from our own feelings, we must be allowed to call a fearful amount of human woe. Is this dark cloud to pass for nothing when the scriptural narratives are studied? Is the fact to be ignored? Are we to expect the thread of Jewish history to be all spun *couleur de rose*? Is the discipline of the Hebrew nation to be accomplished in the lustre of an Oriental summer? Its chequered character, to our mind, attests its reality, and we have yet to be taught a better philosophy than that which we find in its Scriptures—namely, that God acts alike in the storm and the sunshine—holds the human heart in his hand, and makes even the wrath of man to praise him.

Having, however, disallowed the recognition made in the Bible of the Divine agency, and banished God from his own word, the writer sets about weaving the web of his history. Miracle is not to be admitted. Israel was in no peculiar sense God’s chosen people. All superstitious imaginations must be discarded as things ‘inevitable in that age.’ Equally Moses is to be passed in silence, or with a transient allusion. Any way, he was far inferior to Samuel, who was himself not very great.

The problem, then, is to construct the theory and write the narrative of the Hebrew monarchy without God, and with only the dim legendary shade of the great legislator. Our theorist begins with placing the people of Israel on the east side of the Jordan, where probably they 'had resided or roved for some generations;' when their numbers increased, some gradually crossed the river in parties with far inferior force to that which had overrun the eastern shore, (p. 4.) At length, a large portion of the race settled in Palstine among tribes of the same kin and tongue, whom, in part, they conquered, in part were compelled to endure, and with many portions of whom they waged war, having much difficulty to keep their footing in the land till the days of Samuel, when they became a nation under a regal government demanded by themselves.

Monarchy and priesthood are congenial. Hence, under the patronage of the former, grew the latter out of an old tribal usage, which gave the descendants of Levi peculiar rights. These privileges, of small value and little exercised during troubled times, acquired, under the sunshine of a throne, height and strength, till, throwing out branches, and striking new roots, the tree overshadowed royalty, and manifesting deadly qualities, poisoned the life of the nation—producing as its fruits ceremonialism, sanctimoniousness, self-seeking, priestcraft, and deceit. Side by side with royalty and priestly power grew up prophetism; born, indeed, of earth, but having a tendency towards heaven; which, varying in its character from the pure moral elevation of Joel down to the political self-will of Jeremiah and the visionary and sacerdotal spirit of Ezekiel, and tarnished by a spurious element hardly to be distinguished from the genuine, yet on the whole worked favourably in withstanding the evil tendencies of its two cognate and co-ordinate authorities, and for the furtherance of the good of the nation at large—albeit, not without such drawbacks as must be made in exceptional cases, as, for instance, in that of Elisha. In the same line of earthly development were unfolded three other social powers—1, a creed, 2, a literature, and 3, religious institutions. The first a qualified monotheism, originally tolerant because weak, and subsisting in no unfriendly juxtaposition with idolatrous observances, became in time, severe, jealous, and, in the hands of priests and prophets, fanatical and persecuting, owning and allowing no other God but Jehovah—a comparatively modern national divinity, the successor of *Aleem*, as Jupiter succeeded Saturn, raised by the intense zeal of his worshippers to exclusive supremacy. The literature, of which the germs were quickened by lays of no mean beauty, sung by Canaanites and Amorites, taking its origin under Samuel in war songs and psalms of praise to God,

was, with the aid of fragments of oral and written tradition, produced during the monarchy, the exile, and the restoration, by priests, Levites, and prophets, who, with good motives and bad, put forth such compositions in poetry and prose as suited their several purposes, whatever their nature, from which even express imposture may not be excluded. The religious institutions of the nation were also an earthly growth, springing out of tribal peculiarities, agricultural observances, and prescriptive rights and usages, till at length 'custom hardened into law,' (p. 310,) and laws were consciously and unconsciously expanded into a most complicated and crushing ceremonial, which put the whole nation into the hands of its authors, the priests.

'But Solomon's splendour brought in, over and above, a material attraction to those who had no affinity for things spiritual. Every Hebrew desired at some time in his life to go up to the famous temple, *if only for mere curiosity*; and the same principle which in modern days has enforced pilgrimages to Jerusalem and Mecca, must have began to work on Israel very early. The shortness of the distance made many visits in one life an easy undertaking; and there were three great feasts from this time (the days of Solomon) celebrated with peculiar solemnity, when King Solomon officiated in person at the great altar, by burning incense, and offering victims to Jehovah. These feasts are nearly identical with those celebrated among all nations, as the first fruits, after the general harvest, and after the vintage or ingathering; but at last, in course of time, these were blended with associations drawn from the early history of the people. At such celebrations, in particular, it was natural for crowds of country people to flock into Jerusalem; and certainly, at a later period, the priests diligently inculcated the duty of this, in order to bring the whole land under the influence of the central sanctuary. There is no question that the magnificence of the temple and the institutions connected with it, imparted to the priesthood an ever-growing authority, the deeper because it was unseen and gradual in its encroachments. Little by little it worked itself into the political constitution, and ultimately became a check upon the power of the king, whose authority, indeed, it outlasted by centuries.'—p. 133.

Thus, as in the former portion of this quotation, does our author string conjectures together to constitute a history; speculations are narrated as facts; written statements are passed in silence, or ascribed to a 'palsying superstition' (83); what is particular is generalized, and what is general is made particular. No wonder the result is the volume under review. One of the practices of the present writer is to taunt Christians and theological teachers with an easy faith. Few of them can have displayed that quality of mind in larger dimensions than himself.

In these last words, we have specially glanced at the author's opinion as to the origin of the book of Deuteronomy, not to say

the Pentateuch. Here, too, so extraordinary are his statements, that in order to avoid a charge of misrepresentation, we shall set down his views in his own terms. It will be seen that the forgery of a book led to the suppression of idolatry, and the recognition of Jehovah as the sole object of worship. The ensuing passages, therefore, will bring under our consideration the chief feature in the literature and in the creed of the Hebrew people.

'There was a prophetess named Hildah, who gave the whole of her influence to the cause of Jehovah; and thus strengthened, Hilkiah (the high priest) at last took his measures in the eighteenth year of Josiah, when^o the king was about twenty-six years old. Either at his own thought, or at the suggestion of Shaphan the scribe, Josiah sent orders to Hilkiah to count out the moneys contributed to the temple, and apply the sum to execute necessary repairs. Shaphan returned, announcing that Hilkiah had obeyed the king's word, and had also delivered to him a book—the book of the law which he had found in the house of Jehovah. The scribe read the book to the king, who, on hearing it, rent his clothes with grief and terror; hereupon he commissioned Hilkiah, with four others, to inquire of Jehovah concerning the book. What was the mode of inquiry which the king wished, or what questions were to be asked, is not indicated: the commissioners, however, proceeded to the prophetess Hildah, and communed with her. They do not appear to have asked her the first grand point, and the only one of importance to us: 'What was the age of the book, and who wrote or compiled it?' Nor need we charge her with evasion that she does not touch on such matters. Her reply, in fact, is a mere echo of the threats of the law: 'Jehovah will bring evil on this place, and upon its inhabitants, according to the words of this book,' &c.

'The king was exceedingly affected at learning for the first time that idolatry was a sin which Jehovah threatened to punish by his severest anger. He forthwith summoned the elders of Judah and Jerusalem, and having made a great assembly in the temple, read aloud to them 'the words of the book of the covenant, which was found in the house of Jehovah.' After this he himself took a public oath of allegiance to Jehovah, to abide by the covenant of the book, and was followed by all who were present.'

The worship of Baal, Astarte, and Moloch, was put down.

'After this, of course, the priests were removed, who worshipped Jehovah idolatrously at the high places; for idolatry was now understood to attach to the use of images, even though Jehovah was the object.' . . . 'After such cleansing of the land, preparation was made for a general keeping of the passover. The statement concerning this, which we read in the book of Kings, by implication admits that this festival had never before him been rightly performed, as far back as history or tradition could reach.' . . . 'The very remarkable narra-

tive, of which an abstract has just been presented, affords materials for much rumination, and is, indeed, of extreme importance. A majority of modern reasoners are most unaccountably accustomed to ignore it, and speak as if our Pentateuch had been in the hands of a reading public from time immemorial, without any chasm between Samuel and Ezra. Others choose to assume that Manasseh had persecuted this sacred book, and that through his violence it had disappeared; but that under Hezekiah it had been as familiarly known as in later times. But this assumption is untenable.' . . . 'No nation while unconquered ever yet lost the sacred books of its religion, and forgot their existence,—*to pretend a discovery is to confess an invention*. Moreover, the persevering and gross neglect of the plainest precepts of our modern Pentateuch, on the part of the most applauded kings, is another mark that they knew no more of it than young Josiah till the eighteenth year of his reign. The continuance of the high places which drew after it the breach of so many other precepts of the law, is an eminent instance.' . . . 'If Moses had been no more to us than Mahomed, no well-informed mind would now doubt the recency of the book of Deuteronomy.' . . . 'It is impossible to adopt the theory that Deuteronomy, as opposed to the other books of the Pentateuch, alone came to light by Hilkiah's finding.' . . . 'It seems indisputable, that if Josiah upheld the rites of Baal and Moloch, and left a graven image of Astarte in Jehovah's house, and while acquainted with Leviticus, repented not, neither would he have repented when Deuteronomy rose from the dead.' . . . 'The first four books of the Pentateuch are a growth, not a composition. Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers, did not now begin to exist, but now received their final shape and their public recognition in that shape.' . . . 'Here is the kernel of the matter. With the religious man of Josiah's day, the question was not whether the pen of Moses wrote, but whether the voice of Jehovah guaranteed the book; and the latter point they settled by methods unknown to us, but satisfactory to themselves. Such topics as 'genuineness and authenticity' never dawn on the minds of spiritual persons, except where a literature exists which is beyond the cognizance of the national religion. Had not a Vico and a Bentley gone first, a Geddes, an Eichhorn, and a Gesenius would not have appeared in modern times. Not but that many a shrewd worldly man, when the excitement of the time was past, is likely to have regarded the whole proceeding as an imposture; but any public opposition would have been unsafe; it would have been ascribed to sympathy with idolaters, and the slaughter of the Samaritan priests may have been *meant* as the cheapest mode of terrifying adversaries.' (328, seq.) . . . 'They had received the Pentateuch from Josiah.' (364.) . . . 'There are circumstances which make it not improbable that the earlier books of the Pentateuch were composed, or their most important materials compiled under the regency of the priest Jehoiada.' (216.) . . . 'In the Pentateuch itself, we have several fragmentary systems of law which clearly formed parts of earlier books.' (215.)

Passing over some manifest incongruities in these statements, we may, on their authority, give it as the writer's opinion, that the first four books of the Pentateuch, consisting in part of earlier documents, were completed and brought into notice and authority in the days of Josiah, while the last book, or that of Deuteronomy, was then fabricated. Fraud was concerned with the whole transaction, by which a new code of laws, as emanating from Moses and of Divine origin and sanction, was palmed on the king and nation. In order to prevent an exposure of the imposture, a massacre was committed. A notable proof truly of the credulity of scepticism. As if to make the charge of forgery more prominent, decided, and odious, the writer thus wrote on the same point:

'During the same period, (it is almost certainly established by criticism,) an important literary work had gone on under the auspices of Hilkiyah, the chief priest: the composition of a continuous rhetorical book, comprising all the most spiritual matters received as part of the law of Israel, in conjunction with the highest Levitical pretensions. This is known among the moderns by the Greek name Deuteronomy, or the repetition of the law. The arguments which avail to show the recent origin of Deuteronomy, forbid us to imagine that the sacerdotal party of that day, however well-intentioned, could feel any such hesitations and scruples as would affect even *the commonest minds* among ourselves, in compiling from several sources an authoritative and sacred book.' 'It would be vain to expect our own standard of simplicity in an Hilkiyah, or any clear-sighted criticism in the Jewish people. Nor is there the slightest ground for ascribing to Hilkiyah and the priests around him any high or sensitive virtue, beyond that of hating cruel and sensual idolatries. In the latter point, the most unscrupulous of the clergy of Europe, who have ever attained public eminence, would vie with him; but nothing is more uncommon in public men than a delicate anxiety concerning the means which are to bring about good ends.' (317, 318.)

We are justified in characterizing these imputations as sheer calumnies. They are as baseless as they are sweeping. They have not the smallest particle of historical ground. They spring from a theory adopted by the writer, in order to sustain the chief implications of his book. We deprecate such a mode of writing history, as most unworthy. If Hilkiyah was a priest, he was also a man, and, as a man, he knew the difference between truth and falsehood, a discovery and a fabrication. This was enough for him to know, provided only he had that share of honesty which is common to men in general. For that knowledge and that honesty every fair historian would have given him credit. Let not the writer fancy that all honour and pro-

bity are with those whose business it is to doubt, question, and deny. Equally let him not yield to the dark fancy that cheating is congenial to the human heart. For ourselves, we are no believers in the prevalence of gross imposture. Fraud is the exception, not the rule, in the causes of human affairs and social movements.

But we will take the trouble to investigate the chief positions of our author, the rather, because it is important that the general reader should possess some means of forming an opinion how far he is a calm and ingenuous critic and a trustworthy reporter.

First, whatever the nature of Hilkiah's conduct, he is represented as pursuing it advisedly. 'Hilkiah at last took his measures.' Nor was he unaided; 'thus strengthened,' that is, by a prophetess named Hildah, who gave her whole *influence* to the cause of Jehovah. Our author insinuates that at least two persons combined to achieve a fraud, designed to promote their own religious views. Let it be observed that this combination is *a pure fiction*; not the slightest intimation of anything of the kind is found in the writer's authorities. Secondly, 'the king's commissioners did not ask Hildah the grand point, the only one of importance to us, 'What was the age of the book, and who wrote or compiled it?'—a gratuitous statement, intended to blind the reader by awakening his suspicions. The writer knows not that which he obscurely affirms. The commissioners may have made the inquiries; and if they did not, they, knowing by whom and at what time the book was composed, may have needed no information. If the answer may be allowed to suggest what the question really was, it related to the fact whether or not the penalties denounced in the book had been incurred. Such a question implies that the authority of the book was recognised; and hence, as may fairly be presumed, its origin was known. Thirdly, 'the king was affected at hearing, for the first time, that *idolatry was a sin*, &c. This is another arbitrary statement. The answer of Hildah simply imported that the penalties of the law against idolatry would be executed. The statement is not merely unsupported, it is contradicted by Scripture. That which Josiah did in his eighteenth year was only a continuation of that religious reformation which he began in his twelfth, under convictions which told him that 'idolatry was a sin,' &c., even when he was only eight years of age; and acting on those convictions, he took measures against idolatrous practices. (2 Chron. xxxiv. 1.) It is of little use for the author to have recourse to the vocabulary of abuse which he has so copiously employed against the Chronicles. After all his vituperation, competent judges will continue to think

that the compiler of those documents was not more prejudiced than their modern accuser, and, as living much nearer to the events, is at least of equal authority. If, however, the monotheistic reforms had been vigorously carried on for some six years, what reason was there for the imputed conspiracy and the alleged fabrication? Fourthly, ‘the priests were removed who worshipped Jehovah idolatrously at the high place,’ &c. Here again the author attempts to invest his own peculiar opinions with the authority of the Bible. Fifthly, a passover was held: ‘this festival had never before been *rightly* performed.’ The Scriptures say nothing of the kind. This averment is, in one shape or another, a standard weapon of offence on the part of the school whence our historian draws his materials. In its native country, Germany, it has now for some time been suffered to rust as useless in the armory. Here, however, it is furbished up for the English public. Ewald, (*Geschichte des Volkes Israel*, iii. 402,) the most learned and the least partial of the sect, says, in reference to this passover, ‘It is expressly remarked, that since the times of the judges, the passover was never so celebrated, that is, so rigidly, according to all the requirements of a holy book, as it was now celebrated.’ Ewald is right; such is the express statement of the Book of Kings, (xxiii. 22;) and if any doubt remained, it would disappear before the details and statements made in the Chronicles, (xxxv. 1.) Mark these words: ‘There was no passover like to that kept in Israel from the days of Samuel the prophet; neither did all the kings of Israel keep such a passover as Josiah kept.’ The reader may not discern our author’s drift in this manifest misrepresentation. His aim is to get support for his theory, that the passover and other institutions alleged to have originated with Moses were nothing more than traditional usages ‘hardened into law,’ (compare pages 14, 16, 31.) Not only does the sought support fail, but the passages clearly imply that passovers had been kept by the kings, by Samuel, by the judges and anteriorly. Sixthly, ‘some assume that the Pentateuch had disappeared; this assumption is untenable.’ Winer, a moderate rationalist and most competent authority, is not of that opinion. His remarks, repeated in his third edition, now passing through the press, furnish a sufficient answer:—‘The depositing of a book of the law in the national sanctuary is in itself not unlikely. During untheocratical times, it may, even among the priestly caste, have fallen into forgetfulness, or been purposely pushed on one side; the living practical observances which must be assumed to have existed under a regular government, caused the want of written laws not to be felt. The spirit of the age scarcely allows us to

'suppose there were transcripts in the hands of the public. 'Thus it might happen that, unexpectedly to the king, the book 'of the law might again be brought to light.'—(Realwörterbuch under Josias.) Our modern historian, with a disregard of exactitude, intimates that the Pentateuch was both lost and forgotten. This fancy is followed by a statement, 'no nation,' &c., which the writer's invention alone demanded. Like a valiant hero in Shakespere, he makes the enemies whom he slays. Seventhly, 'to pretend a discovery is to confess an invention.' This epigrammatic imputation is replete with inviolousness. Not only are the accused made to be guilty of forging, but they are condemned out of their own mouths, since they are made to *pretend* a discovery, and so to *confess* an invention. Such writing we must be allowed to characterize as rather clever than creditable. Eighthly, 'the most applauded kings neglect the plainest precepts of our modern Pentateuch, and therefore knew no more of it than young Josiah,' &c. The argument, which may be put in this shape—'the infraction of an alleged law proves its non-existence'—if it proves anything for our author, it proves that the whole Pentateuch, or at least, Exodus, Numbers, and Leviticus, as well as Deuteronomy, were fabricated by Hilkiah and his confederates. But in truth, it fails of its purpose altogether, unless the despotic attempts of the Stuarts serve to show that the English constitution before and during their days contained no legal guarantees of British freedom. Seventhly, leaving the author to the task of settling for himself whether in future he shall allege that the whole Pentateuch, or only a part of it, was fabricated under the auspices of Hilkiah, we find him growing bolder in his offensive inventions, declaring as a general proposition, that spiritual persons have no literary conscience, and then that the priests in the time of Josiah were restrained by no scruples of honesty. This is bad philosophy and worse history. The general conclusion is made in order to support the particular instance, and the particular instance, sustained as a conclusion, is narrated as a fact. As much as the philosophy is without reason, is the fact destitute of authority. A shorter and equally proper way of proceeding would have been to declare Hilkiah and the king's commissioners a set of arrant scoundrels, ready for forgery or fraud of any kind. We are, indeed, expressly assured that in the matter 'who wrote the Pentateuch?' they stood morally below the commonest minds of the present day. And this is history!—philosophical, rationalistic history, that narrates only what is true, and for guarantees of truth will take nothing but clear and express averments. Rather is this the

offspring of a sweeping distrust and unqualified dislike of priests, evidences of which feelings on the part of the author, abound in this most unfair and one-sided production. The reader cannot judge how far our author has indulged this hostile tendency and given the reins to his imagination, except he minutely compare the invective with the sole sources of information supplied by the Scriptures. Eighthly: we know not precisely what is the advantage over spiritual persons which is claimed on behalf of Vico, but we do know that Vico received his education from the Jesuits, and wrote his works under the eye of the Inquisition. And aware, as doubtless he was, that the *Scienza Nuova* of that learned and profound Neapolitan, lay in oblivion for half a century after its author's death, (A.D. 1744,) and that but recently his works have obtained a European reputation, our righteous judge, we think, might with more propriety have assigned to Hugo Groot (whose *Aureus Libellus De Veritate Relig. Christ.*, issued from the press in 1622,) and to Nathaniel Lardner (the first part of whose "Credibility" appeared in 1727) the palm of acting as modern pioneers in the study of the genuineness and authenticity of the Scriptures. And if their views on the matter are less comprehensive and philosophical than such as at present are attainable, this the author well knows is a fact in no way peculiar to religious books, but is owing to the rapid strides made in philological studies of all kinds during the last century. We profess to entertain no feeling of attachment towards a 'national religion,' understanding by the phrase a state-supported church. But we are not so partial in our sympathies as to deny that great services have been rendered to the Bible and to religion in general, by both divines and laymen intimately allied with an established church. And whence have come the most learned, the most formidable, the most unsparing attacks that were ever made against the Scriptures? Not from the free churches of the world, but from professors' chairs and pastoral pens connected with the national religion of Protestant Germany. At any rate, this slur against spiritual persons must appear very ungracious when we call to mind that to the care which spiritual persons took of the Hebrew Scriptures, we owe the transmission of them through the troubled period which intervened between the last of the prophets and the day of the Lord; nay, that to the care taken of the Scriptures, generally by priests, monks, bigots and others, we are indebted for their preservation during the dark ages, and their diffusion over the face of the globe. Thus from the very bosom of the church of Christ, in which the Bible has been piously preserved, have there gone forth the two influences

which wise and religious men desire—namely, a critical and a diffusive power. And if mere literary men have aided in the production of this combined operation, we gratefully own their merits, and deprecate all jealousy and suspicion. Literature and religion are both children of the light, and should work for their common ends in a loving and harmonious spirit. Ninthly, shrewd men saw the imposture, but being afraid of a violent death held their peace. This statement is qualified by the terms ‘is likely.’ We think none the better of it on that account. The writer believed, or not, that “shrewd men saw the imposture.” If he believed it, he should have given us the grounds of his conviction. If he believed it not, no possible consideration should have extorted from him the implication. The whole question at issue is dexterously assumed and quietly settled by this rhetorical artifice. The assumption when analyzed is found to comprise these propositions; 1. there was an imposture; 2. that imposture lay bare before the eyes of shrewd men; 3. those shrewd men were contemporaries; 4. those shrewd men were not priests. Yet not one of these most important positions did or could the writer know to be true. Our historian is emboldened by success. Having brought his witnesses into court, and made them depose to an imposture, he ventures to ask them, why, as honest men, they did not expose the cheat. They answer they were deterred by fears for their personal safety. The Samaritan priests had been slaughtered. What connexion was there between that slaughter and the exposure of Hilkiah’s fraud? ‘Our author invents one—‘the slaughter may have been *meant* as the *cheapest mode* of terrifying adversaries.’ (338.) One fiction leads to another; for instance, ‘the imposture’ leads to the ‘shrewd men;’ the ‘shrewd men,’ leads to the intent of the massacre; that requires, as a preliminary, the statement ‘any opposition would have been unsafe;’ and the other statement, ‘it would have been ascribed to sympathy with idolaters.’ Let the fact be distinctly marked, that for no one of these inculpatory averments has this writer the smallest historical ground. And the massacre which is the turning point of the whole, was the work not of the high priest, but of the king. (2 Kings xxiii. 20.) We leave these facts without comment, they speak for themselves.

Notwithstanding the alleged charge made of terrifying adversaries, we deny that such an imposture could have been passed off. Let the reader peruse the scriptural narrative, and learn the nature and extent of the changes which ensued from the revival of the authority of the Pentateuch. Let him also bear in mind, that whatever we know on the subject, we owe to the

aspersed priests under whose eye the books were formed, and in whose custody they continued. Now, had Hilkiah been capable of attempting, he would have been wary enough to conceal the fraud. Those who had skill to fabricate Deuteronomy, could have kept out of Kings the mention of the discovery. Were some pretext requisite for contemporaries, the fleeting word, not the perpetuating pen, would have been the convenient instrument. Did a record chance to fall from the hand of a Levite more diligent than discreet, erasure was easy on the part of those who kept the written documents. The king and the high priests were engaged in the same plot, for, according to our author, what the latter forged the former protected, even at the price of blood. How is it, then, that we have the narrative; or, at least, how is it that there is in the narrative any grounds even of suspicion? Did not the priests know, as well as the writer of this history, that ‘to pretend a discovery is to confess an invention?’ Surely the fear of some lynx-eyed critic might have suggested to them that the least said about the sanguinary juggle the better. Hypothesis cannot have them at once honest men and rogues; the latter to forge, the former to record, and leave their deed in all the openness of simple unconscious innocence. It was necessary, indeed, to get the book received. Yet, adding inconsistency to aspersion, our author says, ‘It does not appear that the law ‘was even now *published*,’ (338.) A mere rumour that a sacred book had been found sufficed! Idolatry, which had subsisted for centuries, and was deeply rooted in the national mind, fell prostrate before a lying word from the temple! However, provided the voice prevailed, Hilkiah and his associates in deception had gained their end. Silence was now the only safe policy. Any narrative of what was done could not fail to be perilous: yet they have left a narrative; the narrative is simple, and, to all appearance, worthy of credit. Set it aside if you will, and substitute your own version; only do not call that fiction by the name of history.

Here we must be permitted to say in general terms, that only one of two courses is open to an historian of the Hebrew, or any other monarchy—namely, either to receive and set forth, in their general substance and obvious relations, the facts supplied by ancient authorities, or, these failing to offer trustworthy materials, to abstain altogether from the task. In reality, the present writer is not an historian, but a partisan, whose business from first to last it is to assail the Scriptures of the Old Testament for the purpose of destroying their authority, and uprooting their social influence. Had he appeared in his own proper character, his course would have been more ingenuous, and his attack proved less detrimental. It deserves

also to be remarked, that whatever objections he brings against the Scriptures, and whatever limitations of their value he may succeed in establishing, the book itself supplies all the materials that have the slightest value. Hence it appears that the scriptural writers were veracious and truthful men, not afraid of objectors, simply narrating facts, without regard to the prying eyes of minute philosophers, and the 'detective force' of modern philology. In the unpretending, childlike simplicity of the Scriptures, we find a warrant of their general credibility too powerful for all that a disbelieving and unfriendly criticism has hitherto been able to effect.

What chance, however, was there that the alleged imposture should succeed? This cannot be ascertained unless we know who were the impostors. Was it Hilkiah? And in our author's opinion priests are always ready for evil deeds. Then Hilkiah had to consummate the cheat against all the other social powers—a most unequal conflict, unless he could persuade Jeremiah and other prophets to prophesy falsely, the King to run into the sacerdotal trap, and those who had idolatrous propensities and interests to acquiesce in the trick which would put an end to their craft. Even the freethinkers of the day (339) must have been consentient parties. In a word, the whole commonwealth, from the king, whose prerogatives were assailed, to the people whose back was laden with a new and intolerable load of ceremonies and imposts, in virtue of the consummation of the Levitical system, all became willing slaves to Hilkiah and the sacerdotal caste; who, on their part; had no support but such as they might draw from a base forgery. The thing was not done in a corner. A general assembly of all orders of men was held in a spacious court connected with the temple. The changes made were not the spontaneous result of a summer day's review. Idolatry had been predominant, and was still powerful. In the early part of Josiah's reign, our author says there is no evidence that the priestly party were in power, (317.) He cannot, then, assume that they had consolidated their influence in a degree equal to the demands of so great a revolution. Preceding sovereigns had at least done nothing to strengthen the sacerdotal 'Jehovists.' Under these circumstances a fraud is committed, the purpose and the result of which are to bring the whole people to the feet of Hilkiah, the sovereign himself leading the subject procession. Jehovah and Baal come into conflict; the former wielding a forgery, the latter marshalling the bulk of the nation. If the forgery gained the day, forgeries in the time of Josiah were more potent than they are known to have been either before or after the event in question. But

how do you know that Hilkiah even desired the results produced by the discovery? Was he a zealous or even a pure Jehovahist? Then for the first time you affirm the king learnt that idolatry was punishable. You have not proved that Hilkiah had not been equally uninformed. As you make the monarch ignorant, so you make Hilkiah wise in this matter. Alike arbitrary is your conduct in both instances. You say that there were priests who worshipped Jehovah idolatrously (329), and have not proved that Hilkiah was guiltless in this particular. The Scripture also lets us know that there had been idolatrous worship even in the temple. (2 Kings xxii. 6.) It is by no means clear, therefore, but that Hilkiah was so implicated with prevalent idolatrous practices, that he would rather *not* have found a book which denounced them all, and led to their suppression. His feelings and his apparent interests may both have been in opposition to the reformatory tendencies of the king. If so, he would be likely rather to suppress than fabricate the Pentateuch. Perhaps it is meant to insinuate that the royal hands sullied themselves by the dirty work. The supposition would be less unlikely were the Pentateuch a courtly volume, (comp. Deut. xvii. 14, seq.); but the current of its influence bears strongly against regal ascendancy. In truth, it is an absurdity to fancy that the ceremonial and sacerdotalism of the Books of Moses, or any one of them, could at a stroke have been invented, or that its main features could have been suddenly imposed on a people. A complex system of outward observances is the growth of centuries. Say 'The Statutes at large' were fabricated in the reign of Queen Victoria; say the canons of the Romish Church were forged by Hildebrand; when you have procured evidence for these assertions, then will you be justified in asking men to believe that Josiah, or the high priest, effected, by a fabrication, the fundamental changes that mark his reign.

The truth is, that the reality of the discovery of the book of the law is indispensable to the reformation that ensued. The belief that the book had Moses for its author lies at the bottom of all. Without that conviction, inexplicable alike is the conduct of priest, prophet, king, and people. But whence the belief on our author's hypothesis? Moses is a legendary personage—he composed not the Pentateuch—even David never saw Deuteronomy, (106) Traditions and written fragments there were in Josiah's days, but no great legal constitution before his time, the re-discovery and revival of the written record of which might kindle a reformatory enthusiasm. What, then, was the point on which the popular feeling took its rise? What reality lay at the bottom? To suppose that the nation repented without some

valid reason for repentance, and that idolatry quietly vanished, unrebuked by a voice from the past, is not less absurd than to suppose that our forefathers demanded the laws of Edward the Confessor, without the existence of a corresponding code.

The events that took place in Josiah's reign are not without historic parallels. The Bible undoubtedly has the quickening power implied in those transactions. Within the last three centuries, two most decided instances have been seen. The Reformation from popery was effected by what, without great inaccuracy, may be termed a discovery and republication of the Bible. The English commonwealth was established on the new social power, put forth and elaborated in the heart of this nation by a revival of faith in the Bible. Was that faith a fancy? Was that re-discovery a fabrication? Acknowledge that each was a fact, a reality—and you understand the consequent revolution. Make them into frauds and pretences, and could even a Vico explain the social changes? They were radical reforms and stern realities that Josiah brought about, and must have been backed by something more substantial than a sham. Our author tells us that no nation ever lost its sacred books. Does he know of any nation that was ever revolutionized by the fabrication of a ritual?

We have characterized the alleged imposture as a fiction. We do not mean thereby to impute its paternity to this historian, though he cannot escape from the responsibility of what he has written. The calumny originated with our English deists a century since. To De Wette, Von Bohlen, and the historian Leo I., however, our author appears indebted for this notion, though the latter writer has long since abandoned it, and the whole theory connected with it, as untenable.

The maintenance of the fiction which has now been examined, was requisite in order to give a feasible appearance to an idea which runs through the volume, and is in entire keeping with its general tenor. This notion is, that a strict monotheism never existed in Israel till the sacerdotal and ceremonial system had received its full development. The recognition of one God, like all the other valuable parts of the Hebrew system, was a growth, not a revelation. In the days of Samuel, monotheism, indeed, prevailed, but in alliance with idolatrous practices, especially in the worship on high places. With that worship the service of Jehovah remained on a friendly footing, disallowed by no authority, and practised alike by priest and people, until the cheat practised by Hilkiah gave sole and exclusive prevalence to Jehovahism. This theory could not, it is obvious, be held a moment, if the Mosaic origin of the Pentateuch, or of any considerable portion of it, were admitted. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ*—hence those

imputations, the utter groundlessness of which we have exposed. After that exposure, we need not here enter into a detailed confutation of the opinion as to the lateness of the origin of a pure monotheism. How groundless it is must be manifest to the tyro in sacred literature. Nor would the scriptural argument avail with our author. It is, however, we must add, with unfeigned surprise, that we find a man of cultivated mind maintaining that the loftiest conceptions of the human intellect originated amidst deception and bloodshed, in the downfall of a nation which, in regard to earthly culture, was wholly inconsiderable. Of that people, the prophets, he tells us, represented the highest element. Yet that element involved qualities which, in his opinion, justified these words : ‘Here, (in Isaiah,) as elsewhere, the Hebrew ‘prophets show a *narrow-minded* abhorrence of worldly art, skill, ‘and science, as producing merely wealth, pomp, luxury, and ‘pride. Dread and grudge were felt against Tyre ‘because she ‘was exceeding wise.’ Jehovah was believed to share the same ‘sentiment, and to be jealous of everything grand and high.’ (287.) Nevertheless, from a nation of the highest feature of which these terms represent one phase—from such a nation, at a time when the national character had so sank, that captivity, exile, and permanent disorder were the inevitable doom, arose, by the mere force of terrene influences, the grand conception—perhaps the most sublime of all human thoughts—namely, that there is one God, the Creator, Governor, and Benefactor of heaven and earth; and that other correlative grand idea—that he would send a messenger into the world to cause his will to be universally obeyed, and so to make man, Gentile as well as Jew, largely and permanently happy! Our author admits that ideas bearing some resemblance to these were developed in the later literature of the Jewish people. The fact, indeed, is undeniable. So grand a result, then, we say, implies a corresponding cause. That cause the Bible assigns. Admit the Divine which the Bible claims on behalf of itself, and on behalf of the Hebrew race, and we see a sufficient means for explaining the origin of those most lofty, priceless, and blessed truths; and in the possession of them by the world we see also a sufficient end and purpose for all that was done and suffered both before, by, and after Christ. But deny, as does our author, the Divine and the religious which the Scriptures mingle in the thread of Jewish history, and then the lower you degrade the Hebrew people, the more you succeed in exhibiting them and their authorities as idolatrous, narrow-minded, superstitious, fanatical, persecuting, and false, the more desperate do you render any attempt to give a philosophical development of their

history, and specially to assign the source and trace the progress of truths and sympathies—nay, we will add, of psalms and spiritual songs, whether bearing the name of David, ‘the later Isaiah,’ or any other inspired bard, which, springing up in one inglorious spot of earth, have sunk into the heart of the world at large, and there being cherished, have repaid the care in the most grateful as well as the holiest thoughts, in the most expansive and gentle charities, and in enterprises which aim to make the religion of self-sacrifice and love—the religion of all mankind.

ART. III.—*Spiritual Heroes: or, Sketches of the Puritans, their Character, and Times.* By JOHN STOUGHTON.

‘God be judge between you and me!’ Such was the emphatic, indeed, prophetic last utterance of Cromwell, one of the ‘chief of men,’ to the nation, too soon to be taught, by the consequences of his death, the lessons his life failed to teach it. And with equal truth, and with equal confidence, might each puritan confessor, could he have foreseen the clouds of ‘detractions rude’ which for so many generations should gather round his memory, have made the same appeal. ‘God be judge!’ is the cry that has gone up, as each successive party writer has done his work of malice, of scorn, of gross party misrepresentation of men ‘of whom the world was not worthy.’ But at length posterity is summoned to review, and reverse the verdict of other days; and it has been discovered that ‘these men had a work about which history will have something to say for some time to come.’ To those admirable later historical writers—and it is with pride we point to those among us whose careful research and extensive inquiries have done so much to roll away the reproach which for so long has been cast on our noblest patriots—the cause, not of the puritans alone, but of truth and justice, owes much. The times, in all their stirring interests, have been brought vividly before us, and to each of the great men of the commonwealth—not excepting the greatest, and therefore the most loaded with obloquy—a just appreciation of motive and conduct has been awarded. But it is the province of the historian to deal with public events and public characters alone; and thus, while the most prejudiced are compelled to modify, even if they do not reverse, their judgment of our puritan fathers as to their *public* conduct, the same stereotyped abuse of ‘sour puritanism,’ and ‘drab-coloured puritanism,’ which has passed current from the

time of Butler and South, may still be heard; and many of the young and imaginative even among ourselves, though prepared to do battle for the unstained honour and uprightness of their illustrious fathers, can scarcely bring themselves to believe that these men, so stern at the call of duty, could be pleasant companions beside the winter hearth, in the summer walk, and

*'Travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness.'*

We were much gratified therefore with the plan of the volume before us, which 'aims to represent alike the men and the times 'in which they lived, combining them as in a picture,—to paint 'these heroes as living men, their souls beaming in their countenances.'

These sketches consist of thirteen 'prose' pictures,' each devoted to the illustration of some important incident in the history of the puritans; a history which often leads us into the byways of historical research,—right pleasant and picturesque ways, and most profitable to the reader who wishes to contemplate the true aspect of these men and their times. The first chapter places us in Islington fields, in the midst of the congregation which, during Mary's reign, met for the 'meditation of God's holy word.' It is probable, we think, that from the time of Wycliffe, these beautiful fields and woods were used for this purpose; not for their seclusion, for here were the butts at which the old London apprentices practised archery, and here were the 'banqueting houses,' where the crowds of holiday-makers refreshed themselves, and here it was that the sober citizens 'walked forth,' as Stowe prettily says, 'to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savor of sweete flowers, and with the noise of birds praying God in 'their kinde,'—but because they included portions of four parishes, and thus afforded admirable facilities for eluding the vigilance of informers. The parish of Cripplegate Without, at this period, stretched to Islington; Clerkenwell and Shoreditch bounded it on either side, (for St. Luke's is a modern parish;) and at one point, not far from the Angel Inn—and we think it was near this spot the meeting took place—a congregation, by merely moving a few steps, could pass from Cripplegate into Islington parish, and again into Clerkenwell. Farther toward the east, but scarcely more than a bow-shot distance, was the parish of Shoreditch; and thinly inhabited as that part then was, whoever gained its boundary might pursue his way almost without fear of detection, even to the river.* The congregation

* We think it probable that the congregation which met 'between Rotcliffe and Redriffe, in a ship called Jesus ship,' took this circuitous road to it. Perhaps there is no locality about which lingers so great an historical interest as those once beautiful fields. From the time that Boadicea led her faithful troops against the

which met in the pleasant close there that May morning was doubtless a portion of the same assemblage, as Mr. Stoughton remarks, who had previously met in the same place with their pastor, Rough, and of whose number four, in the autumn of the preceding year, had sealed their testimony with their lives. In the curious diary of Henry Machyn, just published by the Camden Society, he notes this, under the date September, 1557:—‘Wente owt of Newgate unto Islyngtone, beyond the buthes (butts), towardes the chyrche, in a valley to be burned iiiii. iii menne and i woman. The manne and wyffe dwellynge in St. Dunstan's in the Easte.’ It was from these that Rough declared he had learnt to die; and with equal constancy, he suffered in Smithfield, but three months after. Still the little congregation kept together; but on this fatal May day, twenty-two were seized and sent to Newgate, and of these only seven escaped with their lives. Roger Holland, the young merchant-taylor, who argued so bravely with Dr. Chadsey, and with Bonner himself, is the chief character in this interesting group of the ‘Islington congregation;’ and his spirited conduct in the bishop’s court, and his heroic death in Smithfield, are related with much eloquence.

The confessors of the Islington congregation suffered in comparative privacy, but their principles grew and prevailed during the next reign, when numbers so earnestly sought after a simpler mode of worship, and a more scriptural discipline; and thus the three martyrs who form the subject of the second chapter have attained a place in our ecclesiastical history, although it is only as yesterday that justice has been done to their memory. These ‘three martyrs,’ we need scarcely say, are Barrow, Greenwood, and Penry, of whose lives and sufferings an interesting account is given. We have a graphic picture of the meeting of these early congregationalists in the parlour of Fox’s Ordinary,—a locality, we doubt not, chosen by the persecuted brethren, like those in the Islington fields, from its bordering upon another parish, probably, indeed, standing in two. But for ordinary worship, during the summer season, Islington fields, endeared to them by so many touching associations, were still visited. Strype, in a confession dated 1589, tells us ‘certain wicked sects’ were accustomed to meet a mile or more from the city, and seated on a bank, ‘divers of them would expound out of the Bible so long as they were there assembled.’ And thus doubtless did ‘the three martyrs;’ and hence probably arose the scoffing title

Roman legions, on their western boundary, to the days of the Parliament, when men, women, and children toiled so heartily at the earthworks at Mount Mill, the numerous and varied incidents which took place in these fields—which should, perhaps, more correctly be termed, Finsbury fields—during these sixteen hundred years, would form a lengthened chronicle far more romantic than aught Alexandre Dumas and his whole staff of assistants could furnish.

fastened on them, not only by the authors of the Anti-Mar-prelate tracts, but by servile lecturers at Paul's Cross, of 'hedge preachers.'

It is from such epithets that many writers, even among ourselves, have viewed our congregational forefathers as belonging almost exclusively to the lower orders: but this is certainly a mistake. That they should have been characterised by their opponents as mere 'mechanical men,' was but in unison with that depreciatory spirit which persisted in charging them with illiteracy, at the very time they were challenging the learned world to an examination of their tenets; but when their followers are 'characterised as mere "prentices,' the very phrase, in the sixteenth century, disproved the assertion that they belonged to the lower classes. Apprenticeship was an honourable calling—the gate through which the Bonds, the Judds, the Greshams, had all passed—the station which the lord mayor himself must have filled, or he never could have attained the civic chair. It will therefore be found, that when the word is used in a contemptuous sense, it has reference to the presumed inadequacy of 'prentices' to form a judgment on grave matters; just as in Henry VIII.'s proclamation against reading the English Bible, all women below the rank of nobility are actually classed with 'artificers and journeymen.' That these early congregationalists belonged to the respectable orders of society, we have not merely evidence in the circumstance of many of them being 'citizens and householders,'—a phrase used at this period to designate a certain standing,—but from their meeting at Master Fox's. This was an 'ordinary,' a rather expensive place of resort, for ordinaries were at this period frequented, as Nash tells us, 'by cavaliers and brave courtiers,' and, indeed, towards the close of Elizabeth's reign, were viewed as a new source of extravagance to those who had not too much to spend. The reiterated abuse and ridicule cast on the early congregationalists for their love of good cheer is another proof. The mere 'mechanical man' of Elizabeth's day would have been contented with his breakfast and dinner of beef and beer; but the pasty, the poultry, the tankard of Malmsey, the flask of Canary, were all luxuries—luxuries indulged in by his superiors in station, and of which he was as likely to have partaken as to have exchanged his frieze coat for the broad-cloth gown of the substantial citizen, or the scarlet robe of the alderman. It is amusing, in the Anti-Mar-prelate Tracts, to see how often the writers contradict themselves. Thus Nash, who repeatedly tells us of 'such sermons as sectaries preach in ditches and other conventicles, when they leap from the cobler's stall to their pulpit,' in his 'Pasquil and

Marforio, in answer to the question, ‘Where is Penrie’s haunte?’ replies, ‘At the signe of the silver forke and the tosted cheese, ‘where the painter, to bewray bothe his abuse of the scriptures, ‘and his malice againte the churche, hath drawn him his word ‘with a text pen—*Zelus domus tuæ comedit me.*’ Now, the silver fork at once places Penry in the class of those who were accustomed to the usages of what was ‘genteele life’ in the reign of Elizabeth.

In regard to the severe measures against Barrow and Greenwood, we cannot believe the queen to have been so involved as has generally been supposed. That she should insist upon a rigid uniformity, was but in accordance, as we remarked on a former occasion, with her Erastian principles; but that they fell victims rather to the ecclesiastical authorities, we think well nigh proved from that passage in Barrow’s letter which prays the countess—it would be an interesting inquiry, and might probably throw farther light on this portion of our ecclesiastical history, to ascertain who she was—to let no impediment hinder her from speaking to the queen in his behalf before she went out of the city, ‘lest I perish in her absence.’ Does not this phrase point to an influence behind the throne, which Elizabeth herself, at this particular juncture, could scarcely control? The reprieves, too: these must have proceeded from the sovereign, the fountain of mercy; but the order for execution would follow as a matter of course when the time for the reprieve had expired, and would come at the bidding of the vice-chamberlain—at this period, the too favoured but unworthy Sir Christopher Hatton. The lately published biography of Hatton has made us acquainted with the fact of his furious high-churchism; and that he was looked upon as a peculiar enemy to this ‘pestilent sect,’ we are supplied with another proof, in the recent Shakespere papers, where a monody by Green represents Religion (!) with torn garments, lamenting the loss of him who was distinguished by his hatred to—

‘Those brainsicke and illiterate surmisers,
That like to saints would holy be in looks,
Of fond religion fabulous devisers.’

It is curious to find Green, in this last line, using almost the self-same phrase to denote the early congregationalists, which Barrow has used to designate the established clergy with their ceremonies. It is also gratifying to find that the persecution of our forefathers did not originate with the Walsinghamhs and the Burghelys, but with the minister, of all Elizabeth’s counsellors, least celebrated for learning or talents—with him whose name dwells in the popular mind as distinguished for his bravery of attire, and his finished dancing, more than for any of the higher qualities of manhood.

Elizabeth, on unexceptionable testimony, is said to have regretted the deaths of Barrow and Greenwood. This is a singular fact, for we do not find any other instance in which she so expressed herself. The circumstances of Penry's execution are involved in much mystery. That a warrant should have been sent at noon, and a prisoner be executed at so very unusual a time as after dinner; that he should have been taken to St. Thomas à Watering, in Southwark, instead of to Tyburn, are singular deviations from common usage, and we think prove that his enemies were determined '*per fas et nefas*,' to take his life. 'These men were hanged,' says our author, 'as troublers of the church and state,' but—

'These men died as martyrs for truth—truth of deep import, and, to their thoughtful minds, involving consequences of mighty interest to the cause of spiritual religion—so another race of historical students now on the increase, more correctly read their story. Why should not Penry and his martyred compeers be put into the same list with our Latimers and our Cyprians? What matters it whether the sufferer died on a gallows, or at the stake, or under the headsman's sword? And is it enough to divorce their names, that one died for the truth of his religion, in opposition to the falsehoods of paganism; another for the reasonableness of his religion in opposition to the absurd mysteries of popery; and a third, for the spirituality of his religion, in opposition to the formalism and secularity of the age?'

The great sympathy expressed by the populace for the sufferers, rendered it, in the opinion of Whitgift and his coadjutors, ineligible to have any more hangings; the punishment was, therefore, commuted to banishment, and, as the reader well knows, the leaders of these congregations, with many of their people, passed over into Holland. We owe a debt of gratitude to those worthy and noble-minded men, the inhabitants of the United Provinces, for the generous shelter and hearty welcome they afforded to our persecuted fathers, at a time when scarcely a voice was lifted in their favour; and of admiration at the enlightened policy which, even ere the close of the sixteenth century, proffered a free asylum to the persecuted, whatever their religious faith. There was much in the circumstances of the United Provinces at this time, as Mr. Stoughton says, to yield 'a lesson suited to the situation and full of encouragement' to these exiles. Amsterdam, 'a spot literally won from the ocean by human toil, and secured by an immense dam from inundation,' its houses built on a morass, yet resting on a firm base, constructed of huge piles—every object the strangers saw as they walked about the streets of their new home, seemed to bear the motto, '*Labor omnia vincit*.' And Leyden, 'that Athens of the

west,' where 'traces might still be seen of the effects of the heroic deed performed by the citizens of Leyden, when, contending for their liberties, they preferred to inundate the city and neighbourhood, rather than submit to the cruel tyranny of Spain,' must have strengthened their love of freedom.

In their stranger home, but often cheered by intelligence from England, and visits, too, from their brethren, the exiles seem to have dwelt in peace, until differences arose, not merely between Johnson, the pastor, an irritable man, and Ainsworth, the teacher, the celebrated Hebrew scholar, but, alas! between the sisterhood and Mistress Johnson, who, as a lady of some wealth, and probably of family, indulged not only in 'whalebone in the boddice and sleeves of her gown,' an enormity which some twenty years before had been pointed out to especial reprobation, by Master Phillip Stubbes, but in the later and more fashionable invention of 'cork shoes.' It is from minute traits like the preceding—too frequently passed over as unworthy of notice—that we often obtain a vivid glimpse of the character, not only of the times, but the people, under review. The congregation at Amsterdam must, like their brethren in London, have occupied a station rather superior, for these very 'vanities' are pointed out by Stephen Gosson, in his 'Pleasant Quipes for upstart Gentlewomen,' amid a copious enumeration of 'gorgets with drawne worke,' starched ruffs, feather fans, and 'perriwigs,' as expensive fineries, in which gentlewomen especially delighted. Mistress Johnson's whalebone and corked shoes, are also proof that, from the earliest period of their history, the Independents never sought to distinguish themselves by a peculiar dress. No such censure could ever have been passed by the Quakers on any of their number; and as the reader will perceive, too, it was not the general richness of attire, but the *ultra* fashionable garb of Mistress Johnson, that excited the anger of her more plainly apparelled sisters. What with the contests of the husband, and what with the dainty attire of the wife, the feud so increased, that a separation took place, and Henry Ainsworth became the pastor of the seceding congregation.

Whether the sisters in the newly-formed church indulged in gay and fashionable attire, we know not, but from the scoffs of Ben Jonson we find that they exercised their minds on unfulfilled prophecy, and admired, if they did not cultivate, Hebrew. This was probably from respect to the deep Hebraic learning of their pastor, and we think it is from Ainsworth's celebrity in this branch of literature, that the dramatists, especially Ben Jonson, so frequently designate the exiled brethren by the term 'rabbi.' That the learning for which their pastors were distinguished, was more

generally diffused throughout their congregations than has been supposed, is proved, we think, both from Ainsworth's metrical version of the Psalms, in which a variety of metres, instead of the homely 'common measure,' are introduced, and which must have rendered them more pleasing to those accustomed to the poetry of the age; and also from John Robinson's Essays, a work undoubtedly intended primarily for his brethren, and evidently the composition of a scholar, addressed to an educated class of readers. But it is from the ridicule cast on the exiled brethren that we obtain the strongest proofs of their superior education; and, most singularly, of the women, too. The 'sister' who inquires, at 'the Staple of News,' for intelligence 'of the saints at Amsterdam,' is told 'that the Grand Seignor's certainly turned Christian,'—

‘And to clear
The controversy ‘twixt the Pope and him,
Which is the Antichrist, he means to visit
The church at Amsterdam, this very summer,
And quit all marks of the beast.’

Now the controversy here so scoffingly alluded to, had occupied, we know, many a learned pen, and much general information was required to enable any one to take even a passing interest in the subject. The learning which, according to rather later dramatists, 'the sisters' displayed, is sometimes very ludicrously exhibited, as in the 'City Match,' where the schoolmistress, the wife of an exiled preacher, is represented as—

‘One that can expound, and teaches
To knit in Chaldee, and work Hebrew samplers.’

And her pupil is described as so very learned, that all her talk is of church councils, while her very embroidery is historical. The exaggeration of all this is obvious; but that among the early Independents, women not only took a general interest in their proceedings, but, from superior education, were well qualified to do so, is evident from the earliest argumentative work of a female writer we have been able to find, being the production of one of their communion—the spirited and graphic 'Justification of the Independent Churches of Christ,' by Katharine Chidley. Among the most generally believed libels on our puritan fore-fathers, has been the charge that they held woman, and woman's intellect, in contempt. From the cursory remarks above, the reader will perceive how utterly false was this charge, and did space admit, we could easily show that on the subject of female education, as on that of religious freedom, the Independents were far in advance of their age.

The departure of the pilgrim fathers from the shores of Holland, closes this third chapter, and the progress of Independency

in England follows, and an interesting notice of the brave Lord Brooke, whose ‘fearful death in such a quarrel,’ as Laud superstitiously remarks in his diary, was, we doubt not, the very death which, of all others, he would have chosen, since it was sealing with his life his devotion to ‘the good cause.’ In the subsequent chapter on ‘the Westminster Assembly,’ an admirable epitome is given of its proceedings, and a series of masterly portraits of the five champions of Independency. In the chapter intitled ‘Owen at Oxford,’ Mr. Stoughton collects some very interesting notices of the times, and the state of learning there; together with abundant proof that if the muses were scared away from their haunts, it was rather by the gross profligacy of the royalist army, than by the irruption of ‘drab-colored puritanism.’ Puritanism, however, according to Anthony à Wood, was anything but ‘drab coloured’ during Owen’s vice-chancellorship, when he appeared with ‘powdered hair, snake-bone band strings, and a large set of ribands pointed at his knees,’ and which excite in the high-church historian even more indignation than Mistress Johnson’s whalebone boddice and ‘corked shoes,’ did among the sisters at Amsterdam. For our own parts, we can scarcely believe the *whole* account of ‘the grave and judicious Owen’s’ bravery of apparel, although we can easily imagine that he, like his brethren, and unlike the Presbyterians, who about this time patronised an almost quakerlike plainness of dress, determined to show, by his conformity to common usage in indifferent things, his unwillingness to give offence ‘to those without,’ save in points where truth and religion demanded it.

Owen had not a very easy time at Oxford; but, as our author remarks, ‘he fought for true learning against pretended learning, for real order against sham order—a battle between truth and semi-blances.’ And honourable scholars, men who have filled a page in our literary and scientific history, gathered round him; and while in his own college, Christ Church, Penn, Locke, and unworthy South, pursued their studies, Gale, Charnock, Howe, and those founders of the Royal Society, Wilkins, Boyle, Petty, with Ward and Wallis, the first mathematicians of the age, and Christopher Wren, already distinguished as ‘that miracle of a youth,’ added lustre to his vice-chancellorship.

Mr. Stoughton ably defends the puritans from the charge so persistently brought against them, of indifference, if not hostility, to general literature. As he truly says, ‘so far as genius was occupied in the investigation of religious and political principles, and so far as literature was employed in diffusing their results, it is very unfair to charge puritanism with being the enemy of either.’ And as to ‘a neglect of artistic culture, a slovenliness

of style and arrangement,' where, may we ask, among the high-church writers of this period, do we meet with such great nicety of phrase, and such neatly rounded periods, as the works of the following century display? With the exception of Jeremy Taylor, and he is, indeed, the '*cheval de bataille*' of the high church party, we think it would be difficult to find a theological writer among them more distinguished for correctness of style than our puritan theologians. But against Jeremy Taylor may we not place John Milton? with his magnificent prose works, the stately periods, sometimes

'In linked sweetness long drawn out,'

sometimes swelling on the ear like the jubilant tones of his pealing organ and full-voiced choir.

And for poetry, too, how many exquisite poems of this period can our opponents show? They have ranting songs, and scoffing rhymed litanies, and satires, coarse in style, and rugged in versification beyond parallel; but where are the spirited lyrics to summon England to the battle-field, where the crown of England was the prize? Where are the laments that mourned the dis-crowned and imprisoned monarch? where the noble hymns that supplicated heavenly aid for the church now prostrate before her foemen? It was not for the Clevelands, the Sucklings, even the Lovelaces, to write such verses, for the strong and earnest feeling of the true poet was wanting. But among the contemned puritans, poetry still found a dwelling place, not only because, as our author finely says, 'they lived in another world, and there walked by faith in that highest realm of poetry,' but because their minds, conversant with lofty themes, took an earnest and imaginative character; and thus the puritan George Withers, in the depths of his noisome imprisonment in the Marshalsea, could exclaim,—

'Poesy, thou sweet content!
That ere heaven to mortals lent,
Tho' some as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
Tho' thou be to them a scorn,
That to nought but earth are born,
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee!'

And thus, even while the clouds on the political horizon were darkest, the puritan public gave a hearty welcome to Waller's earliest and best poems; and encouraged by their reception, the publisher, in the eventful year 1645, presented it 'with those evergreen and not-to-be-blasted laurels,' Milton's exquisite minor poems. We wish we could call the attention of our writers on puritan history more to the general *literary* history of these

times, since we are persuaded it would be found that the era of the Parliament and Protectorate was not only a period of great commercial, but of equal literary activity.

With the death of the 'ruler by God's grace and the might of his own soul,' puritan troubles began. In a very interesting chapter, derived almost wholly from private sources, entitled, 'The East Anglian Churches,' we have many indications of the fears entertained by their members as to coming events. Thus,—

'When they lost brave old Oliver, the shield of their religious liberty, the Yarmouth church records the following resolution:—'The Lord having caused a great change of Providence to pass upon this nation, in taking away the late Lord Protector, the church appointed the 19th instant, in the afternoon, to be spent in seeking the Lord for the settlement of the nation, and for humbling our souls before the Lord for our sins, as they have had a hand in the same.'

In a subsequent entry, they remark,—'We judge a parliament to be expedient for the peace of these nations,' adding their hope that 'the interest of Christ and his people' may be preserved: and again and again we find them appointing days of special prayer and intercession. But 'He whose way is in the sea, and whose path is in the deep waters, did not answer their prayer as they desired, but left a large part of his church and people to endure a long fight of affliction.' 'The happy 'restoration' took place, the king 'enjoyed his own again,' and a mighty nation, that had so gloriously achieved her freedom, was once more tied and bound beneath the footstool of a dastard voluptuary and base pensioner of France.

The story of 'Black Bartholomew,' of the 'Plague Year,' and the long tale of persecutions, follow, all melancholy enough, but to our minds, most melancholy of all was the swift deterioration of the English character, and the rapid increase of profligacy. Of this, De Grammont's Memoirs afford evidence enough, as to the higher classes; but not only is profligacy in his pages so dressed up *couleur de rose*, but it is also so mixed with the frivolities of a court as un-English in habits as in character, that we almost forget that it is of English men and women we are reading. To contemplate the depths of degradation to which the national character so suddenly sunk, we must turn rather to the pages of vain, selfish, gossiping Samuel Pepys' Diary, and read his complacent account of the doings on the first anniversary of the 'glorious twenty-ninth of May':—'Great bonfires, and a great many men and women, who laid hold of us, and would have us drink the king's health upon our knees, kneeling upon a faggot. This they did for a great while, and I wondered to

' see how the ladies did tipple.* Went on to Mr. Hunt's, and ' there his wife and two of his sisters and some gallant sparks ' were there ; and we drank the king's health, and nothing else, ' till one of the gentlemen fell down stark drunk.' But disgusting as are these orgies, how melancholy is the following :— ' Wondering to see how things are altered with Mr. Creed, who ' twelve months ago might have been got to hang himself as soon ' as to go to a drinking house on a Sunday.' Alas ! there were many Mr. Creeds ; and parents and pastors, who might have borne the weight of persecution, had they beheld their children ' walking in the truth,' sank under the heavier load of their apostasy.

A stirring tale, full of the romance of history, is the record of the wonderful preservations and almost miraculous escapes, and marvellous interpositions of Providence on behalf of our nonconforming fathers. And as interesting, but fraught with a deeper lesson, are those tales which show us the Nonconformist wandering about purseless, and almost homeless, or enduring year-long confinement in a noisome prison, but upheld through all by the testimony of a good conscience, and 'wearing more of the herb called heartsease in his breast' than his wealthy and powerful persecutors could obtain. Such were the members of the Broadmead congregation, on whose heads the December sun shed a cheerful radiance when they met in the wood, although snow was on the ground, 'and we were in peace.' And in peace were they, too, when the informers broke up their meeting, and carried many a brother to prison ; a peace which their bitterest persecutor, Sir Robert Cann, never enjoyed, although, perhaps, as a fancied means to attain it, 'he drank sherry,' as Roger North informs us, 'morning, noon, and night.' A vivid picture does Roger, in his entertaining life of his brother, Sir Dudley North, give us of the childish vanity of this man. Sir Dudley married his daughter, and not a little proud was Sir Robert Cann of his son-in-law, who had been to Constantinople, and seen the Grand Turk ; so when he was on a visit, the silly old man used to say, 'Come, son, let us go out and shine ;' and then they would walk through the miry streets of Bristol, 'with six footmen 'in rich liveries behind them.' No wonder he scorned the poor

* This most unfeainine practice seems to have soon become fashionable, for from one of the suppressed passages, published in the new edition of Pepys' Diary, we find in February, 1662, that he was at a dinner at Sir William Batten's, where much merriment was occasioned by a comonble for the contents of a pie when 'to

Nonconformists, who worshipped in threadbare doublets, but with a whole conscience.

We wish the records of our elder London churches could be examined, for we think much valuable information relative to these times would be found, together with allusions to public events, which might cast an important light on some points still left very obscure by our best historians. That the Nonconformists were objects of fear to the court, from their general popularity,—we refer here to London,—may be amply proved from those most valuable documents, of which hitherto so little use has been made, the newspapers of the day. From these we find, that during the Indulgence, the meeting-houses were crowded, and not merely by the ‘fanatics and sworn conventiclers,’ but also by many conformists, who occasionally attended, for which, in the ‘Tory’ papers, they met with sufficient abuse. During that feverish period, from 1680 to 1683, the abuse of the Nonconformists by the Tory press, especially in the clever, but most scurrilous ‘*Observator*’ of Sir Roger l’Estrange, is furious; and from some of his extracts from speeches in coffee-houses—especially the Amsterdam, from that period to the middle of the last century the favourite resort of dissenters—and from some extracts from sermons, we were gratified to find that the Nonconformists—some, at least—expressed themselves with a spirit worthy of the children of those who had fought at Naseby.

It may be well asked, therefore, how, with such a feeling in the chief city of the empire—how, with such a devotedness to the good cause as ‘the martyrs of the west’ soon after displayed—could our fathers have been content, in the last struggle, to play so subordinate a part, and eventually to sit down contented with a very maimed sort of civil liberty, and with a contemptible religious toleration? Some aid in answering these questions may, perhaps, be found among the records of our churches. We might discover some motives, too, for the overtures made by the profligate ministers of Charles to a party, whom, however publicly they might scoff at, in their hearts they dreaded; and perhaps we might also learn who were the leading men, whether among *our* fathers, or the Presbyterians rather, who persuaded their brethren to commit what we cannot but view as *the* fatal error, that of placing themselves under the protection, partial though it might be, of those political as well as social profligates, Buckingham and Shaftesbury. We are greatly inclined to believe, especially with the light which the papers of the day yield, that *this* was the fatal false step. In the quaint language of the Scotch Covenanters, ‘they went down into Egypt;’ and thus leant, not only upon a broken reed, but, more injurious still, gave

their enemies an opportunity of scoffing at the cowardly and time-serving spirit which, while it could scruple at many lesser points, consented to link together in unholy union the names of such men with 'the good cause.'

The last struggle of puritanism—not nonconformity, which after all was but a modified puritanism—was that in the west; a very interesting and noble episode in our history, and which we are strongly inclined to believe did more to vindicate the character of dissenters than all the laboured apologies for dissent of Dr. Calamy and his brethren. We are sorry Mr. Stoughton has passed over 'this rising in the west;' unfortunate, indeed, in its choice of a leader, and still more unfortunate in allowing him to claim the title of king, but still, so abounding in incidents of heroic valour, of devotion unto death, of exulting triumph even at the gallows-tree, that if our northern brethren boast their Cargills and Macails, we may point with equal complacency to our Captain Adlam, to the aged Sampson Larke, and the two gallant Hewlings.

The closing chapters of Mr. Stoughton's work form a fitting conclusion to the 'eventful history' over which he has ranged. 'The three death-beds' are those of Owen, Baxter, and Howe. 'Owen,' who 'worked in the deep mine of the word of God, and plied his learned skill and strength in fetching out the rich treasures embedded there; Baxter, who applied the ore so gained to practical uses; while the peculiar genius of Howe fitted him to do both, and, in addition, to mould truth into the most beautiful forms of thought, and to place them in relations of exquisite harmony.' 'Persons generally love to visit the birthplace of the illustrious,' truly says our author, 'but some may think,' he adds, and we fully join with him—

'That the death-places of great men are spots more ennobled. To stand within some time-worn chamber, and to reflect, Here did that mighty, thoughtful, earnest, glorious mind leave the house of its pilgrimage to enter on its eternal mansion. Here did prospects such as earth never saw break upon his ravished view. Here did his spirit fling off its trammels, and rise to freedom. Here he was born again; not into a weeping and dying life, but into one that knows no tears, no death. Here, not in infant's weakness and ignorance, but in manhood's intelligence and strength, he began to live, conscious at the moment of the change, and even reflecting on it. Here, he began to be immortal!'

And with this feeling, marking each elevated and holy utterance of these three great preachers and writers, the author leads us to the death-bed of each, as—

'One by one did these three worthies cross the ever-flowing stream,

to meet on those banks of unfading greenness which border it on the celestial side. United together in undying fellowship, all misunderstanding between Owen and Baxter have for ever ceased, while the spirit of Howe continues its loving intercourse with both. Freed from the infirmities of this mortal condition, their pure and noble natures have attained to the perfection alike of sanctity and friendship. And it is among the best exercises and richest pleasures of pious minds, in reading the history of the great and good, to form an acquaintance with their characters through this medium, as a preparation for that intimate fellowship with them hereafter which Christianity encourages us to anticipate.'

With hearty thanks to Mr. Stoughton for the very interesting volume he has given us, and for his successful endeavours to roll away much of the reproach which has so unjustly rested on our Puritan forefathers, we close its pages, hoping that this will not be the only work of its class, nor from its author; but that in an age when such ceaseless efforts are made to render the history of the Stuarts and their misguided followers attractive to the young and inquiring, similar efforts will be made by those to whom the memories of our great men are dear. This task—and it is a noble and a pleasant one—especially belongs to us; and as the native of a noble country views its proud history as his rightful heritage, as the descendant of a maligned house is eager to vindicate its injured honour, so should we fulfil it. The sepulchres of our fathers have too long remained in ruins; it is time we should arise and rebuild them.

ART. IV.—(1.) *Chemistry in its Application to Agriculture and Physiology.* By JUSTUS LIEBIG, M.D., &c. &c. Edited from the Manuscript of the Author, by Lyon Playfair, Ph. D., &c. Third Edition, revised and enlarged. 1843.
(2.) *Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry and Geology.* By J. F. W. JOHNSTON, M.A., &c. Second Edition. 1842 and 1844.

So long as population remained thinly scattered, and the earth retained much of its original fertility, the operations of the husbandman would be of a simple and self-evident character; he would have but to choose from all the expanse of country which stretched around him open to his selection, the most fertile spots, to clear away the spontaneous vegetation, cast in the seed, and, in due time, gather in the ample produce of his easy toil. Such has been ever the simple and unvaried agriculture of the Egyptians along the banks of their prolific Nile, whose annual

overflowings continually replenish and fertilize the soil, and thus relieve the husbandman at once from much physical labour, and from the mental exercise of ingenious research after methods by which the labour may be applied to the best account.

But, under more ordinary circumstances, however rich might be the soil originally, in the materials necessary to the perfection of the crops raised upon it, the constant removal of such materials in these crops, unreplaced either by natural or artificial means, must in time effect its complete exhaustion, and deprive it of all fertility. The first colonists in Virginia, it is observed by Liebig, found there a soil such as we are supposing. For the period of a century, harvests of wheat and tobacco were obtained from the same land, without anything being restored to it in the form of manure; but now whole districts are abandoned and converted into unfruitful pasture land, which, without manure, produces neither wheat nor tobacco.

We may suppose that, when the primitive agriculturist thus found his land gradually becoming less fertile, and ultimately unproductive, he might not be able satisfactorily to explain this occurrence to himself; and, probably, he might be at little trouble to investigate either the cause or the remedy, inasmuch as his most obvious and facile course would be that of migrating to some new locality, where the land was hitherto unoccupied and unexhausted. But, as mankind multiplied upon the face of the earth, all the more fertile spots in the more populous countries would become occupied; the rights of property would begin to be acknowledged and enforced; and each proprietor would be obliged to confine his operations to his own estate. Meanwhile, though the produce of the soil was diminishing, the demands upon it from an increasing population would be increased; and the farmer would be under the necessity of seeking for some means of restoring fertility to his exhausted land, or of giving an artificial fertility to land naturally unproductive. The former of these plans would probably first suggest itself, and be first attempted; but, in a long established state, where the people have multiplied as civilization advanced, during many centuries, and especially in a country like our own, whose extent is naturally circumscribed within narrow limits, every expedient is sought out for the accomplishment of both these objects.

In any experimental science, facts are not to be eliminated by efforts of the reason merely. Philosophers have been convinced of this since the time of Lord Bacon, and practical men must have known it long before. The first suggestions for the improvement of agriculture would be merely of an empirical nature; some improved method of culture would be discovered by acci-

dent, or as the result of repeated experiments; and, being once made known, would continue to be followed till some better process came to light, by an equally accidental good fortune. Till within a recent period, most of the agriculture in practice has been of this empirical character. But the practice of any art, founded upon empiricism merely, can rarely attain any high degree of perfection; and each fresh application of an approved method may lead to disappointment, from some variation in the circumstances of the case, neither anticipated nor explicable by the man of practice merely, without the guide of scientific principles. Thus, a farmer discovers that the addition of some particular manure to his land much increases its fertility. Another farmer, who has land of a different quality, tries the same application, and meets with no success. Or the value of some particular crop is found to be much increased when some certain dressing has been given to the land; but the same dressing, even upon the same land, is found ineffectual for the improvement of some crop of a different nature. Many a valuable discovery has been neglected, or discarded, for want of a clear perception of the cases to which it might most advantageously be applied. Had the farmers, whom we have supposed, understood the principles upon which the success of their treatment depended, they would not have subjected themselves to the subsequent disappointment.

Experiment, it is conceded, is of the highest importance, but it is only when guided by the lamp of science that it can choose the shortest path to the most satisfactory results. The true inductive philosophy seeks for general principles from the consideration and comparison of numerous observations or experiments, and then shows the proper application of these general principles to particular instances. When general principles of extensive application are once established in any science, we then have solid and trustworthy grounds on which to rationalize, and we may then, with much authority, pronounce an *à priori* opinion upon the effects of untried processes, and say which is the one best calculated for the attainment of a desired result, without the necessity of a laborious series of indiscriminate experiments. Or, where experiments are still required, we shall see in what direction they may be best conducted; they will not be promiscuous and irrational, but with an exact aim at a definite result. Practical deviations from a calculated effect may still sometimes occur; but these, by inducing a careful examination of the circumstances under which they have appeared, may tend to the discovery of some disturbing cause, which, though unanticipated, yet, when known, may sufficiently account for the

discrepancy, and establish more firmly the truth of the general principle.

Though, till within a recent period, the practice of agriculture has been little more than the blind adoption of empirical prescriptions, the reasons for which were but imperfectly perceived, or altogether unknown, yet, in the present day, the pressure of an increased demand for agricultural produce has led to a more careful inquiry after the best means of increasing the fertility of cultivated land, and of bringing into cultivation such as has been hitherto waste and unfruitful. Men of science have been induced to apply their learning and intelligence to the solution of these problems; and already these investigations have been attended with marked success. The two branches of natural science which more particularly throw light upon these inquiries, are those of chemistry and botany; by the latter we are made acquainted with the organs and structure of plants, and the vital processes which these subserve; by the former we learn their chemical composition, and that of the various sources from which they obtain their supplies, and the chemical changes which are effected by the vital agency. Geology likewise lends its aid, showing the composition and physical characters of the superficial strata of the earth, and their relative position; as well as the sources and mode of formation of the external soil, whether this be the detritus of adjacent rocks, or alluvial deposits brought from a distance by running waters.

In no country should we expect a greater demand for every possible improvement in agricultural processes than in our own, so densely populated, so limited in extent. And in none has such demand been more fully responded to. Among the earlier attempts at the scientific improvements of farming, Sir Humphrey Davy's lectures on agricultural chemistry are worthy of their illustrious author; but great advances have been made since the time of its appearance in the practical applications of the natural sciences we have mentioned above; societies have been formed, and periodical publications brought out for the spread and improvement of our knowledge in this important subject, and chemists and physiologists have directed their researches, and applied their acquaintance with the laws and operations of nature, to this end. The volume by Professor Liebig, though not the work of a countryman, yet, as it was prepared at the instance of the British Association, is some illustration of the interest which is taken in the advancement of agriculture by men of science in our own land. It abounds in original and highly interesting speculations, and contains much, likewise, of great practical importance; though sometimes, we think, the

tendency to theorize has somewhat induced its learned author to stray without the bounds of what admits of satisfactory proof. Professor Johnston's work is entirely of English growth; it is, we conceive, the best systematic work upon the principles of scientific agriculture that we possess; and perhaps the soundness and practical nature of its statements are more fully to be relied on than some of the more imaginative, but highly ingenious views of the former author.

In entering upon a rational investigation of the best method of cultivating land, in order that it may yield the most abundant produce, we take for granted that plants, in the process of growth, can only increase by adding to their substance materials derived from the media by which they are surrounded, or in which they are placed. They possess a power, due to their vitality, beyond that which the chemist can effect in the laboratory, of decomposing compounds, and of forming from their constituents fresh combinations; so that its elementary constituents may exist in a vegetable in very different chemical connexions to that in which they were placed when diffused in the soil, or the atmosphere, from which they were supplied; but still they are the same elements—the plant has no creative power—it cannot add a single particle to its substance, except what has been brought into contact with it, and absorbed from without. It follows from this that a plant can only grow and increase freely, when freely supplied with all the materials of which its own structure is composed.

Though there are some principles which enter alike into the composition of all plants, and of which a considerable portion of their substance is framed, yet there are many others which are peculiar to particular species. The materials forming the food, therefore, of different species, must themselves differ. The different parts, even, of the same plant, have likewise different constituents: thus, the composition of the grain of corn differs from that of the straw; and it may be possible, by supplying the growing plants freely with the constituents proper to some one of their organs, upon which the chief value of the produce may depend, to promote the growth and perfection of that part, without an equally increased development of other parts, which may be of less value.

It is only within narrow limits that the natural constituents of any particular species can be altered by varying the nature of its food; or that the relative proportions of these constituents may be made to vary. Dr. Daubeny has shown by experiment that, in some cases, one of the ordinary mineral constituents of a plant may be replaced by some other mineral substance, having close

chemical analogies with the former, as potash by soda, or lime by magnesia. As a general rule, however, the constituents proper to each species are invariable; and, however freely other materials may be furnished to a plant, it will pine and languish if scantily supplied with those which alone it is calculated to assimilate. Again, the relative *proportions* of the constituents of any species of plant admit only of slight variations; but it seems possible that even these slight variations may be made available to some practical purpose. Thus, in the cultivation of some grain, the chief value of which is to depend on the amount of starch which it contains, as is the case with barley intended for the purpose of malting; we may, by supplying the growing plants freely with food abounding in the constituents of starch, (that is, with vegetable manures evolving carbonic acid,) and limiting somewhat the supply of materials out of which the other constituents of the grain are formed, promote the growth of grain particularly rich in this constituent, starch; or in the cultivation of wheat, the chief value of which, as an article of food, depends, not on the amount of starch it contains, but on the proportion of gluten, we may increase the amount of this constituent by supplying the growing plants abundantly with food out of which it is capable of being formed: that is, with strong animal manures, yielding much ammonia. Again, ‘The mode of culture employed for the purpose of procuring fine, pliable straw, for Tuscan hats, is the very opposite to that which must be adopted in order to produce a maximum of corn from the same plant.’

—Liebig.

It would appear from these considerations that, in determining upon scientific principles, what is the best process for securing an abundant produce in the case of any particular kind of crop, it will be of primary importance to ascertain what are the constituents of plants of this species, and to provide that the growing crops shall be abundantly supplied with materials from which these constituents may be obtained. There are other measures of great importance to the attainment of a successful result; such are, the removal of excessive moisture, and with this of any noxious principles which may be contained in the soil, by means of an effective drainage; and the securing of a proper subdivision of the soil, and giving to it a proper mechanical structure, by ploughing, harrowing, &c., or by the addition of adhesive or of friable materials, according as the soil is naturally too light and sandy, or too stiff and clayey. But though such subsidiary measures are of great importance to the success of the whole, yet nothing can make up for a deficiency in the supply of proper food to a growing crop.

Chemical analysis teaches us what are the constituents of plants of any particular species. The *tissues* of all plants have a very similar composition—their elementary constituents are carbon, together with oxygen and hydrogen; the two latter in the proportions in which they combine to form water, so that we may regard these tissues as consisting of carbon, combined with water. Besides these *tissues* there are various *principles* formed by the living plant, and stored up in their cells and pores; some of these, upon the presence of which much of the value of many vegetable products depends, have a similar composition to that which we have mentioned—viz., variable proportions of carbon in combination with the elements of water; such are starch, sugar, and gum. It is this carbon which appears in the form of charcoal when wood is incompletely burnt, without a free supply of air. There are other principles, such, for instance, as are of an oily or resinous nature, which consist of the same elements, but which have the proportion of hydrogen, relatively to that of oxygen, greater than as it exists in water. And again, there are others which have the oxygen in excess; such are the vegetable acids, the presence of which in various fruits gives to them their agreeable acidity.

There is another class of organic compounds formed by plants, which consist of the three elements we have mentioned, combined with a fourth—viz., nitrogen. These nitrogenous compounds, though less abundant than those before mentioned, are of the greatest importance, as on their presence depends the chief value of many vegetable productions. Three of these, which form a group by themselves, are called vegetable *albumen*, *caseine*, and *gluten*, and are found to be identical in their chemical composition and properties with the *albumen* of animal bodies, the *fibrine* which forms the basis of the muscles of animals, and which coagulates in the blood when drawn from the body, and the *caseine*, or cheesy matter, which separates from the milk of animals when curdled. These principles are present in various seeds and grains raised for the food of man and animals, as peas, beans, and the different species of corn, and, in smaller proportions, in most vegetable substances. Those vegetable substances which contain them in greatest abundance are most nutritious, as it is by the direct assimilation of these principles that herbivorous animals grow and maintain the integrity of their bodies. There are many other nitrogenous vegetable principles, some of which are peculiar to particular species, and are of much importance on account of their active medicinal properties, though not so to the agriculturist, being in nutritive and frequently highly poisonous. Many of these possess alkaline or basic properties;

such are morphia, contained in the poppy plant; solania, in the potatoe; quina, in the Peruvian bark; strychnia, contained in *nux vomica*, and others known to the chemist and the physician.

Some vegetable organic principles contain others of the chemical elements in small proportions. The three nitrogenized principles—albumen, fibrine, and caseine—all contain a small amount of the element sulphur. The two former contain, likewise, a small constituent proportion of phosphorus, which is absent from the last.

All the principles we have hitherto mentioned are *organic* principles; they can only be formed by organized structures under the influence of vitality. The chemist may change some of these principles into others by chemical agency, but he is unable to form any of them by effecting a combination between their elementary constituents, though brought together in the right proportions.

When any vegetable substance is thoroughly burnt, all such principles entirely disappear, various gaseous combinations being formed between their elements and the oxygen of the atmosphere. But, however completely any vegetable substance may be burnt, there always remains an ashy residuum unconsumed, which is the *inorganic* portion of its substance, constituting from one to twelve per cent. of its entire mass, and which is as essential to the integrity of the plant as is that larger proportion of *organic* principles of which we have before made mention. These inorganic compounds are alkalies and alkaline earths, and some metallic oxides, partly in combination with mineral acids which may remain undecomposed, and partly free, (after combustion,) though in the natural state of the vegetable, in combination with various organic acids, which are destroyed by the combustion we have supposed. Thus grapes contain in their juice much potash, in combination with an excess of tartaric acid, and it is from the juice of the grape, during its conversion into wine, that the commercial supply of the bitartrate of potash, or cream of tartar, as it is commonly called, is obtained. These mineral substances vary considerably in different plants, both in their nature and their proportions; but with the exception of such slight deviations as we before noticed, they are constant in plants of the same species.

Potash, soda, and lime, in combination with silicic, sulphuric and phosphoric acids, and likewise with some organic acids, as the oxalic and tartaric acids, form by far the largest proportion of the mineral constituents of plants. All the graminea, including the different kinds of corn, contain much silicic acid, (or silica, as it is usually called,) which is chiefly abundant in the

straw, whilst the grain abounds in phosphates of potash, soda, and lime. Peas and beans abound in the phosphates of potash and soda, with lime and magnesia in smaller proportions. Potatoes have much potash both in their roots and tops, and the latter abound likewise in lime. Turnips contain a considerable proportion of potash, and the leaves have much lime in combination with sulphuric and phosphoric acids.

Such being found to be the constituents of vegetables, the chemical elements of these materials must be supplied to them during their life and growth, either in the same or some other forms of combination, and either in a gaseous state, or capable of solution in water, for only gases and liquids can be absorbed by plants.

The air, rain water, and water from springs, &c., and the soil in which they grow, are the only media from which plants can obtain these supplies, for with these only are they in close contact.

It may seem a statement somewhat startling, but is now well ascertained, that plants obtain from the air the largest proportion of their entire bulk. The composition of our atmosphere is 79 parts of nitrogen and 21 of oxygen in 100 parts, by measure, together with a small but constant and uniform proportion of carbonic acid, estimated at $\frac{1}{200}$ of its volume, and a variable amount of watery vapour. Though the *proportional* amount of carbonic acid in our atmosphere is very small, yet the *total* quantity is very great; and, from the carbon of this carbonic acid, plants are capable of obtaining their whole supply of that element, which enters so largely into their composition. The entire amount of carbon contained in the carbonic acid of our atmosphere is estimated by Liebig at 3085 billions lbs.

It is proved by the observations of numerous experimenters, Priestly, Sennebier, De Saussure, Sir Humphrey Davy, &c., that, whilst exposed to the sun-light, the green parts of healthy plants absorb carbonic acid gas from the atmosphere, and return pure oxygen gas to the air in nearly equal measure. Carbonic acid gas being a chemical compound of carbon with oxygen, the oxygen which is given off is that resulting from the decomposition of the carbonic acid absorbed, the carbon of which is retained by the plants, and being made to combine with the elements of water, (which is abundantly supplied both from the soil and the atmosphere,) thus forms those organic principles which were previously mentioned as being composed of carbon and the elements of water, and which make up the greater part of the bulk of any vegetable.

Conceding this fact, (which is abundantly established by numer-

ous ingenious experiments,) there are various natural observations which it serves to explain. For instance, seeds may be made to germinate and grow when sown in a purely mineral soil, and watered with distilled water. The carbon which is contained in the tissues of a plant grown under such circumstances, can only be derived from the air. Again, there are some species of plants which naturally attach their roots to solid stones, or other hard substances, equally incapable of yielding any carbon ; these, like the former, can only obtain their carbon from that of the air. As this process only goes on whilst the plant is exposed to light, and is more active in proportion to the amount of light which the plant enjoys, by preventing the free access of light to a growing plant, it will be prevented from fixing so much carbon in its tissues, which will thus have a less solid texture, and a paler colour ; the green colouring matter of plants having carbon for its chief constituent. This fact we constantly see illustrated by that practice of gardeners which is technically termed *etiolation*, and which consists in covering certain species of vegetables with earth, or by other means, as they grow, by which they acquire a crisp and brittle texture, and are blanched, or deprived of their natural colour.

It might seem, if plants are continually extracting carbon from the atmosphere, that in time the supply would become exhausted, and vegetation necessarily cease. But this effect of vegetation is efficiently counteracted by the opposite action of *animal* life upon the atmosphere. The respiration of animals consists essentially in the combination of atmospheric oxygen drawn into the interior of the body, with carbon and hydrogen derived partly from the food and partly from the effete particles of the animal frame, by which combinations carbonic acid gas and watery vapour are formed, which are constantly discharged from the lungs into the atmosphere. Thus, by one of those admirable adaptations, of which the operations of nature afford so many instances, the joint effect of animal and vegetable life is to maintain an invariable constitution of the atmosphere adapted to the requirements of both. Were it not for animal respiration, the air would in time be exhausted of the carbon which provides for the growth of plants ; and were it not for the action of vegetation upon the atmosphere, animal respiration would in time render the air irrespirable, by the accumulation of carbonic acid.

We have stated that it is only whilst exposed to light that plants absorb carbonic acid and give out oxygen. During the night, and in darkness, this action is reversed ; like animals,

they then absorb oxygen and give out carbonic acid ; but this function is only carried on slowly, and to a very limited extent, and has no important effect in counteracting the more active operations of the daylight. Liebig regards this action as merely chemical, and not dependent on vitality ; and similar to the absorption of oxygen by decaying wood, or other organic material. It is commonly, however, described by botanists (and perhaps correctly) as a vital function ; living beings, whether animal or vegetable, possess considerable powers of resistance to the merely chemical action of the agents by which they are surrounded. But whether chemical or physiological in its true nature, this absorption of oxygen is a fact of a less practical and interesting nature than that, previously mentioned, of the absorption and decomposition of carbonic acid during the day ; not only on account of its being carried on to a less extent, but because its final cause is less evident. The amount of oxygen contained in the water absorbed by plants is sufficient to form, in combination with carbon and the hydrogen of the water, the vegetable tissues and most of the vegetable principles. This is proved by the return to the air of all, or nearly all, the oxygen of the carbonic acid which is decomposed in their tissues. There seems no necessity, therefore, for the absorption of free oxygen from the air for this purpose. As the absorption of oxygen during the night is accompanied by the evolution of carbonic acid, it may be that the removal of effete particles of carbonaceous compounds is the object of this process, similarly to the process of animal respiration ; and this supposed analogy has led some botanists to speak of this function under the name of the respiration of plants.

Though most perceptible during the night, (when it is not counteracted by the opposite process, which goes on only during the day,) and probably then most active, yet there are experiments which seem to prove that this so-called vegetable respiration is in operation, not during the night merely, but without ceasing during the life of a plant ; in this respect resembling the respiration of animals, which ceases only with their life. Another supposition, to explain the absorption of oxygen by plants, is, that that which is directly absorbed from the air is taken for the formation of those *acid* principles which have oxygen in larger proportion relatively to hydrogen than as it exists in water. These acid principles in unripe fruits become, during their ripening, converted into sugar and gum ; which are principles in which the oxygen is only in the same proportion as in water. This must be effected by the removal of some of the oxygen they previously contained ; and as oxygen

is given off by plants most freely in a full light, we might fairly suppose, antecedently, that it would be when fully exposed to light, that this conversion of acid into saccharine and mucilaginous principles would be most efficiently performed. Professor Liebig remarks that such supposition is confirmed by observation; as fruits are known to ripen imperfectly, and not to acquire their proper sweetness in a dull summer. Contrarily, it might be inferred, as a corollary, that, in plants enjoying a full exposure to the light of the sun, there would be a tendency to the formation of principles containing a comparatively small proportion of oxygen; such principles are the vegetable oils, and fats, and resins; and upon this, Professor Liebig again remarks that it is in tropical climates, where the light of the sun is most intense, that the spice-bearing trees luxuriate, the aromatic properties of which depend upon the essential oils with which their tissues are impregnated.

We can, however, scarcely consider the general fact of the evolution of free oxygen by plants exposed to the light (a fact which is fully confirmed by direct experiment) to be much corroborated by such physiological observations as those which Professor Liebig has adduced, the relation between which and the general fact is, perhaps, rather incidental, or at least, not so direct and immediate as the argument would imply. It seems to us that it would be as correct to argue *against* this general fact, from the observation that the firs and pine-trees of various species, which abound in resin and oil of turpentine, (the latter being a pure hydro-carburet, containing no oxygen,) will only flourish in the more northern climates, where light is less intense; or because several trees bearing the more acid fruits, such as limes and lemons, are natives of southerly and tropical countries.

Oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon seem, then, to be obtained from water and from the air. From whence do plants obtain the nitrogen, which is a constituent of several organic principles? As the largest proportion of our atmosphere is free nitrogen, here would seem to be an abundant supply of this element conveniently disposed for vegetable absorption. But free nitrogen shows little tendency to combine chemically with other elements; and, further, no experimenters have been able to obtain satisfactory proof that plants do absorb free nitrogen either in the gaseous form, or simply dissolved in water in such small proportion as water is capable of retaining. Liebig and others assert that plants are incapable of assimilating free nitrogen; and that, even if it be taken up into the tissues of plants, it is again discharged. This broad assertion is not supported by satisfactory

proof; but there are reasons for the belief that it is from other sources that the *chief* supply of nitrogen is obtained. Ammonia is a compound of one equivalent of nitrogen with three of hydrogen; plants are found to contain this principle diffused through their tissues; and it is a matter of experience that the free supply of ammonia to the roots of plants, in manures formed of animal substances, (which, during their decomposition in the soil, evolve much of this compound in a gaseous form,) promotes very much the luxuriance of the crops. Supposing plants to assimilate nitrogen derived from this source, the ammonia must be decomposed in their tissues; the hydrogen may combine with carbon and oxygen of carbonic acid, (of which gas nearly, but not quite, all the oxygen is returned to the air,) for the formation of tissues or principles consisting of these three elements; whilst the nitrogen, at the moment of its liberation, enters into fresh combinations for the formation of azotized compounds. Plants under cultivation may obtain a considerable supply of ammonia from the materials artificially added to the soil; but calculations show that the ammonia which can be furnished to such plants from manure will not supply all the nitrogen contained in the principles they produce; and plants in a state of nature flourish commonly in soils having no such supply of this principle. Cattle are pastured from year to year on land which receives no manure for the supply of ammonia except what the animals themselves deposit. Since animals can only assimilate organic principles, all the nitrogen contained in their bodies and in their excretions—for instance, in their milk—must have previously existed, as organic principles, in their vegetable food. In the milk, and ultimately in the carcases of the cattle, much more nitrogen is constantly being removed from the fields than can possibly have been obtained, by the plants on which they feed, from ammonia given off by decomposing organic matter in the soil. Supposing, then, that plants obtain their nitrogen from ammonia, they must have access to this principle from some other source than that which we have already indicated. This other source of ammonia seems to be the atmosphere. All decomposing animal substances yield ammonia, which, from its gaseous form, must become diffused through the air; the combination of ammonia with carbonic acid has likewise, from its volatility, the same tendency. Ammoniacal emanations must then be always rising into the air. ‘But all analyses of atmospheric air hitherto made have failed to demonstrate the presence of ammonia, although, according to our view, it can never be absent.’ ‘Ammonia, as well as its volatile compounds, is of extreme solubility in water; and cannot, therefore, remain long in the atmosphere,

as every shower of rain must effect its condensation, and convey it to the surface of the earth.'

' Experiments made in the laboratory of Giessen, with the greatest care and exactness, have placed the presence of ammonia in rain-water beyond all doubt. It has hitherto escaped observation, because it was not searched for. All the rain-water employed in this inquiry was collected six hundred paces south-west of Giessen, whilst the wind was blowing in the direction of the town. When several hundred pounds of it were distilled in a copper still, and the first two or three pounds evaporated with the addition of a little muriatic acid, a very distinct crystallization of muriate of ammonia was obtained.'—*Liebig*.

Ammonia is then conveyed to the roots of plants in rain-water. The effects of ammonia supplied in the form of manures, and likewise when added separately to the soil, sufficiently prove the absorption of this compound by plants when it is brought to them in this way. Whether the *gaseous* ammonia diffused through the air be absorbed by plants, is more doubtful. Before quitting the subject of ammonia, we should remark that it promotes vegetation, not only as an article of food, but likewise as a stimulant, by exciting all the functions of the plants, to which it is supplied, to increased activity; thus the addition of ammonia to the soil, though it increases the luxuriance of the rising crop, yet, at the same time, causes the rapid exhaustion of the soil, upon which a more active vegetation causes a greater demand for all the nutrient principles it contains.

Nitric acid is a compound of nitrogen with *oxygen*; and there are many ways in which *this* compound may naturally be supplied to plants; the electric discharges which pass during a thunderstorm through the air may effect a chemical combination between its oxygen and nitrogen, by which this acid shall be produced, which will then be dissolved in rain, and thus conveyed to the soil. Nitric acid is likewise, as ammonia, one of the products of the decay of animal substances; and, as such, or from other sources, is frequently present in the soil. The efficacy of nitrates added to the soil, as manure, is well established; and Johnston considers nitric acid to be, at least, of equal importance to the vegetable economy with ammonia. Liebig attributes much less value to nitric acid than to ammonia, though he does not altogether deny the applicability of the former to plants as an article of nutriment. On the whole, with respect to the nitrogen contained in plants, we may consider it as chiefly derived from these sources; the ammonia in the ground given off from decomposing organic substances contained in the soil, the ammonia conveyed to the soil dissolved in rain-water; and

nitric acid originally present in the soil, or conveyed to it by rain from the air.

Sulphuretted hydrogen (a compound of sulphur with hydrogen) is another gaseous product of the decomposition of organic substances; from such sources it is constantly emanating; and is always contained in the air in small proportions, as is shown by its effect in tarnishing silver and other metals, or by the discolouration of glazed cards, or other materials painted with white lead; though in far too small a quantity to become perceptible to the smell by its strong and disagreeable odour. From similar sources it is likewise frequently contained in the soil, and dissolved in water; some springs being so strongly impregnated, as to present the peculiar properties of the gas strongly marked. Sulphur, in small proportions, is a constituent of some vegetable principles, but is chiefly present in plants in the form of sulphuric acid, in combination with bases, forming salts. Sulphuric acid is probably derived directly from the sulphates contained in the soil; but, is the sulphur of sulphuretted hydrogen absorbed, and assimilated in the formation of organic principles containing sulphur? There seems good reason to suppose that plants can obtain the sulphur requisite for those organic compounds containing this element, from the sulphur of the sulphates present in the soil. The presence of sulphuretted hydrogen in the air does not appear, therefore, *essential* to an active state of vegetation; and it is certain that any large proportion of this deleterious gas is entirely destructive both to animal and vegetable life. It is not, however, improbable that plants may be capable of absorbing and assimilating the small proportion which is present, naturally, in the air; or that even a somewhat larger proportion than this may serve as a beneficial stimulus; and Johnston mentions the increased luxuriance of vegetation supplied with water impregnated with this gas, as an observation favourable to such a supposition.

The ingredients we have considered, together with watery vapour, and rain water, which derives its impregnations from the air through which it descends, are those which the atmosphere supplies; the other constituents of plants must be derived from the soil, and we must now briefly inquire what materials are furnished to vegetation from this source.

It is evident that the mineral constituents of plants can only be derived hence; and that a plant can only introduce into its tissues such mineral constituents as were previously present in the soil in which it grows. But are these the only materials which the soil can yield to the plants which it bears? There are few fertile soils which do not contain some proportion of

organic matter, animal or vegetable, or both, in a decomposed state; many of the manures added by the agriculturist for the purpose of increasing the fertility of his land are of this nature. ‘Some virgin soils, such as those of America, contain vegetable matter in large proportion; and as these have been found eminently adapted for the cultivation of most plants, the organic matter contained in them has naturally been recognised as the cause of their fertility. To this matter, the term ‘vegetable mould,’ or *humus*, has been applied, and it is believed by many to be the principal nutriment of plants; and is supposed to be extracted by them from the soil in which they grow.’ (Liebig.) Probably this opinion, as to humus being the principal nutriment of plants, has not been so common as Liebig may suppose, amongst physiologists in our own country. We have before adverted to the well established fact that plants derive a large proportion of their carbon from the carbonic acid contained in the air. It is also well known that germinating seeds will sprout vigorously in a soil exclusively mineral. Such observations might suffice to show that the soil is not the *chief* magazine of carbon for the food of plants. They might seem to imply that the Deity has bountifully fitted the various orders of plants to draw their nourishment in some spots chiefly from the air; in others, from the soil likewise, to a considerable extent. Liebig combats what he gives, in the quotation above, as the commonly received opinion, at great length, and quite convincingly. He shows that the humus which is the result of the decomposition of vegetable substances in the earth, has so little solubility that it is impossible that the water which plants imbibe by their roots, should hold in solution any such amount of humus as could furnish the carbon which they assimilate in their tissues and secretions. He attributes what degree of value it may possess to the slow evolution from it of carbonic acid gas, during its gradual decomposition; he allows this supply of carbonic acid, derived from the soil, to be of great importance to germinating seeds, before the leaves of the young plants are expanded, by which they may absorb the carbonic acid of the air; and likewise to plants in the spring, when vegetation is resuming its activity, but whilst the foliage is as yet unformed. But, he maintains that ‘when a plant is quite matured, and when the organs by which it obtains food from the atmosphere are formed, the carbonic acid of the soil is no further required;’ and that, ‘during the heat of summer, it derives its carbon exclusively from the atmosphere.’ Professor Liebig’s writings betray a strong tendency to theorize, and, sometimes, from established facts to draw conclusions more extensive and general than are

at all warranted by the premises. Many of the theories which he propounds are highly ingenious and scientific; but a mere theory should not be stated with all the authority of an established fact; and we think that Professor Liebig would find it difficult to adduce facts in support of the broad assertion above, which seems to have no authority beyond that of the observed fact that plants *can* live and grow when they obtain carbon only from the air; a statement which does not at all include the other assertion, that, in summer, a mature plant always, or even generally, derives its carbon exclusively from the atmosphere. Professor Johnston argues more convincingly in an opposite direction. Young plants, it is admitted, and all plants in the spring, when the foliage is not expanded, must derive from the soil carbonic acid, which dissolved in water is absorbed by their roots. Now, since much more water must be absorbed during the summer, when so large an evaporating surface is afforded by the foliage, and when the warmth of the sun likewise promotes this rapid discharge of watery vapour, much more carbonic acid dissolved in water must likewise be conveyed into the tissues of the plant at this time.

‘Do, then, the same materials which minister to the growth of the plant in its earlier stages, now pass upwards to the leaf and return again in the course of the circulation, unchanged and unemployed, to be again rejected at the roots? Does all this take place in the height of summer, while the plant is still rapidly increasing? The opinion is neither supported by facts, nor consistent with analogy.’—Johnston.

But it is not only by yielding carbonic acid that organic matters contained in the soil supply nutriment to vegetation. Carburetted hydrogen gas (a compound of hydrogen with carbon) is another product of the decay of such materials; also sulphuretted hydrogen and ammonia. All these may be capable of appropriation by the plants to which they are supplied. Professor Johnston is of opinion that many organic principles in a state of solution may be introduced into the circulation undecomposed, and be converted by plants into their own substance. Liebig holds an opposite opinion, viz., that plants can employ as food no materials which are not reduced by decomposition to an entirely inorganic condition. He admits that organic principles in a state of solution, such, *e. g.*, as sugar, or gum, may be absorbed by the roots of a plant and enter temporarily into its circulation, but that this is only accidental, and that such materials are incapable of assimilation, and are again discharged from the roots into the soil. The question is not very practical in relation to our present con-

siderations; such organic principles do certainly ultimately supply food to plants, even though unassimilated in their original form; for by remaining in the soil they undergo decomposition, by which they become converted into those gaseous compounds of which we have before spoken. We conceive that if plants have any power of assimilating organic principles as such, this power is very limited. But this applies merely to such principles as are absorbed *from without*; for, when elaborated by the plant itself, and stored up in some proper receptacle in its own structure, the same organic compounds may serve as reservoirs of nutrition, ready to be appropriated when any exigency requires, just as in the case of the fat of animals.

All organic structures contain likewise a considerable proportion of saline matters, and these, in their decomposing remains, when added to the soil as manures, form valuable food to the plants which grow on it, being exactly such saline substances as the plants must most require. Much of the value, indeed, even of animal and vegetable manures, depends on the saline materials they contain.

It appears, then, briefly to recapitulate, that *from the air*, plants obtain the larger proportion of their carbon, in the form of carbonic acid; from the air, likewise, they absorb some oxygen gas, and much watery vapour; the ammonia diffused through the air is likewise an important article of their habitual diet, and as stimulating to more activity the vegetable functions, though chiefly so after being conveyed to the soil in rain-water. Besides these, other gaseous impregnations of our atmosphere, such as sulphuretted hydrogen, carburetted hydrogen, and nitric acid, may perhaps be, in some degree, subservient to vegetable nutrition. *From the soil* are obtained the various mineral constituents of plants, several of the more important of which we have before mentioned; a large proportion of the water required by plants is absorbed, by their roots, from the moisture contained in the soil; likewise, from the decomposing organic substances in the soil are yielded carbonic acid, ammonia, carburetted hydrogen, and sulphuretted hydrogen, and perhaps some other binary chemical compounds, which becomes dissolved in the moisture of the soil, and are taken up by the spongioles of the roots. Some soils contain a proportion of ammonia as part of their *original constitution*; and such ammonia is, of course, as available as that derived from other sources.

Now, granting a soil possessed of a proper *mechanical* structure, the chief object of the agriculturist is to provide his plants with a sufficient proportion of healthy food, and to remove from them principles injurious, either essentially or in their excess.

Both these objects must be obtained by modifying the condition, either of the soil, or the air, or both, for it is with these media that plants are in relation. We have seen how very important to vegetation are the constituents of the air, but over the condition of the atmosphere the farmer possesses no available influence, the diffusible property of all gaseous bodies causing any local modification to be speedily swallowed up in the whole. Experiments upon plants grown in glass cases show that some addition to the proportion of carbonic acid naturally contained in our atmosphere promotes their luxuriance, but the farmer cannot imitate this upon his crops grown in the open air. It is to the preparation of the *soil*, therefore, that his operations must be limited. In this, he must have regard to the defects, or otherwise, of its original composition, considered in respect of the more special constituents of the particular crops to be raised, and of those constituents which are essential, or favourable, alike to all vegetation. We have seen that some of the ingredients of a fertile soil are organic, and others mineral, substances. Decomposing organic substances are beneficial to all crops, for they yield principles required by every species of vegetation; but even in the use of these the farmer may exercise much judgment and discrimination. As a general rule, animal substances form much stronger and more valuable manures than those of a vegetable origin. ‘According to Boussingault and other French authorities, the relative efficacy of all manures depends upon the proportion of nitrogen they severally contain.’ ‘A certain *general* reliance may be placed upon the fertilizing value of a substance,’ Professor Johnston says, ‘as represented by the proportion of nitrogen it contains;’ and of course this is much greater in animal than in vegetable substances. But the amount of carbonic acid, and other carbonaceous compounds which it yields, is not to be lost sight of in estimating the value of any manure; and its value must depend likewise, in some degree, upon the quantity and kind of *inorganic* matter which it contains. In different vegetable manures this inorganic matter varies much, both in kind and amount. As, during the decomposition of organic substances, the saline constituent undergoes comparatively little change, the remains of any particular kind of crop must be well adapted for manuring land for the growth of the same kind of crop, for this will supply the land exactly with those mineral ingredients which the crop requires. In this respect, fermenting straw with the dung of horses which feed on grass and corn, is a proper manure for a crop of grain, or beanstalks for a field of beans. Some crops owe their chief value to the amount of some principles which they yield, containing *no* nitrogen; such are

potatoes, whose chief value depends upon the starch contained in their tubers, a principle rich in carbon, but containing no nitrogen; to such a crop, a vegetable manure yielding much carbonic acid, and but little ammonia, would, theoretically, seem appropriate. Other crops are chiefly valuable from the nitrogenized principles they yield; such are the various kinds of grain grown for food; the cruciferae also are a natural order of plants remarkably abounding in nitrogen; to this order belong many of our most common vegetables, as cabbages, turnips, radishes, &c.; for such crops, strong animal manures yielding much ammonia would seem appropriate upon theoretical grounds, and are found to be so actually in practice. Guano is an animal manure of this kind, and of peculiar value, combining, as it does, the most valuable constituents, both mineral and organic. The dried excrements of carnivorous sea-birds, of which guano consists, contain much urea and uric acid—animal principles readily convertible into carbonate of ammonia; the chief mineral ingredient is phosphate of lime, or bone-earth, derived from the bony parts of the fishes on which these birds feed. It will be remembered that the grains of the various species of corn, and beans and peas, abound with this salt; so that here are the most important ingredients required in the soil for the food of such plants. The ammonia, owing to its volatility, is gradually discharged from the soil, so that it is only the crop raised next after the addition of guano to the land which derives much benefit from *this* ingredient; but the benefit of the fixed saline matter is extended over several years.

The excrements of other carnivorous animals would prove as valuable as guano, could they be as conveniently collected and applied to the land, without offence to our sensations and feelings. Attention is much directed at present to discovering some method by which the contents of sewers may decently be collected and applied as manure. In these drains an immense amount of the most valuable materials is constantly washed into the sea and allowed to waste. There is, in fact, no absolute necessity, theoretically, for any waste, nature having provided in vegetation an agent by which all the materials of the food of animals, after it has served its temporary purpose in preserving their strength and vigour, as well as the materials of their dead carcases, may again be restored to use in the same wholesome and nutritious forms as it originally presented.

‘A part of the crop taken from a field is used in feeding and fattening animals, which are afterwards consumed by man; another part is used directly in the form of potatoes, meal, or vegetables; while a third part, consisting of the remnants of plants, are employed as litter,

in the form of straw, &c. It is evident that all the constituents of the field, removed from it in the form of animals, corn, and fruit, may again be obtained in the excretions of the animals which are fed by these, and in the bones and blood of those which are slaughtered. It altogether depends upon us to keep our fields in a constant state of composition and fertility, by the careful collection of these substances.' . . . 'The enormous quantity of food which man consumes during the sixty years of his life, and every constituent of it that was derived from our fields, may again be obtained and restored to them. The only true loss that we experience, and that we cannot prevent on account of the habits of our times, is the loss of the phosphate, which man carries in his bones to the grave.'—*Liebig*.

We have before remarked, with reference to *vegetable* manures, that the waste part of any crop is a proper adjunct to land from which another crop of the same species is to be raised, as containing the most appropriate saline materials. 'Now that we know that the constituents of the food pass over into the excretions of the animal fed upon it, we can with great ease determine the different value of various kinds of manure,' of this *animal* nature also;—'The solid and liquid excrements of an animal being of the highest value as manure for those plants which furnish food to the animal. We feed a cow upon hay and turnips, and we obtain a manure containing all the mineral constituents of grass and of turnips; this manure ought to be preferred, as being more suitable for turnips, than that procured from any other source. The dung of pigeons contains the mineral ingredients of the grains; that of the rabbit, the constituents of culinary vegetables;' and so forth. (*Liebig*.)

There are other forms in which ammonia is now added artificially to the soil, besides that resulting from decomposing animal and vegetable substances; the ammoniacal liquor from gas works, and other refuse materials formerly cast aside, are now applied to land with striking benefit.

The great benefit of various purely mineral manures is now more fully appreciated and understood than formerly. By adding organic manures merely, the luxuriance of the crops may, for a time, be promoted; but, by this very increase of the vigour of the plants, the land is more rapidly exhausted of the mineral ingredients it naturally contains, and, without suitable mineral additions likewise, must become barren. Liebig gives an instance of this which occurred at Bingen-on-the-Rhine, where, by the use of strong animal manures, the development of vines was highly increased; but the quantity of potash required for the juices of the fruit soon emptied the soil of this ingredient, which was not replaced by the kind of manure used, and the

vines dwindled and ceased to be productive. In no part of agriculture does chemistry afford a more clear and certain guide to the scientific farmer than in directing the appropriate application of mineral substances to his land. Organic manures, in almost any form, increase the luxuriance of almost any crops, though, as we have seen, even with respect to these, some kind may be more eligible than others. But, with respect to mineral substances, an injudicious application may be entirely useless, or even detrimental, though the same may have been most successful on other land, or for the growth of other crops. The natural constitution of the soil must be first ascertained by chemical analysis, and that nature of the saline constituents of the crops which are to be raised; and the application required will be such as will furnish any of the latter which are absent or deficient in the analysis of the former. To give a simple instance adduced by Johnston; of the two species of clover, the red contains more lime; the white, more potash; salts of lime, therefore, are more likely to benefit the red clover, and those of potash, the white; and this is consistent with the results of experiment. On the other hand, land near the sea is likely to be abundantly impregnated with common salt; to such land, therefore, an addition of this substance is found to be useless, though very successful upon spots remote from the sea. The varieties of mineral substances now in use are very numerous; many of them are employed as they are simply excavated from the ground or rock; but there is now an extensive trade in the artificial preparation of such saline compounds as are best adapted for agricultural purposes.

These mineral additions to the soil, besides directly supplying the crops with such materials as they require for food, subserve likewise other important improvements in the quality of the land. Thus, the alkalies, potash and soda, promote the decomposition of organic substances in the soil to which they are added, and combine with some of the principles the result of this decomposition, forming soluble compounds peculiarly adapted for the nutrition of plants. The alkalies are very valuable, likewise, in combining with silica—i. e., flint—and giving to this substance that degree of solubility which is essential for its absorption, but of which it is devoid without this combination.

Lime, in its various forms of chalk, marl, lime-stone, burnt and unburnt, slacked lime and quick-lime, is perhaps the most important and valuable of the mineral additions which can be made to land. In many cases, it is of great service in improving the physical texture of the soil; but as a chemical constituent

of the soil it seems almost essential, since all vegetables contain in their structure some proportion of the salts of lime; and its combinations with carbonic and phosphoric acids, more particularly, form, as we have before seen, a large and important proportion of the saline matter of our most valuable vegetables, seeds, and grains. On this account bone-dust, consisting of these salts combined with animal matter, yielding ammonia and carbonic acid by its decomposition, forms a most valuable manure. The addition of lime to land produces corn crops with a bolder grain, and less tendency to run to straw; for it is the grain that contains lime, whilst the stems of corn-plants contain but little; peas, beans, and potatoes, are likewise improved, both in quantity and quality, by liming the land on which they are grown. One important service of burnt lime added to land depends upon its chemical action upon the mineral ingredients of the soil setting free the alkalies which it contains, and reducing silica to a soluble form. That valuable salt of lime, the phosphate, or bone-earth, must exist, in some proportion, in all soil capable of producing herbage suitable as food for cattle, for it is from their food that they obtain the constituents of their bones; but any mineral strata sufficiently rich in this earth to be available as an addition to land as manure, are uncommon. Since, however, it forms so large a proportion of the saline matter of all animal bodies, it seems not improbable that geological strata should exist so loaded with the fossil remains of former races of animals, as to yield this earth in sufficient abundance to be valuable for agricultural purposes. Liebig had stated the probability that such would be discovered in this island; and, lately, Mr. Paine, of Farnham, in Surrey, has announced the discovery of beds containing this mineral in the chalk formation of that district, a discovery of much agricultural value, should the supply prove sufficiently abundant.

Other salts, both of lime and the alkaline bases, are employed as valuable additions to the soil; such are the nitrates, sulphates, and muriates. These, again, are valuable both as direct articles of food to plants, and for their chemical action upon the other ingredients of the soil. We shall only instance in the case of gypsum, or sulphate of lime. This is a very valuable manure; besides its value as containing sulphur and lime, Liebig points out its important chemical action upon carbonate of ammonia. Owing to the great volatility of this latter compound, much of it which is contained in the soil, (whether the result of decomposing organic substances in the earth, or that ammonia which is conveyed to the ground in rain-water,) is lost to vegetation by its again escaping into the air. But when sulphate of lime

is brought into contact with carbonate of ammonia, an interchange of the constituents takes place, and carbonate of lime is formed and sulphate of ammonia; *this* salt of ammonia, owing to its non-volatility, remains in the ground till it is absorbed by the roots of the plants. Liebig considers, that of all compounds containing sulphur, this one, the sulphate of ammonia, is the one most fitted for the assimilation, by plants, of the elements it contains. ‘It contains two elements, both of which are equally ‘necessary for the support of vegetable life; these are sulphur and ‘nitrogen, and they form constituents, also, of vegetable albumen, ‘fibrin, and casein.’ With the same object, of preventing the volatilization of ammonia, gypsum may be mingled with manure-heaps, or sprinkled over the floors of stables, by which disagreeable odours are prevented; and, at the same time, the strength and value of the manure are preserved. Sprinkling with free sulphuric acid would have the same effect upon the ammonia; but the addition of lime, without sulphuric acid, would be injurious in this respect, liberating uncombined ammonia—that is, in its most volatile form.

But, leaving this subject of manures, we must proceed to notice, very briefly, the principles upon which are founded some expedients for improving the physical and chemical condition of the soil, by other means than by additions to its substance of fresh materials.

Those which we shall notice are fallowing and the rotation of crops, ploughing and draining.

Arable land is originally formed by the crumbling and disintegration of rocks. This is partly a chemical and partly a mechanical action. By the action of storms and floods, and by changes of temperature and other causes, the substance of solid rock becomes broken up and subdivided into minute fragments; but much of this subdivision is due also to chemical changes effected upon its constituents by the action of water and the gases of the atmosphere, rendering rock friable or soluble. The effect of these changes is to give to the soil a proper mechanical structure, and likewise to reduce to a soluble form some portion of the alkalies and earths, which were original constituents of the rock, and which are necessary for the mineral food of plants. In most soils, this disintegration and these chemical changes are but partially effected. A part of their constituents is reduced to a condition in which they become available for the purposes of vegetation; but much more remains, in which these changes are still slowly going on. ‘Thousands of years have been necessary to convert stones and rocks into the soil of arable land, and thousands of years more will be requisite for their perfect

reduction.' A soil may become exhausted by vegetation of all the soluble and saline matter suitable for plants, and is then barren till sufficient time has elapsed to effect a similar change in a fresh portion of its materials. This explains the principle upon which land improves by lying fallow. 'Fallow, in its most extended sense, means that period of culture during which a soil is exposed to the action of the weather, for the purpose of enriching it in certain soluble ingredients.' In this respect, it has an effect upon the soil similar to that which is more speedily produced by the addition of lime. One of the chief advantages of ploughing or digging is that, by—

'Subdividing the soil, and thus exposing a much larger surface to the action of air and moisture, this gradual disintegration of the soil is more speedily effected. Different soils vary much in their tendency to suffer this disintegration; some require an interval of two or three years between each crop of corn to allow of a sufficient amount of silicates being rendered soluble for the supply of this necessary material for any cereal plants; others will allow of such a crop every second year. But the cultivation of potatoes or turnips during the interval will not impair the fertility of the field for the cereals which are to succeed, because the former plants do not require any of the silica necessary for the latter.'—*Liebig*.

This last observation explains the principle upon which is founded the agricultural expedient of the rotation of crops. Whilst the soil was becoming prepared for the growth of another corn crop, by that process of weathering which we have just considered, it was formerly the custom to allow the land to lie entirely waste and unproductive. But it is found that, meanwhile, from the same land, other crops may be raised, (which, not containing the silicates in their composition, neither require the presence of these salts in the soil, nor exhaust the soil of what it may contain,) without interfering with the weathering of the land by which it becomes again fitted for the growth of corn. The following year, a third crop may be raised containing saline constituents different from those of either of the former; and thus the land is retained in constant employ, and constantly productive. Different qualities of land require a different rotation of crops; a four years' course is one commonly adopted, in which each crop varies through a period of four years, after which the first crop again returns.

Besides the advantage of exposing the soil more fully to the chemical action of the atmosphere, the operation of ploughing is useful, likewise, in allowing the roots to extend more freely in the soil, and to have a more free access to atmospheric oxygen, necessary both to germinating seeds and growing plants. Sub-

soil ploughing opens the earth to a greater depth, allowing long roots to strike more freely, giving more free access to the air, and a more easy descent to superfluous water on the surface. By deep ploughing and trenching, the subsoil is brought up and mixed with that on the surface. The constant effect of water falling, as rain, upon the ground, is to wash the more soluble ingredients and finely divided particles of the soil below the surface, and thus remove much valuable saline matter beyond the reach of the roots of growing plants. By these operations, such ingredients are again restored to the surface and to vegetation. But ‘the full value of this deepening of the soil can only be expected where the subsoil has previously been laid dry by drains; for it matters not how deep the loosened and permeable soils may be, if the accumulation of water prevents the roots from descending;’ or, if the deeper soil contain some substance ‘decidedly noxious to vegetation.’—*Johnston.*

The advantages of an effective drainage are great and numerous. Johnston enumerates these under eleven separate heads; we can only notice a few of the more important. By this means, the land is rendered drier, and at the same time warmer; the drainage, in many localities, producing effects equivalent to a change of climate. The constant descent of water through the soil, thus provided for, causes a descent likewise of fresh air, at the same time that it washes from the subsoil such noxious principles as may there be contained.

‘It has been calculated,’ says Professor Johnston, ‘that the drainage of those lands only which are at present in arable culture, (ten millions of acres,) would at once increase their produce by ten millions of quarters of the various kinds of grain now grown upon them; and that a similar drainage of uncultivated lands, (fifteen millions of acres,) would yield a further increased produce of twice as much more; so that a large superfluity of corn would be raised from the British soil.’

If this estimate be made upon the supposition that all the arable land is employed in the growth of corn, it is evident that the result must be very much overstated as to the increased quantity of *corn*-crops that might be obtained; since, every year, a large proportion of the land under culture is employed in raising other crops than those of corn. Crops of other kinds are, however, likely to be benefited in equal degree by improved drainage; and, upon the lowest possible calculation, it is evident that a very large increase of produce may be obtained by this means.

The last advantage we shall mention, arising from the effectual drainage of an extensive district, is its increased salubrity as a residence for man. Not only do agues and fevers disappear with the miasmata by which they are caused, but the standard

of the general health of the population is considerably raised, and the duration of life extended.

‘ Apart, therefore, from mere considerations of pecuniary profit, a desire to promote the general comfort and happiness of the entire inhabitants of a district may fairly influence the possessors of land to promote this method of ameliorating the soil; while the whole people, on the other hand, ought ‘ gratefully to acknowledge the value of those improvements which at once render our homes more salubrious and our fields more fruitful.’ ’

We must now draw this article to a conclusion. We have noticed only some of the more leading subjects in the works before us, but have endeavoured so to arrange our remarks as to form a brief outline of the principles upon which a scientific system of agriculture must be founded. It is encouraging to see how much improvement has been already effected in the practice of agriculture, and it is no less encouraging to consider of how much prospective improvement it still appears susceptible. How much waste and barren land still remains, even in our own country, which chemistry now teaches us how to bring under productive cultivation; and how great is still the waste of substances, useless and offensive in themselves, but containing the elements essential for vegetable nutrition, and capable of being converted, by the chemistry of vegetation, into wholesome and nutritious compounds. Every substance that has once lived, or formed a component part of a living body, whether animal or vegetable, is capable of being again restored to vitality, first as a vegetable, by the vital action of plants, which may then, by becoming the food of animals, assume the higher organization of an animal being.

A bountiful Providence has thus provided the means of maintaining a proper equilibrium between the different kingdoms of nature. For even those decaying substances which are not immediately returned to the soil, but suffered to waste, are all again reanimated, only after a longer interval. It may be that the guano, which now, at much expense, we bring in vessels from the coasts of America, is partly the component matter of former generations, which have occupied this island, to which it is now returned: dead materials, which, discharged by drainage, or washed by showers into the sea, have there become converted into marine vegetation, upon which have fed the animals which have formed the prey of sea-birds which produce guano.* And

* When guano is macerated in nitric acid, so as to destroy all animal matter, the residue, examined under a powerful microscope, presents the most beautiful forms, being the remains of the siliceous skeletons of marine animalcules, which adhere to marine plants, and are so swallowed with their food by the larger animals upon which sea-birds feed.

this guano next assumes the form of corn, and again is animated in the bodies of those by whom the corn is eaten. So, again, ammonia, rising into the air from organized substances decomposing on the surface of the earth, is washed down by rain, and converted by plants into nutritious vegetable principles. The carbonic acid discharged into the air by animal respiration, is the product of a constant decay of the living body; vegetation removes this from the air as it is formed, and again fixes the carbon in a solid form. Combustion is merely a more rapid decay favoured by an elevated temperature, and that of ordinary fuel is merely the conversion of solid carbon into gaseous carbonic acid. The coal which we burn on our hearths becomes converted into this gas. At some by-gone period it had before been mingled with the air in the same gaseous state; then become fixed by vegetation; then fossilized as coal, in which form it has awaited the time when it should be excavated by the busy hand of man, once more to float through the atmosphere as an invisible vapour, and again to go through the whole series of changes to which it has been before subjected.

When we consider all these things, we cannot but perceive that the whole economy of nature consists in one great series of changes continually recurring in regular and appointed order; and that the labours of man, in the practice of this art of agriculture, have for their object chiefly to favour and expedite some of the changes in this great series, producing results, small indeed, considered in relation to the large operations of nature throughout our globe, but, for his own race, capable of effecting the most beneficial consequences. And we cannot but admire the sagacity and perseverance with which the human mind, in its loftier developments, is endowed, enabling it thus successfully to investigate the laws of nature's workings, and to apply the results of these discoveries to purposes of the highest practical utility.

It is true that we have not, in these more northern regions, the advantages of a soil and climate like that of Egypt, where, from year to year, the indolent agriculturist merely casts his grain upon the surface, and, in due time, gathers in a plenteous produce. But the mental activity which the very conditions of their climate stimulate in men of northern races, is more than a compensation for this defect. By this, we are enabled to discover that, although the varieties of climate are not at our disposal, yet, in effect, the rigours of a northern sky may be ameliorated to our crops by a proper cultivation of the soil, and that the fertility and productiveness of the soil may be almost indefinitely increased by scientific treatment, and by suit-

able additions to its original constituents. And we see no reason to regret that, with us, these good results are not attainable without those researches which quicken and improve the intellect, or those manual labours by which so many of our crowded population are usefully and industriously employed.

ART. V.—*Rollo, and his Race; or, Footsteps of the Normans.* By ACTON WARBURTON.

THOSE who can laugh at harmless nonsense, at good-natured absurdity, as devoid of mischief as of sense, ought to be grateful to Mr. Acton Warburton for publishing his work at this critical season, when the minds of almost all men are harassed by fearful anticipations, or agitated with tremulous hopes. It will procure them a passing distraction from the grave and distressing topics of the day—from the sad presentiment of wars and revolutions. We, ourselves, have been not unwilling to suspend for a moment our share in these wide and national anxieties, by investigating what really appears to us—for its self-complacent and gentlemanly folly—to be something of a literary curiosity. That others may partake of the like relaxation from severer thought, is, perhaps, the best excuse we can offer for occupying our pages with this singular production.

We say that it partakes of the nature of a curiosity, for it is hard to conceive how any educated person, in these days, could have written such a book, and still harder, how any gentleman not absolutely ‘a candidate for ridicule,’ should have thought fit to publish it. Yet the extremes of inaptitude and conceit, we shall be told, are frequently found in combination. Not frequently, we think, where there is not some *tertiam quid* in the combination far more offensive than is to be detected here—some malice, or evil purpose, or gross vulgarity. Strange as it may seem, and almost incredible in a critic, we have had a sense of regret, while reading this performance, that its author, who, no doubt, is a very estimable person, should have so egregiously committed himself. There is nothing to quarrel with in the book but its sheer absurdity. Mr. Acton Warburton has no principles to promulgate which could do the least mischief, and, if he had, he writes with such a safe and happy futility, that his exposition of them would be perfectly innocuous. As we could defy any mortal man to extract one living thought—one word of vigorous or manly sense out of the whole work, so, with equal confidence, we could challenge him to find a single sentence that could exert

a pernicious influence on the reader, or reflect an unfavourable opinion on the writer. The fact being, that it is as utterly harmless and unmeaning as the noise and flutter of some foolish, busy chafer, that comes buzzing about our ears on a summer evening.

The author, as he does not fail to intimate, and as his name might lead us to suppose, is one of those happy men who can boast of having ‘come in with the Conqueror.’ This gives him a pretty little private interest of his own, in magnifying the race of the Normans. So much for the scope and direction of the work. As to its form, this requires a little pains to describe. Mr. Acton Warburton appears to have taken a tour into Normandy, and written a journal replete with the usual variety which such productions present, of personal incidents, casual reflections, anecdotes, and descriptions. This journal he has stiffened out with divers historical abridgments, dry enough, at all events, to make the reader very serious; he has enriched it with some extraordinary communications upon the men and manners and modes of thinking of past times; and has, there-upon, given to the whole the name, and something of the air, of an historical treatise. Thus, the journal of the tourist, stuffed out and padded with a good piece of buckram here and there, comes forth with the imposing designation of, ‘Rollo, and his Race; or, the Footsteps of the Normans.’ The Footsteps of Mr. Acton Warburton would have been a wiser and a safer title.

‘So have we seen’ in some country fair, at the histrionic booth, where real elephants were scarce, the same common-place hack who had helped to draw the furniture of the ambulatory theatre, transformed, by aid of much straw and pasteboard, by the addition of huge haunches and a long linen trunk, into a representation of the greater and more solemn quadruped. Representation grotesque enough. As it shambled along, and tossed its great head with far too much haste and levity, the poor familiar hack was made evident under all its elephantine disguise. With equal success, and equal grace, our volatile tourist swells himself into the dimensions, and assumes the port of the philosophical historian.

Many a book of travels has been lately written, especially by our neighbours the French, which contained little or nothing of interest, except certain fragments of history, gathered evidently from the book-shelves at home. It remained for Mr. Warburton to write an historical treatise, which should owe whatever it may have to render it readable to the gossiping descriptions of a summer-months’ traveller. One sees, at least, that the plan is novel.

There are few subjects, of a merely theoretic nature, more interesting, or on which more remains to be done, than this—namely, to arrive at a due appreciation of the influence of Race on the fortunes and character of the several nations of the earth. We may observe, that the question of the influence of race is not necessarily connected with that other question sometimes mooted, whether all the inhabitants of the several regions of the globe derived their origin from one and the same pair. Distinctions of race manifestly exist, although these may again be resolved into the continuous action of a certain set of circumstances during a long series of years, upon a certain portion of the human family. If these distinctions are so permanent that it would also require a long series of years before the operation of contrary circumstances would efface them, they are justly described as marking out a race of men. It matters not how the Malay and the Hottentot acquired their distinctive peculiarities; they certainly exist; they are found to be transmitted from father to son; and, whatever changes a new set of circumstances, other climate, other food, other occupations, operating through an indefinite length of time, might produce, they come before us as permanent, hereditary characteristics.

For ourselves, we should very much hesitate before we extended these distinctions of race beyond the few great divisions of mankind which physiologists have marked out. The Caucasian family, for instance, forms a very distinct race from the Hottentot, or the Malay, or the Aborigines of America; but, when distinctions are pressed upon us between the several branches of the Caucasian family, we confess we find ourselves unwilling to receive them as indications of race, but are disposed to resolve them into the immediate influence of circumstance—of food, climate, mode of life, government, religion. Look round the nations of Europe—which of them has not, in its turn, at some propitious era, stood out predominant above the rest, and manifested all the heroic elements of a people, and which of them has not, after a time, sunk back again, degraded to a very common-place level? The light of glory seems to have visited all of them, and stayed with none. The Swiss caught it in their mountains, as well as the republican cities of the plains of Italy. It has taken the tour of Europe. How has the Northern Swede shone forth as the armed champion of protestantism! How heroic have been the Dutch! Larger states, as France and England, have caught and lost it many times. And only look to the Spaniard, and think what he is now, and what he must have been when, from the body of the people, a Cortés and a Pizarro could start forth,—men reflecting on every side of their

character the influence of the society in which they had been bred and lived,—start forth, without apparent effort to their nature, upon a career of heroic achievement which sounds like a fragment of some early mythology. These were men of quite popular education. Whatever tincture of learning some of them (as Cortés) may have possessed, they were essentially taught by the mass-book, and their country's ballads. They were veritable crusaders, joining to their fanaticism a marvellous thirst for gold and for adventure. Men braver than these no Norman, or any other race, ever gave to the world. The Spaniard of that era is seen no more; his very race is driven from that America he had conquered, as with a single arm; but who shall say that the breed is extinct, and that in some new field, and under other fortunes, he may not display himself again in a far different guise from that combination of bandit and patriot in which he has lately delighted to appear.

Though the history of the Spaniard shows what a very opposite appearance the same people may make at different times, yet the very fate of South America, to which we have alluded, displays in a very striking and curious manner those broad distinctions of race which physiologists have pointed out. It is the Creole race, a cross breed of the Spaniard, that has predominated in Mexico. It is almost impossible for us to conceive that the aborigines, the descendants of those whom Cortés conquered, would have ever wrested, under any circumstances, their independence from Spain.

Though disposed, in general, to regard the differences amongst the several branches of the Caucasian race as resulting from the immediate influence of a diversity of moral cultivation and course of external life, we are yet aware that the subject is open to much nice examination. Something of *character*, for example, there seems in the Celtic race, something distinctive from the Teutonic, which may be thought to stand the test of time and circumstance. To the Celt, there has been attributed a certain impetuosity of temper which leads to more energy than constancy of purpose; which shows itself in sudden joy and sudden anger, both easily excited; which renders its possessor apt to feel noble emotions, but slow to exercise the passive virtue of submission to the rights of others—more generous than grateful, and more liberal than just. These secondary distinctions of race, if we may so call them, we should like to see examined into with subtlety and caution. It were a good subject for one who united with an extensive historical reading a fine habit of mental analysis.

When we opened Mr. Warburton's book, we had hopes of

catching, at least, a stray idea or two upon this subject. We had these hopes until we had read so far as page second of the preface, and then it became evident that we were not to expect any assistance from this quarter. Mr. Acton Warburton has but one object—a foolish, indiscriminate panegyric of the Normans. He appropriates whatever good quality occurs to him, and pronounces it to be especially Norman; he never stays to consider whether the same good quality may not be found as abundantly in men who are not Normans, or whether its very opposite may not be detected as abundantly in men who are Normans. He wanders about through history, unfettered by any rules of logic or of science; and in his childish advocacy of this race attributes to it whatever is good, and denies its participation in whatever is evil. Is chivalry in question? We owe it to the Normans. But is there something harsh and oppressive in feudalism? We are assured, on Mr. Warburton's own word, that 'it had no affinity to the Norman spirit.' Is religion the subject? Who so pious as the Normans! But if it should be thought that the church of the middle ages had a strong tendency to undue encroachment on the civil power, then we are gravely told 'that the genius of that race, with all its characteristic reverence, was too steady and clear-sighted to allow any confusion of the plain, distinguishable domains of spiritual and temporal jurisdiction.' A Norman *king* (our own were by no means remarkable for too susceptible a piety) was likely enough to resist the encroaching power of the church: was there never a Norman *bishop* who upheld it? The Normans, it seems, were even released from that subjection to the spirit of their own times, to which all other races of men are inevitably submitted. To them must not be ascribed 'any undue sympathy with the transitory forms and customs of the times'!

It is thus Mr. Warburton formally opens his subject at the very commencement of his book:—

'It is a trite observation, that the course of human improvement has corresponded with the progress of light, advancing from east to west. The analogy, however, is far from complete. It is true that Egypt, Syria, Greece, Italy, have successively imparted great impulses to man's amelioration. From this Western world, we look towards the 'morning land' for the gradual steps towards which his Intellect, his Imagination, his Taste, rose at first, and then mounted to maturity. But meantime the *Soul* lay dead, unreached by the utmost brilliancy of those faculties, that, like spangles on a pall, only gleamed over its decay. We turn to another quarter for the exhibition of those qualities belonging to man's loftier nature.'

If he had been writing of the advent of Christianity, language

such as this would have had, at all events, some meaning. And, indeed, as the paragraph advances, we learn, to our surprise, that if the Normans did not invent Christianity, yet to them and other Scandinavians we owe, in some mysterious manner which history has not explained, the purity of our religious faith. At their coming, ‘the Religious Sentiment emerged from the darkness of idolatry and unbelief; an unwonted Purity and Refinement shed new lustre upon the human Soul.’

‘The religion of the Scandinavians,’ he continues, ‘before their intermixture with the nations of the south, was of a *remarkably pure and rational character.*’ (He has an eye, we presume, to the amiable qualities of the Scandinavian Thor.) ‘Unlike the religion of the classic world, it *was ultimately connected with its manners.*’ No doubt of it. A religion whose heaven was a perpetual triumph over their enemies, and which bestowed all its honours on the ferocious courage that it occupied only with braving and inflicting death, was intimately enough connected with the manners of heroic freebooters and pirates.

Every one knows that these Northmen were apt occasionally to make bold profession of no other religion but that of their own swords. ‘Neither I nor my companions,’ says one of them, ‘have any other religion than to trust to ourselves and our good fortune, which seems to be quite sufficient for us.’—‘I do not wish,’ exclaims another, ‘to revile the gods, but Friga seems to be of no importance; neither she nor Odin are anything to us.’ Mr. Warburton quotes these instances, (how could he omit anything so well-known and so piquant?) and attributes this godless spirit to certain ‘superstitions and absurdities introduced’ upon what was once ‘a luminous and rational system of religion;’ and adds—as if he were writing of the corruptions of the church of Rome as they operated on a philosophical age—that ‘the effect of these innovations was to quench the belief of the more enlightened altogether!’ We gentlemen at ease, we make our history as we want it.

When our author would point out to us the traces of the Norman spirit as still existing in our contemporaries, he is equally luminous and discriminating. The county of Cheshire, it seems, may boast of having been colonized with the purest of Norman blood:—

‘The innate refinement of that people,’ we are told, ‘their loyalty, courage, and hospitality, their love of genealogies, their skill in horsemanship,—these all devolved largely upon Cheshire, and nowhere is the vitality of the Norman spirit more strikingly displayed than in that county. These characteristics are as vigorous to-day as they were eight hundred years ago. *To paint the men of the nineteenth century, we might almost use the language of the eleventh.*’

A dubious compliment. If we belonged to the county of Cheshire, we are not sure we should feel very grateful to Mr. Warburton for his manner of proving our purity of descent. He himself has, however, it is plain, a strong personal interest in these claims of the county of Cheshire, and therefore should know best how they are to be supported. In another place, he repeats—‘To the Norman skill in horsemanship, history testifies ‘the Cestrian knights in ooden times succeeded; and if the ‘reader has ever had the good fortune to follow Joe Maiden ‘and the ‘Cheshire,’ I think he will bear witness that the ‘gentlemen of that county have not yet forgotten how to ride.’

We think Mr. Acton Warburton may justly put in other claims to his Norman descent beside this ancestral spirit, and that ‘beautiful seat’ which he gives to one of his favourite heroes. He has, at all events, a moral courage that nothing can daunt, and a gallantry and devotion to the fair sex which no ancient knight could have surpassed; for these two volumes which he has painfully indited, seem to have been prompted, if we understand the Preface right, by the tender sentiment. They form, it is true, rather a singular substitute for the song or the serenade; nevertheless, they appear to partake of their character, or to perform their office.

‘We are weak mortals all,’ he pathetically exclaims at the conclusion of his preface, ‘and be sure that he who writes, holds ever in his mind’s eye some less shadowy object—nearer—dearer. He trusts a passage the stranger heeds not, may recall a summer ride through forest glade, green lane, or ferny park, far off beyond the hills. He hopes some thought, *the common world cannot understand*, may restore hours now nigh forgotten, of loiterings along green-sward terrace—twilight talk in deep curtained oriel—or *whispers through long tresses* in some ball-room’s quiet corner, in the golden years before the flowers lost their perfume, and the music sounded ‘painfully gay.’ Such are the sympathies to which he refers—such the hope that sustains him—this his real inspiration. And thus, though he addresses the public, he writes for one.’

Perhaps we are almost treading on the sacred privacy of the lovers’ *tête-a-tête*, by this public notice of the book.

There is a real service sometimes rendered to letters by unflinching and extreme absurdity. When some nonsense is circulating, which has been in part sanctioned by writers of talent and celebrity, and there steps forth a man who gives it at once its full and utmost expression, so that ‘folly can no further go’ in that direction, he has the merit, however acquired, of staying the plague. Now, it has been the whim lately of certain imaginative spirits to utter strange extravagancies about architecture, its symbolical significance, and how it expresses, in

some marvellous manner, the thoughts of a whole epoch. It so happens that there is no art which expresses and appeals to our sentiments, more subject to external and commonplace necessities, as the material at hand, the supply of labour at command, climate, and the magnitude of the building required for the purpose it is devoted to. One would suppose, to listen to some of these imaginative writers, that a huge structure of brick or stone rose by mere thinking, rose like an exhalation, and that the miracles of Orpheus were surpassed, for sentiment alone was the architect. Moreover, nations which appear to have made little progress in anything else, have left us most wonderful monuments of architecture. It is not in cultivated Europe, it is not on the coast of the Mediterranean, it is far up on the borders of the Nile, at Luxor and Karnac, that the greatest miracles of the art have been accomplished.

The poets, as may be expected, led the way in this delirious chaunt about architecture. Coleridge was pleased to call the cathedral 'Christianity crystallized.' We have known as pure Christianity crystallize in a very different form. But let the expression pass for what it is, a poetic vagary, whether it was uttered in prose or verse. Victor Hugo, who blows always into his bubble till he breaks it, dwells on the representative virtue of architecture after the following manner. Mr. Warburton quotes the passage with great applause.

'Tandis que Dedale, qui est la force, mesurait, tandis qu'Orphée, qui est l'intelligence, chantait, *le pilier qui est une lettre, l'arcade qui est une syllabe, la pyramide qui est un mot*, mis en mouvement à la fois par une loi de géométrie et par une loi de poésie se groupaient, se combinaient, s'amalgamaient, descendaient, montaient, se juxtaposaient sur le sol, s'étagaient dans le ciel; jusqu'à ce qu'ils eussent écrit sous la dictée de l'idée générale d'une époque, *ces livres merveilleux* qui étaient aussi de merveilleux édifices—la pagode, &c. &c.'

Mr. Acton Warburton can claim to have surpassed even this unintelligible and absurd tirade. The arch, of course the Norman arch, is the especial topic of his ecstatic eloquence.

'The Teutons adopted at first the circular form. They found that noble shape applied to base purposes in the southern structures, and discerning its true destiny, they rescued it from its ignoble application, and employed it for their houses of prayer.

'The reverential sympathy that many of us acknowledge for this form is not surprising, when we remember what forcible associations it has with the most solemn periods of this our mortal life. In such a shape does heaven offer itself to the eyes of the wondering infant when it first raises them to look for its future home. With this form the lover encircles the finger of his bride, to typify the eternity

of that union in which death is but an event. And when the shades of life's evening are closing round the old man, he feels that he is about to complete the circle of existence, and finds himself returning to the memories and thoughts of early days.'

No wonder, if the author sees all this in a rounded window, that he speaks of the '*grovelling horizontalities* of the Greek and Roman orders'—of their '*horizontal death-expressing lines*.' He is never wearied of extolling this round arch—the pointed arch, as we shall see, is his mortal aversion. 'Under the influence of 'this favourite form the interior of the Norman churches grew 'into great suggestions of strength and repose. The worshippers, 'weak and world-weary, lifted up their eyes in comfort, for 'they met everywhere above them types of Almighty power and 'eternal rest.' Such comfort is there in an arch! But it must not be *pointed*. This form, which many of us have thought united elegance with grandeur, excites Mr. Warburton's highest indignation. It is an innovation tainted in some indescribable manner with worldliness and heresy.

'And yet we are instructed,' he exclaims, 'by professors, and *those sort of people*, to think that the Norman style is but an unenlightened rudimental pointed—nay, we are invited to relinquish our respect for those features so solemn, simple, and sublime, in favour of what it is in vain to deny is nothing but a Saracenic novelty. *Some of us, however, have a way of judging for ourselves*, and no theory, however plausible in itself, or however weighty the authority it proceeds from, shall shake the unprejudiced sentence of our hearts.

'If it be true there is an ideal in every branch of art, I hold the Norman style to be that ideal in ecclesiastical architecture. Only see how rapid and terrible was the declension when once the true principles of the art were departed from. The pointed arch of the Saracen was the first innovation; this was accompanied by a relinquishment in the mouldings and capitals (how awful!) of the Norman simplicity. Henceforward we trace a gradual declension until we arrive at the hideous Tudor arch, with its attendant enormities.'

He finds this pointed arch to be— •

'The introduction of a new principle altogether—the one (the Norman) the product of a mind whose dominant faculties were reason and faith, finding a type in that form which canopied the great temple of nature—the other projected by a fervid imagination, bearing in its shape internal evidence of its birthplace, the South, from which it unquestionably came—beautiful, indeed, but *earthly in its beauty, and in the effect it produces on the soul*—according well with the warm, dreamy worship of the Saracen, but inappropriate for the purposes of that religion which 'casteth down imaginations.'

There is much more, and worse, of the same kind, but it lies

scattered (as his manner is) in detached fragments through his volumes. It is hardly worth while to be at the trouble of collecting any more of it together. All that we have to add is, that after such ‘high imaginings’ as these, no one who has the least sense of the ridiculous will very hastily rush into the same path, or into kindred extravagance. We put up these painted rags as a scarecrow to deter all trespassers. Here stands Mr. Acton Warburton: will you come and stand by him? If not, choose your way with some discretion; and when you write on the noble art of architecture, do not think it necessary to be insane in order to prove that you feel its sublimities.

But we shall not convey any idea of the nature of this book unless we consent to begin at the beginning, and show the sort of erratic course that it pursues. ‘Rollo and his Race!’ You think you are to be led back at once to Scandinavia and the *antecedents* of the conqueror of Normandy. Not at all. The scene opens at the Château d’Eu, and we commence with the visit—of Queen Victoria. It would be unfair to withhold so favourable a specimen of the author’s descriptive style:—

‘On the morning of the 2nd of September, 1843, this sequestered spot presented a significant spectacle. As the old town clock struck the hour of five in the afternoon, vociferous cheers from a thousand voices rent the air, the ground shook with the salvos of artillery, and between the discharges was heard the grand national anthem of England, ‘God save the Queen.’

‘A barge, from whose stern waved the *tricolor*, lay beside the pier. An old man, accompanied by Lord Cowley and M. Guizot, descends the stairs. Having taken his seat, the barge glides towards a steam-boat anchored in the harbour, bearing at the mast-head the royal standard of England. It comes alongside, the British flag is lowered, and hoisted again by the *tricolor*. A few minutes, and the barge returns, presenting to the assembled crowds the unwonted sight of the national emblems of the hereditary foes waving peacefully side by side.

‘Underneath their waving folds, and beside the old man, sits one just on the eve of womanhood, in the most simple, unpretending attire; a robe of dark purple, a black mantle, her fair Teuton features shaded by a plain straw bonnet. The shouts of ‘Vive la Reine d’Angleterre!’ announce the Queen of the Saxo-Norman islanders, whose sceptre stretches over an empire the sun never takes leave of. The old man, who is he? By turns Duke of Valois, Duke of Chartres, Duke of Orleans, M. Chabaud Latour, the schoolmaster, M. Corby, the private gentleman, M. Müller, the traveller, Lieutenant-General of France, King Louis Philippe—’

And since that, Mr. Smith, the traveller, again.

After certain historical recollections that go zigzag over the

past in a fashion impossible to follow, we get sight of the Normans at the time of their inroads into France :—

‘At last, there came a band composed of very different materials, actuated by very different motives. At the close of the ninth century appeared Rollo, accompanied by the *élite* of Norway. Instead of a crowd of rude and needy adventurers, he led the *flower* of the Norwegian nobles, the chivalry of Western Scandinavia. They sought not gold, they came not for plunder—they came to lay the foundations of empire’—(they came certainly to *stay*, for Rollo had been outlawed, with probably a number of that ‘flower of Norwegian nobles’ that accompanied him)—‘to seek a theatre whereon to work out the great destiny for which they were reserved. To Rollo and his companions, what does not Europe owe? They were the founders of a new order, the order of *Gentlemen*, whose mission was to diffuse,’ &c. &c.

What follows is too astounding to be omitted :—

‘*The Normans, too, hated the sword.* Coming at an epoch when it was the terrible but only key to the paths of honour, power,—nay, even human amelioration, he was *constrained* to avail himself of the destined instrument of the hour; but he always hastened to fling it aside; he detested violence and blood, and has ever been foremost in the righteous crusade to depose the ancient tyrant, Force, and set up Reason on her abandoned throne.’ (!)

Thus much at present of the Normans. We wait a long while before we catch sight of Rollo again. The author, in his capacity of tourist, has to go about Eu, and look at the churches and chapels, and all the curiosities of the place. And of the tourist himself we are favoured with a glimpse, in a little bit of description after the most approved manner of the novelist :—

‘Near the head (of the valley), where the hills approach each other, lies Eu, with its château and abbey surrounded by dark woods, forming a magnificent background to the prospect as you advance on the road from Le Tréport.

‘*Along that road canters a little Norman pony; a British yacht is disappearing round the headland; the yacht has deposited the individual who has the honour to address you—the pony is bearing him towards Eu.*’

Amongst other curiosities of the place, we have a description of a certain saw-mill, the property of Louis Philippe, and which is leased to Mr. Packham, an Englishman. The little river Bresle, it seems, sets in motion a system of machinery that accomplishes the triple purpose of preparing oil-cake, making biscuit, and sawing timber. We cannot say that we gain any very distinct idea of either process. Mr. Packham, it seems, has realized a fortune by furnishing wooden houses for the troops

engaged in Algeria. ‘*They* rival Aladdin’s *lamp*,’ (we presume Aladdin’s *palace* is meant,) ‘if not in magnificence, in rapidity of construction.’ But all we gather of the mode of construction is, that ‘there is a long room, presenting, as you enter, a large saw, like that used by sawyers; from this, down to the far end of the room, are placed a series of circular saws in a vertical position. The large saw goes perpetually up and down,’ (which is very natural,) ‘and the circular saws round and round,’ (which is very natural also;) and this is all we learn. .

Apropos, if not of the Normans, yet of the château d’Eu, we have a biographical sketch of Louis Philippe, commencing with ‘that excellent education of Madame de Genlis,’ and passing in detail the well known adventures of the emigrant prince:—

‘And now,’ he says at the conclusion of this sketch, ‘Louis Philippe committed the great, I may say the only blunder of his life, in accepting the crown of France. Yet it was only a mistake as respected himself personally; there was no error of judgment in a patriotic point of view, for there was no alternative for France but anarchy or King Louis Philippe.’ * * * * *

‘Louis Philippe was now king, and thus ends the drama of his strange, eventful life!’

These sheets could have hardly issued from the press when the drama was fated to receive another, and far different denouement, and one which goes far to prove that the acceptance of the crown was not the *only* blunder which Louis Philippe has committed. After its acceptance, he appears to have forgot the manner of people he was called to rule over, and the conditions of the gift he had received. He took upon himself an onerous office—say, to save France from anarchy. But he ceased to regard it solely in the light of a great office; he looked upon it as a great acquisition, and began to build up a family when he had only to watch over the interests and passions of a people. All Europe was loud in applauding the skill and state-craft of this monarch; all Europe now sees that such state-craft is unavailing. It was a bad track to enter on, that of managing a people by bribery and corrupt influence. In quiet times, much may be done, no doubt, by these unworthy means, but they avail nothing against strong popular currents of opinion. You cannot bribe a whole people; you can only pay them back what you take from them in the shape of taxes, *minus* your own share in the spoil. Less of ability, and a little more of simple honest devotion to his great task, and Louis Philippe would have been still reigning, and France would not have been delivered over to the fearful experiments of republican communists. But we are not disposed to cast reproaches on the

ex-monarch at this time ; we are filled only with deep regret that he did not acquit himself more wisely. One month of the reign of Louis Blanc, and his perverse theories, may do more mischief to France than a whole century of the government of Louis Philippe, had it many times more vices than his enemies have attributed to it.

But we must return to our traveller, ‘ whom that pony is bearing towards Eu.’ It has now carried him as far as Rouen ; at least, here we are in that venerable town, or which ought to have remained so. For we have bitter lamentations on a ‘ partricidal young Normandy,’ and ‘ the betrayed spirit of Mediavalism.’ Here are some profound reflections on the undeniable fact, that when a man builds a new house, he pulls down or neglects the old one.

‘ We ask ourselves, if this antagonism existing between youth and age, wherever man’s agency is at work, arises necessarily from the constitution of humanity. We do not find it in the operations of nature. The young oak springs up beside its parent monarch of the forest, and they share together the sunshine and the breeze; the branch of the banyan tree delights to give its shelter to the stem from which it sprang; the fruit and blossom of the orange tree hang together on the bough; new islands arise in the sea, yet the old lands remain; and the astronomer, who has discovered *a fresh orb just formed of nebulae*, does not miss the immemorial stars. Is it a condition of man’s nature, that he cannot improve or advance without some corresponding destruction? By what fatality is it, that where *he* works, the life of progress involves the death of antiquity?’

Mr. Acton Warburton has arrived at a very distinct, but rather premature conception of the manufacture of stars. He is here a little in *advance* of science.

Being thrown by these reflections into a melancholy vein, he indulges himself and his readers in what he calls ‘ a home sketch.’ He revisits the scene of his childhood ; he comes on the same old coach, and stops at the same old tavern. It has a new proprietor, and him he has no heart to address ; he walks on towards the church, keeping time to the tolling of its bell, and thinking of old —, who had often tramped beside him with *Ponto* and *Don*. Alas ! that bell he heard was his death-bell ! They are burying him. He hastens on with a full heart —to visit what was once the house of the old man. But between him and that spot a railway ran its iron course : ‘ A broad heavy arch spanned the passage between the hills, shutting out that very spot where I used to linger in the summer twilight, and read romance in the stars. *I could venture no further.* Hurrying back, I resumed my place in the coach and went on.’

Most pathetic! and the coach waited for him while he went through this touching scene. At length we stand before the tomb of Rollo, and here all the eloquence and invention of Mr. Warburton break forth with their utmost splendour:—

‘Rollo—that heroic name stirs the heart like a trumpet. Come not by his tomb to gratify a mere tourist’s curiosity; approach it with the reverence due to those who stand so high above the dreary average of men. With Alraschid and with Alfred, he appears over the ignorance, irreverence, rudeness of those ages, on the vantage ground of intelligence, piety, and refinement, exhibiting in that character, however dimly traced through the gloom of unlettered times, and tumults of after history, how great a *Possibility* is man!’

M. Thiery tells us, in his ‘History of the Norman Conquest,’ that, towards the end of the ninth century, one Harold Harfagher had made himself king of all Norway, and that, thereupon, several of the discontented or conquered chiefs chose rather to wander abroad and seek new settlements, than submit to his government; amongst the rest was one Rollo, or Roll, who, being so tall a man that no horse could carry him, and being compelled, therefore, to go on foot, was called *Gang-Roll*. It seems that the new monarch, desirous of introducing something like law and jurisprudence into his dominions, attempted to abolish the right of *strand-hug*, which right consisted in landing from one’s vessel wherever one pleased, and carrying off whatever one could. Rollo, in spite of the king’s proclamation, had exercised this most natural of all rights, and was, accordingly, banished. He and his companions, thereupon, left their country, and sought out new settlements.

At this account Mr. Warburton is highly indignant, and he gives some other, which, as we have no confidence in his faithful representation of any authority he may proceed upon, we shall excuse ourselves from quoting from his pages. We pass on to what is most certainly and indisputably his own. After assuring us that this was an emigration ‘of the *crème* of the social body, the refined and intellectual class of the state,’ and that their descent was characterized by a ‘forbearing, generous, and reverend spirit—by forethought, justice, benevolence, wisdom, in ‘the use of power,—in short, by all the virtues under heaven, he proceeds:—

‘Oh! how the heart swells to contemplate that august migration; the descendants of powerful chiefs, the ancestors of kings, princes, prelates, high nobles and proud gentlemen, putting off, without chart or compass, ‘on the deep’s untrodden floor,’ steered only by the instincts of their aspiring souls, and beaconed by the star of their lofty destiny, standing over those southern lands they were to conquer only to redeem.

'The Norman leader descended first upon the coast of England; but he speedily discovered that his destiny lay not here: over that fortunate island watched the other great man of the time. Alfred unfurled the white horse banner, and hastened to the rescue. But not with clashing steel and flowing blood was that illustrious meeting celebrated. It was solemnized by a friendly treaty—by wishes of prosperity and promises of favour. With an intelligence and forbearance that became as well the invaded as the invader, these two supreme spirits of the age met and parted in peace.'

'What passed between Rollo and Alfred on this occasion, is nowhere written down; but, nevertheless, *it is most certain that, save that midnight meeting between the Redeemer and the Israelitish noble, (!!) no interview ever took place of profounder interest than that which the tent of Alfred witnessed before the great Norwegian chief took leave of the Saxon king.'*

But, though nowhere written down, Mr. Warburton proceeds to imagine all that passed as 'they held converse under the tent lamp.'

'We can fancy the deep attention Rollo turned to the Saxon monarch's history of his life, especially of his early residence at Rome. We can imagine with what thrilling interest he heard the pious king detail the scheme of that religion, which at once commended itself to his pure, free spirit, as the only one for man; how he sympathized with Alfred, as the latter spoke of the heroic northern poems with which his mother first roused him. Then the story of romantic vicissitudes, his service with the herdsman, and the neglect of his master's wife for neglecting the cakes.' And so forth.

Mr. Warburton proceeds, for three pages more, imagining and conceiving. These heroes 'exchange their great ideas and sentiments.' Rollo hears Alfred tell of the trial by jury—

'We may conceive the Norwegian, while admitting its merits, pointing out the possible evils of the institution, and urging the greater purity attainable in the administration of justice by such a tribunal as he afterwards established in the Norman Parliament. Rollo, too, might suggest an improvement in the militia arrangements of the king, by subjecting them more to the feudal principle, as better suited to the emergency of the age.'

But we lose heart; we can go no further with this *Rolliad*. How could any gentleman who had the least self-respect exhibit himself in this most ridiculous and puerile fashion? Is there a carnival of scribblers that a man can face the broad day in such mummery—such solemn buffoonery as this? We do not recommend the breaking of windows, and tearing off of knockers, and the like pranks played by some gentlemen in the public streets,

but we would really counsel any idle young Norman to prefer even these amusements to coming forth on the highways of literature in such a guise as this.

As we have said, we can go no further with this Rolliad ; we must content ourselves with glancing over the second volume, and noting some of its contents. These are equally miscellaneous with those of the first volume. We have a dry abstract of the reigns of the Norman conquerors of Sicily, dry as any abstract could be, yet too loose and imperfect to be of the least utility. We have, for no conceivable purpose, and *à propos* of nothing, an equally useless account of the revolutionary war in Vendée. Thus much for the historian. In his character of tourist, Mr. Warburton visits the lunatic asylum at Caen, and takes occasion to tell a love-story of the most improbable and absurd description. We presume it is a traveller's privilege to invent or build up, from some slight foundation of fact, whatever tale he pleases, when a fair opportunity occurs of telling one. We do not expect to bind down the traveller on these tempting occasions to the bare truth, but we do expect something that looks like truth. Thus the volume proceeds ; the gossip of the tourist alternates with certain very original ideas and most faithful descriptions of historical personages—William the Conqueror and the coiffures of the Normandy women—anything comes in at any place it can.

Nor is this medley without frequent passages, where sublimity and pathos, and a poetic imagination, are at all events aimed at. Writing on his favourite topic, "the honours of ancestry and the virtue there may be in a good surname, he says—

' Victor Hugo says, the angels talk of us by our Christian names ; let us rather think that by his surname those benevolent spirits love to designate man ; for thus, when they are compelled to note the stains upon some honoured name, they cannot record the errors of the son without recalling the virtues of the father.'

If this may be called the moral sublime, what follows may be ranked under the head of poetic description. An old ruin is the subject—

' As I approached, a rosy glow came over arch and pillar and ' parapet, from the sun's declining rays—it seemed as though the ' venerable building blushed to feel the green ivy's close embrace.'

Amorous old walls ! As to those Normandy coiffures to which we have alluded, our traveller in his account of them gives us intimation of a remarkable phenomena nearer home, which to us was quite new. Those who have the means of exploring the part of the metropolis here mentioned, can, if they please, verify the fact.

'As you leave Granville and advance deeper into the Avranchin, the women's coiffures begin to rise until near Avranches, where they soar to a portentous altitude, *reminding one somewhat of the gradual elongation of the London footmen*, as you pass westward from Russell Square, culminating at last in the powdered Anakim who lounge in the halls of May Fair, or loom over Belgravian carriages.'

This gradual elongation of the London footman must be a curious thing to see. We suspect there was as little need for Mr. Acton Warburton to go abroad to find marvels, as it was in him to study history to write upon the race of the Normans.

ART. VI.—*Vorlesungen über die Geschichte der deutschen National-Literatur, von Dr. A. F. C. Vilmar, Director des kurfürstlichen Gymnasiums zu Marburg. Zweite mit Anmerkungen und einem Register vermehrte Auflage.* (Lectures on the History of German National Literature, by Dr. A. F. C. Vilmar, Director of the electoral Gymnasium at Marburg. Second edition, enlarged, with Notes and Index.)

THERE are men to whom the sight of a proof sheet is hardly less necessary to enjoyment, than is the sight of his glass to the man accustomed to such companionship. The fascination in the former case often produces a habit not at all less rooted than in the latter. With such men, thought is valuable only as it may be made to present itself upon paper. To live is good, only as it gives a man the power and the space to write. The chief end of the universe is, that there is an objectivity in it about which a man may work out sentences and paragraphs. The past is worth remembering, because it is a something that may be described — something on which man may speculate — a something about which books may be made. History is made for the historian, not the historian for history. Science is made for the author of treatises, not the author of treatises for science. Mohammed was made for Gibbon—the heavens for La Place. Deep and resistless in some men is this love of offspring—of self-reflection in the shape of authorship. Achievement in this form is to them what the gift of speech is to others; both are processes by which men communicate thought and emotion, and the cessation of either would be to the respective parties like the cessation of existence.

In this busy money-getting country of ours, the minds ^{would} come to such extent under the sway of this feeling form ^{the} paratively limited class. Not so with our German ^{neigh-} _{of the}

Judging from appearances, one is sometimes tempted to regard these neighbours as a nation of book-makers. It would almost seem as if the human race had attained to such a state of harmony among themselves, as to have completed a grand division of labour scheme, assigning to the Germans, as their one vocation, the making of books. What less can we suspect in the case of a nation which is said to furnish products of this sort at the rate of ten millions a year? Whether done by steam or by any other power, something like this amount of production is realized, and surely so far as quantity is concerned, the world itself can hardly need anything more. But what must be the passion for production when it takes place to this extent, though the demand to be met, in place of being that of the world, is confined almost entirely to a people speaking one language, and occupying a comparatively small section in one quarter of the world? How mighty must be the impulse in this extraordinary people, which thus promises to augment the number of writers until only a minority shall remain to be described as being merely readers?

For this singular conveyance of so much power into one channel there must be a cause, and, as philosophers say, a cause equal to the effect. Man is an onward creature. Shut him out from one course, and, like the impeded waters, he will force his way into another. Narrow his impulses to one groove, and the rush there will be strong and perilous. It has been thus with Germany. The sword has been consigned to its scabbard for nearly a generation past, but the functions of the state have been everywhere retained as an appendage to the crown. The public spirit called forth by war, has not been succeeded by the public spirit which gives health and progress in times of peace. Political liberty has not been the fruit of military triumphs. The freedom of the professor's chair, and the comparative freedom of the press, have been the only exceptions to a condition of affairs tending to dwarf the nation to a state of passiveness and childhood in respect to nearly everything social. Political feeling, denied all outlet through the forms of a free constitution, has created outlets elsewhere. Religious liberty, proscribed by law, has taken a terrible revenge by indirect means. Action being prohibited, speculation has come into its place. It was very much thus with the old schoolmen. The church without enjoined quiescence or those sturdy thinkers, but the intellect within them could not rest. It was bad enough to doom was qd to inaction—too bad to prohibit the exercise of thought. part of truth might chain them to orthodoxy, but it could not the fact. them enjoying some degree of freedom in doing real or

pretended battle against heresy. If they dared not speculate with any licence themselves, it was something that, in the conduct of an argument, they could freely personate those who did; and often, very often, the demon raised in the shape of an objection, was such as not to be laid by the charm of the reasoning paraded in opposition to it. Thus, the preachers of orthodoxy often became virtually the preachers of something very different. In this manner will nature ever avenge herself. The wise are taken in their own craftiness. To sin against the rights of human intelligence treasures up wrath against the day of wrath. Excess naturally generates excess—superstition is parent to atheism, despotism to anarchy.

Thus has it been in great part in Germany. The Germans are prolific as authors, because doomed to barrenness in so much beside; and if their authorship has often been adverse to liberty and religion, this has happened because the training which rational liberty might have secured to them has been denied them, and because religion itself has too often come before them as a tyranny, more than as a religion. It has not been good for the national mind—for its well-balanced health, that so much power should be thrust away from the practical, and made to converge on the speculative. If its products in other things had been of greater extent, its products in the form of books would have been of better quality. It would have aimed at less in this form, but it would have accomplished more. Its abstractions would have been mellowed by experience, its idealism would have been less divorced from the actual. It would, as the consequence, have exhibited a more robust, a more equally developed intelligence and feeling, and would have learnt to look with a manly contempt on a multitude of conceits which it now lauds as the proofs of genius—as passports to a wonderful immortality.

But this literary productiveness in his country has not sufficed to deter Dr. Vilmar from becoming the author of a book. Much has been written in Germany on German literature, but our author has judged that there was still room for one other mode of treating this large and interesting theme, and his countrymen have confirmed his decision in this respect by the attention they have given to this fruit of his labour. This volume consists of lectures delivered, as the author states in his preface, to an auditory of 'educated men and women,' in the town of Marburg, during the winter of 18th & 19th. The lectures are sufficient in bulk to furnish matter of the respectable English octavos, and though described by some as falling far below an adequate exhibition of his

are of sufficient fulness to satisfy the ordinary English reader; while in respect to learning, profound thought, critical skill, the graces of style, and the glow of feeling and imagination, they possess a charm which has secured to the author a celebrity rarely obtained in Germany by a first publication. In the present article we shall submit to our readers some account of the contents of these seven hundred closely printed pages, together with translations of such portions of the work as may enable them to judge for themselves as to the correctness of our critical estimate. The following passage may be taken as the author's explanation of his purpose:—

'The history of German literature, which these pages will set forth, cannot embrace what is usually termed German literature in its widest compass. Even with the most hasty sketches, and the lightest strokes, it cannot undertake to describe the entire literary produce of our people, which throughout, in common with other nations, has had its share in all the sciences relating to it. The subject of these discourses will be the province of German *national* literature, those literary works of our nation which reflect in form and substance its own peculiar mode of thought, sentiments, and manners; which represent its own life and spirit; these alone as constituting the German national literature (or German literature in a more limited sense), will be considered in their rise, nature, consequences, and influence on one another. As poetry has been the most ancient and characteristic language of all nations, so has it been with the Germans, for in it the national character has been most firmly and perfectly stamped in body, soul, and spirit; the poetic national literature of our people will, therefore, be the principal subject of discourse.

'But I shall not be able to present this national literature to the eye of my reader in the form of elaborate descriptions, so much as in slight sketches, which will often be little more than indicative of the subject. Still it would promise but little to the just expectations of the reader, and the dignity of the subject before us, did I not endeavour to unite these sketches into one general, correct, and expressive picture of the connexion in which these individual literary appearances stand to one another, and of the internal necessity through which the one calls forth and limits the other. I must, therefore, beg the reader to accompany me, not merely back to the olden times, but even to the most ancient periods of our history, because it is only in this way that the necessary connexion of literary productions can be made clear—only by a retrospect of the old can the new be thoroughly understood, and submitted to a riper and more penetrating judgment.' It was quite natural to in the following terms that Dr. Vilmar speaks of the two periods assigned by him to the literature of Germany:—part of the world. It has twice reached the highest bloom of its

times has been exchanged for the adroitness and intellect of the world. That glance, which was then limited to house and court, the dark forest and green mountain ridges, which surrounded the peaceful towns, now roves freely, far beyond the boundary of the ancestral province, beyond the fatherland, into the most distant regions of the earth, to wander on the shores of China and India, to find equal pleasure in the desolate wastes of the polar sea, or the glowing deserts of Africa.'

Concerning the theology of this extract we say nothing, but during the most ancient period of the national literature of Germany, the period which exhibits the struggle between its heathenism and Christianity, the translation of the Scriptures into the language of the people forms a grand literary landmark:—

' Solitary, and separated by at least three hundred years, from other and later literary productions—the most ancient monument of our literature stands like a giant castle, passed in reverential fear by the dwarf races of succeeding centuries: the translation of the Bible by the Gothic Bishop Ulfilas. This great and memorable work can here meet only with a passing mention, as we treat not of the history of the German language, but of literary works, and the history of German poetry. To pass it, however, entirely by, would be a dishonour to the literature of Germany. Still our remarks must be limited. In our days, an entirely new science, the latest and most perfect, has been raised upon this work—the science of the German language. The historical grammar, and a knowledge of the Gothic language, is a great assistance to the thorough understanding, not only of the old high German, but also of the middle high German poems.'

' Ulfilas, a bishop of the Visigoths, died in the year 388, aged 70 years, a point ascertained within the last three years, through one of those happy literary discoveries in which our times abound. A zealous and faithful teacher of his people, even in the grave highly revered and prized by his scholars, he crowned his work of Christian instruction among the Goths, which he had pursued thirty-three years, with his translation of the Bible into their language, excepting only the four books of Kings, by which he feared to inflame the warlike spirit of his people. It is not improbable that he invented an alphabet for it, partly old German and partly borrowed from the Greeks. For centuries, this work was held in the highest veneration by the Visigoths, who passed onward into Spain and Italy, and who in the ninth century, still understood its language. Since then, its very existence became doubtful, and only some Greek ecclesiastical writers asserted that an Ulfilas once lived, and that a translation of the Scriptures by him was still extant. Six hundred years had passed, and a vague rumour was spread, towards the end of the sixteenth century, by a geometrician named Arnold Mercator, from Belgium, in the service of the Hessian landgrave, William the Fourth, that one of the

parchment-books in the monastery of Werden contained a very old German translation of the four Evangelists. As this astonishing manuscript gradually became known, it reached Prague, and, after the conquest of that town by Count Konigsmark, in 1648, it passed into Sweden, where it is still preserved at Upsal as one of our most valuable literary treasures. The parchment is dyed purple, the letters marked with silver, and through the generosity of Marshal Lagardie, a member of the Swedish family Lagardie, lately become extinct, the whole was bound in massive silver. Two hundred and fifty years later, in 1815, the epistles of the Apostle Paul, in the translation of Ulfilas, were also discovered among the treasures of the Lombardian Convent, at Bobbio, by the present Cardinal Mai and Count Castiglioni. But a few lines remain of the translation of the Old Testament. The language, which speaks to us from these venerable remains of our German antiquity, is the mother of our present high German; and in purity and euphony of the vowels, in strict grammatical construction, in richness of form, variety of accent, accuracy of expression, and more especially in dignity and force, far surpasses her daughter, even though she may not boast of the same fluency of versification. It was as a resurrection from the dead, when this work awoke from its slumber of more than a thousand years, and spoke in a new and wonderful tongue to its grandchildren; first opening to them the real and inward understanding of their own language, raising a new and active life, as we have before said—an entirely new science. In fact, the Gothic language, the most perfect one of our ancestors, though on a first appearance mysterious, yet presently astonishingly clear—strange, and yet at once domestic and familiar—seemingly rugged, harsh, and repelling, nevertheless insinuates itself into our inmost and purest feelings—a something unusually exciting, and one might almost say, heart-stirring—an effect which it has never failed to produce in those who will dedicate themselves to it. After many unsuccessful attempts, an interpreter worthy of the subject has been found in Jacob Grimm.'

Dr. Vilmar denounces, in strong terms, the self-conceit so characteristic of modern taste and modern criticism, which consigns so much of the past, and especially in the earlier history of nations, to oblivion, as necessarily unworthy of study. He has not learnt so to judge of what is called the dark ages, nor of the space in German history which preceded those ages. He does not regard the Germans existing at the commencement of the Christian era, as acorn-eaters and half-men; nor does he think that their language, even at that time, was a wretched ‘croaking and snarling.’ In his view, even the earliest forms of German poetry are deeply interesting, as an embodiment of the German spirit, naturally the most free from all foreign admixture and the most eminently national. Never, he maintains, was the poetry of the Germans more symmetrical, beautiful, and

impressive, than when the cheerful war-song called them up to do battle against their Italian oppressors.

'The stories of those songs through which our ancestors did honour to the fathers of their tribes, their kings, and heroes in the remotest times, still remain. Tacitus tells us, that the Germans celebrated the earth-born god, Tuisco, and his son, Mammus, in old (even then old) songs; that they glorified in battle-songs the god of war and victory, whom he calls Hercules, but most probably the god Sachsnöt, or Ziu, the god of war himself. He asserts, not without singular, one might almost say heartfelt sympathy, that Armin, (Hermann,) the deliverer of North Germany, was sung in songs relating to the battle of Teutoburg for nearly a hundred years. These songs have perished, perished probably with the tribes to which they more especially belonged. When the Cheruskans became lost amid the waves of the excited German people, the song of Armin, the Cheruskian prince, was also lost—with it his memory among his people became extinguished, and was preserved only by a *romant*. The old heroic songs of Berig and Filumer, kings of the Goths, sung by the people in the sixth century, and from which the history of the Goths has collected that which it knows of ancient affairs, have perished.

'There are two, not songs, but materials for songs, remaining from this period, which extend far beyond the accredited national history into the heathen time; certainly beyond the fifth, [if not the fourth] century after Christ, and in the present day are not only known, but poetically alive. The one, the heroic legend, or *Mythus* of Sigfrid, the dragon killer, who is still called the horned Sigfrid; the other, the brute-*epos*,* of Reinhart the fox, and Isengrim the wolf, which has stood in unchanging freshness through all centuries, and which has inspired the greatest poet of our time to remodel the old materials into an interesting poem.

'The tradition of Sigfrid, the brilliant hero who forged his sword, Balmung—whilst still a boy, dwelling in the solitary old forest with the treacherous blacksmith—who slew the treasure-keeping dragon, Fafnir, rescued the Valkyre Brunhild from the castle of flames, and perished through treachery, amid the brightest splendours of his heroic life, refers us to a time in which not only the heathenism of the old Germans continued in unabated strength and life, but when the ancient condition of the people also remained tranquil, not yet having received the shock which manifested itself at the so called migration of nations. By means of this migration, the tradition was conveyed out of Germany to the tribes connected with it in the north—to Norway and Iceland, where it was preserved and written down in its ancient mythic form. Whilst at home, it became modified under the influence of Christianity, and, for the greater part, divested of its heathen mythic character. Under this change, it formed the first part of our 'Lay of the Nibelungen.' We shall consider it more nearly when we come to the analysis of this poem.

* Fables, in which animals are persons, after the manner of *Aesop*.

'The brute-epos—Reinhart, the fox; and Isengrim, the wolf—shows itself in its general contents to be one to which only the unencumbered natural life, and free, close, almost childlike intercourse with animals, could have given rise. That this story extends into the earliest time, and that it must have been in the possession of the Franks, and by them carried across the Rhine into France, is strikingly proved by the proper name which the fox bears in it—Reginhart (or, as it is now called, Reinhart, abbreviated in low German, Reineke,—namely, Reinhartchen,) the wise counsellor, the sly. This German name has entirely superseded the old French one, Goupil, and placed itself as Renard instead; a reception which, together with many others, could only be possible in the time when the language of the Franks was general in Gaul, and the meaning of the word still perfectly alive; for, in the eighth century, it was so no longer, at least in Germany. I shall have to exhibit the contents and meaning of *this* story when I arrive at the time at which it gained a firm literary ground, and shaped itself to a brute epic.'

Of the German heroes who made themselves conspicuous during the interval from the first to the sixth century, and of the popular songs relating to their deeds, the following passage may be taken as an illustration :—

'What we have remaining of the songs of this period, (for we still possess them complete, although not in the old language, but in the new form of the thirteenth century,) is limited to three pieces: one in the Latin translation, one in the Anglo-Saxon language, one only exists in the original old high German. For their preservation we are not indebted to the care of Charlemagne, the most important having come to us through a careless, but fortunate accident. The lay of Hildebrand and Hadubrand, belonging to the *Sagen-Kreisze*, (tradition cycle,) of Dietrich von Bern, is composed in this old, high German language, which here and there inclines toward low German. The adventure which this song relates, supposes the same event as the Nibelungen. Dietrich, accompanied by Hildebrand, having been thirty years away from home with the king of the Huns, after the fight in which all the Burgundians, and also Sigfrid's widow and Attila's wife, the lovely and terrible Kriemhild, had fallen; after the conquest of enemies at home, and the appearance of their head, Otacher, (the well-known Odoaker,) returned to his kingdom. The old Hildebrand, who, on setting out, had left behind a young wife and infant, followed him home. Hadubrand, now himself a hero, not knowing his father, makes hostile advances with his followers. Hildebrand, recognising his son, seeks to prevent the combat; he tells him his history, but the son remains unconvinced. 'Hildebrand, the son of Heribrand, is dead; from mariners who have crossed the Mediterranean 'I have heard it.' Taking the golden bracelets (the most beautiful and coveted ornament of a German warrior) from his arm, Hildebrand offers them to his son, that he may win his favour, but the

young hero boldly answers, ‘Sword against sword, and on the point of the lance should the gift be received; thou art a cunning Hun thus to ensnare me that my death may be the more certain.’ Then cried Hildebrand, ‘Oh, all ruling God, now is misfortune at hand. Sixty winters and summers have I wandered from the land, and now must my own trusted child cut me down with the sword, or I become his murderer? Yet, he who sought to stay thee from the combat for which thou longest, would be the greatest coward amongst the Astrogoths.’ Father and son hurled their ashen lances at each other, cutting so sharply that they remained sticking in their shields; then, closing furiously, the champions hewed upon their white shields until their edgings of linden wood became small from the sword strokes. Here the poem, being unfortunately only a fragment, closes. The substance of what remains is not lost, though, of course, nothing can replace the ancient form; the genuine epic material of this poem outlived all the storms of time. The lay of Hildebrand and Hadubrand continued to be sung 700 years later; in the fifteenth century it still existed in its final form, which, while it will bear no comparison with the original in point of strength, was still by no means unsuccessful. Under the title of ‘The Father with the Son,’ it has been remodelled, and preserved to us, by a national poet, Kasper von der Noen; at the present time, also, it has found its way into many elementary books, e. g., the well known collection of German poems, by Phillip Wackernagel.

‘The combat terminates in favour of the father, who then returns with his son to the lonely wife and mother.’

From the poem of Walther, and that of Beovulf, the latter being rather an Anglo-Saxon than a German fragment, the author proceeds to a more general consideration of the heroic poetry of this most ancient epoch, and indicates something of the change which has come over the literary opinion of Germany on subjects of this nature, within the last half-century.

‘For a long time many tales were told of German bards of a peculiar singer-caste, who were in exclusive traditional possession of poetic art, who not only preserved, but also created the subjects and forms of our most ancient poems, made those old songs, and sang them skilfully, in their courts or bard-schools. It was the imperfect acquaintance with the history of our nation that prevailed during the last century, (an acquaintance fit only for children, except where the most prominent facts were concerned,) which created these bards. This perverted and almost ridiculous opinion was spread by the authority of Klopstock, who was aided by the contemporary enthusiasm for Ossian, and supported for a long time by the *bard-bellowing* of Kretschmann, and others. Amongst the German people no bards ever existed, neither was there ever a caste of singers; the name, and, in fact, the whole is strange to them—they belonged to the *Celtic* races.

'Our old national poetry never was exclusively in the possession of a few, least of all, of a particular class. It belonged rather to the whole people, and to no one person more or less than to another. In those songs whose contents were known beforehand, all took share as they felt inclined. At the courts of kings the harp went from hand to hand, and all joined, if not in the whole song, at least in the most striking passages and refrains. This singing, of which Tacitus has spoken, is a characteristic mark of our nationality, and of the representation and formation of our *heroic*, and particularly *epic* song.'

Poetic subjects, themselves affected by all that is experienced, felt, and contemplated, touched all others in like manner, and, if a single poet appeared, he did not, as in the present day, express a something especially *subjective*,—that is, the effect which the object exercises on the poet, and who must employ himself in trying its influence on his hearers; he was merely the favoured organ through which the common poetic wealth of the people made itself known. He expressed what every listener immediately recognised as his own, and was therefore certain beforehand of the impression it would make, as well as of the pleasurable and lively assent of all the hearers, and sharers in the song. That working upon effect, through which a large part of our modern poetry seeks its strength, is entirely foreign to the ancient art. The legends I have mentioned were nothing imagined or discovered by a few persons—nothing that may be discovered or invented,—but partly actual events of the whole nation, like the 'Lay of Hildebrand and Hadubrand,' which sets forth an historical event that the process of clothing has not altered in any one of its circumstances, not even in the dialogue between father and son; partly, also, the form which certain events had assumed in the common independence and imagination of the people, assumed and maintained at a time in which there were no learned and unlearned; no educated and uneducated; no over refined *haute volée*, and no rude mass sinking in coarseness and filth; at a time when the king not only spoke the same dialect as the lowest of his people, but was most inwardly bound to them by manners, and by perfectly similar views of life, in all that was essential.'

There was evidently a wild force and often a touching beauty in the poetry of these heathen war-songs; as when they speak of the lank wolf from out the forest, hanging on the rear of the army, howling his grim evening song, and waiting for his food; or of the dew-feathered raven, and other birds of prey, as singing among the leaves while waiting for the dead, and as screaming over the battle-field rejoicing in their spoil; or of the sword, as darting like a snake upon the foe, and of the bitter bite of the battle-axe as it smites the fainting with death; or of the battle-drops as they fall beneath the death-strokes on the gleaming arms, stained with the blood-fought fountain of life. But this

revelling in slaughter, and the pagan spells and superstitions mixed up with these odes, which gave them so much of their character, rendered them obnoxious to the people, especially to the more instructed among them, as their mind became gradually possessed with more Christian ideas. If Charlemagne was at some pains to collect them, Louis the Pious saw nothing to regret in the probability of their sinking into oblivion.

' Many other songs, proceeding from the old mythus, or containing some traces of it, like Sigfrid's early history, have faded, or perished, or were purposely destroyed. Others have been somewhat softened by Christianity, or have, at least, been rendered more agreeable to Christian ideas; as they could scarcely resolve at one blow to extinguish the beloved lays of the glorious heroes of old, they have sought to save and unite, as well as possible, such as could be preserved. The poem of Beovulf, in the form in which it has reached us, retains a large number of Christian additions, easily to be discerned, and often in close connexion with such parts as apparently bear, or have borne a heathen character. Take, for example, the lay of Walther von Aquitaine, which certainly in its Latin translation had already passed through the hands of the monks of St. Gallen. Walther delivers a vehement and bold oration (*gelpf*) at the commencement of the battle, according to the custom of the heroes; this the monks retained, but immediately after make the heroes fall down with out-stretched arms in the form of a cross, and call on God for forgiveness for the bold speech. But the heroic songs gradually disappeared from the world of new Christian civilization, or, as we should now say, from the educated classes, and continued, it appears, to be sung only timidly and secretly by the lower classes, who dwelt with affection on the remembrance of their ancient deities and heroes. In the course of the ninth century, they were entirely lost sight of, and had apparently perished, until three hundred years later, when they arose in new and youthful beauty, old yet young, powerful and yet gentle.'

From the ninth century to about the middle of the twelfth, the literature of Germany, both in prose and verse, was almost wholly ecclesiastical, consisting of harmonious and metrical translations of the Gospels, and other productions, designed mainly for Christian edification. In this respect the history of Anglo-Saxon Britain is the strict parallel of the history of Germany. The Christian element abated the old war passion, without immediately calling any other passion of equal power into the same degree of prevalence. Not that the German people were really slumbering during these three centuries; on the contrary, it was then that their Henrys and their Ottos raised them to a political greatness before unknown in their history; but even this result, though fraught with many benefits, was not favourable to a development of the poetic faculty. The new

combination of power was in a great degree ecclesiastical, and ecclesiastics, if they required poetry at all, required it of another order than had been hitherto supplied by the national spirit. Dr. Vilmar describes the whole space preceding 1150 as the 'most ancient period' in the history of German literature; and the space between 1150 and 1624, as the 'ancient period,' in distinction from the modern, which he dates from the latter point. It will not of course be supposed that our author is content with laying down these broad landmarks. Each of these divisions has its shades of subdivision, which are sketched with much critical discrimination. It was the work of the twelfth and following centuries to call up the Christian hero of the crusades, into the place of the pagan hero of bygone times. This change gave vent to the old national spirit in new forms. Poetry everywhere revived. The old was recalled and new was created. From the ecclesiastical literature of this period, the poet's art was developed and elaborated; but side by side with these productions was the poetry of the people—a poetry from the past, which seemed to find out new affinities to itself in the present, and failed not to receive a hearty response from the national feeling. It is in the following terms that our author discriminates between the two departments of German poetry in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—

'The *poetry of art* was chiefly cultivated by the nobility. Emperors and kings, dukes and princes, counts and knights, were the singers of art. Songs still remain of two members of the skilful and song-loving Hohenstaufen's; of Frederick VI., the son of the great Barbarossa, and of King Conrad the Young, whose head fell beneath the axe at Naples. We have songs of King Wenceslaus of Bohemia, Duke Heinrich von Breslau, Markgrave Otto von Brandenberg, and the immortal poets Hartman Von Aue, Wolfram von Eschenbach, Walter von der Vogelweide, Ulrich von Liechtenstein, all belonging to the class of nobles. The nearest circle of listeners was that of their companions in rank. Then noble singers sang to their guitars at the courts of princes in the glittering assemblies of brave knights, gentle ladies, and graceful noble maidens. Their province was the ornament of speech; the brilliant, elegant representation; the skilful utterance of new narratives; the story of their own heart's love, its joys and sorrows. In the poems of the people, we are enchain'd by their artless simplicity and faithful adherence to old subjects and forms; here the dazzling variety, new discoveries, and skilful working of a foreign matter, attract us with fresh and increasing charms. The endeavour of the poets was to deck their subject with all ornament and grace; with lively, varied, and often glowing colours, in which beamed the glad, cheerful life of the chivalrous world, after the variegated splendour of the French and Spanish south, and the wonder-

world of the east had been disclosed to the Germans in consequence of the crusades, and their army had become entwined within that magic circle. The poetry of art is therefore also called chivalrous or *courtly* poetry, and as may be easily understood, was early opposed to national poetry—an opposition which afterwards became studied rather than reconciled, as the description of the art of poetry in the next period will prove in all its particulars.'

This poetry of the people, according to Dr. Vilmar, is essentially epic, not so much the work of invention as of history, the function of the poet being not to speculate on the material of his verse, or to overlay it with embellishment, but rather to tell the story of actual events with such natural force and feeling that the humblest may at once understand his drift, and float on with his stream of emotion. But though this poetry of nature is little indebted to the embellishments of art, the mythical and imaginative element inseparable from the condition of a comparatively rude and highly-impassioned people, is a tolerable guarantee that if you look in vain to this kind of composition for the signs of egotism, you are not likely to find it wanting in its own species of strong colouring and impressiveness. The epic is essentially the poetry of passion, of the passionateness of tribe, of kindred, of strong and confederated relationship. Where these are not, or have not been wide-spread and of long standing, true epic poetry is not possible. These observations have their proof in abundance in the two great German epics—'The Lay of the Nibelungen,' and 'The Lay of Gudrun,' which in the form in which they are known to us belong to this period. The great element embodied in these German lays is fidelity, a feudal truthfulness, binding superior and inferior, and proving itself stronger than any appeal that might possibly be made to the human heart either by blandishment or terror. But concerning 'The Lay of Nibelungen,' which comes before us as a poem of large dramatic variety and extent, our learned neighbours, and Dr. Vilmar among the rest, assure us that it existed in fragments over a wide extent of territory, before it becomes known to us in its present continuous and harmonious form; and their theory is, that these fragments being blended as we now find them, was not the doing of one poetic mind in the more remote times of German history, but the handiwork of subsequent minstrels skilled in such literary dove-tailing. We shall not detain our readers by attempting any description of the erudite processes by which this theory is defended, but shall at once submit to them a few extracts from our author's admirable prose account of the 'Nibelungen Lay,' the poem described by the scholars of Germany as the 'Iliad' of their 'nation,' and the

principal scenes of which are now furnishing subjects for so many beautiful frescos in the apartments of the new royal palace at Munich. It is thus the epic commences—

'In the old castle of the Burgundian kings at Worms-on-the-Rhine, grew the daughter of a noble king, after her father's death, into a blooming maiden, full of loveliness and grace. Soft foreboding dreams hover round the musing head of the lovely Kriemhild, in the still seclusion in which, according to the good old custom of her time, her childhood and early youth were passed. A vision shows her a falcon, which she rears up and tends as her favourite for many days; then two eagles rush upon the tender bird, crushing it with their grim claws before her eyes. Painfully agitated on awakening, she relates the dream to her mother, who thus interprets the sweet and timid foreboding of the daughter. 'The falcon is a noble husband destined to thee in the future; God preserve him, that thou mayest not soon lose him!' 'What dost thou say to me of a husband, dear mother?' replied the daughter. 'Without the love of a hero will I remain, and preserve the beauty of my youth until death, that my love may not at last be rewarded by sorrow.' 'Promise not too much,' said the mother; 'cast it not too far from thee, for if thou wilt ever be glad at heart it will be through the love of a husband. Thou wilt be the beautiful wife of a noble hero.' So this first foreboding of a future unutterable woe rises from the far distance, like a softly echoing sound out of the heart of the gentle maiden, and the shadows of this dream pass constantly through the clear heaven of her life and love; darker and ever darker they hover over the spring days of the sweet first and only love; darker and ever darker over the joyous games and glittering bridal feasts. With a pale fading glimmer the sun shines through the dismal twilight, till it wanes glowing red to its setting, and amid widely radiant and bloody splendour, sinks at last into eternal night.

'Meanwhile, Sigfrid, the son of Sigmund and Segelinda, at Santen-on-the-Rhine, cheerful in joyous youth, strong even while a boy, in fresh manly courage, and powerful in bold might, has grown to a hero, and already passed through many lands in order to prove the strength of his giant frame. He heard the report of the beautiful maiden at Worms on the Upper Rhine, and the most beautiful and strong, the most joyous and glorious of the hero youths of his time, left his home and his men, in order at Worms to woo the most beautiful, and graceful, and modest maiden to be found in any land. A tone of warning misgiving is here also expressed by the lips of the wise father, King Sigmund. A tear of sorrow for the beloved child she fears to lose, falls from the eye of Segelinda upon the strong faithful hand of her son; but the son departs, sent with rich gifts from father and mother. The strangers ride before the king's castle at Worms, like giants in manly and youthful vigour, and with steeds, equipments, and ornaments of unrivalled magnificence. No one knows the warriors, who halt before the king's palace on the shore of the Rhine, or their leader, the

youth of kingly bearing. Then Hagen of Tronei, to whom all foreign lands were known, is sent for, but even he has never seen this hero. ‘A prince, or the messenger of a prince, it must be,’ he says; ‘from wherever they come they are noble heroes.’ Quickly, however, he added, ‘I have, indeed, never seen Sigfrid, but I believe it can be he alone who goes there so stately. It is Sigfrid who conquered the race of Nibelungen, who won the immense treasure of precious stones and red gold from the dark races of Schilbuwg and Nibelung, and took possession of the land of the vanquished and its inhabitants; who tore the invisible-making Tarn-kappc in fierce struggle from the dwarf Alberich. The same Sigfrid who also slew a dragon and bathed himself in the blood, so that his skin became invulnerable as horn. Such a hero should we meet with friendliness, lest we bring the speedy hate of the champion upon us.’ Sigfrid is courteously received and sumptuously entertained. Gay tiltings are held at the court of the king. Kriemhild looks stealthily through the window, and at sight of the strong youthful hero forgets all mirth, all pastime with her companions, and all the delicate employments of maiden solitude. But Sigfrid tarries a whole year at the court of the Burgundian king before he once sees her he came to woo. He accompanied, as fellow-warrior and as vassal of the king, the Burgundian heroes and army in many battles; marched the long distance from the Rhine through Hesse far into the Saxon province, whose king, Luitger, with Luitgart, King of Danemark, had declared war against the Burgundians. In murderous struggles Sigfrid is the most powerful and victorious of the heroes. He conquers and takes captive the Danish king, Luitgart; and Luitger, with his Saxons, surrender themselves to the superior power of the hero. Messengers from the army come to the Rhine to announce the joyful victory, and one appears before Kriemhild, knowing or guessing that her heart is in the Saxon war, and not at home in Worms. ‘Now tell me good tidings,’ said Kriemhild; ‘I will give thee all my gold, and if thou bringest a true report, will be kind to thee thy life long.’ ‘No one has ridden more gloriously to battle than the guest from the Netherlands. The fiercest conflict from the first unto the last has Sigfrid’s hand encountered. His strong arm has subdued and sent the hostages which thou wilt see come from Saxony to the Rhine.’ Then the king’s daughter ordered the golden marks and rich garments to be given the messenger, for the news which was dear to all, but to none dearer than the silent glowing maiden. From that time she stands silently at the narrow window of the castle, looking out upon the road by which the conquerors will return to the Rhine. At length the joyful and victorious knights appear, and the maiden sees the gay tumult before the castle gate, in the wide plain of the Rhine, and amongst the many heroes, he, the hero of heroes, honoured and admired above them all. But his eyes cannot discover the long wished-for object; she has kept herself until now in modest retirement. At length a glittering tournament is held, and two and thirty princes, together with the highest and noblest from far and near, assemble at

the cheerful Whitsuntide. Then at the side of her mother, Ute, accompanied by a hundred sword-bearing attendants, and a hundred richly-attired noble ladies and maidens, does Kriemhild, for the first time, appear, rising like the morning red from out the dusky clouds, in the soft tremulous light of youth, of beauty, and of secret love, like the mild glimmer of the moon and stars shining through clouds. Sigfrid stands afar. ‘How can it ever come to pass that I should win her? It is foolish presumption; yet rather than leave thee I would die.’ Then after the courtly fashion, Gernot calls upon Gunther to command Sigfrid to stand forth and greet their ‘sister.’ The hero comes forward, and bends lovingly before the maiden. The longing impulse of love draws them one towards another, and they gaze on each other with stolen loving looks. But no word is exchanged, until after the mass with which the feast commenced, when the maiden gives the hero thanks for the brave assistance which he has rendered her brothers. ‘That was done in your service, fair Kriemhild,’ replied Sigfrid; and now ‘after the mouth has also ventured something,’ Sigfrid remains for twelve days, the time of the duration of the feast, near the lovely maiden. Then the strange guests depart, and Sigfrid also prepares to set out for home, ‘for he dared not woo as he wished.’ Through the persuasion of young Giselher, however, he easily resolves to tarry longer, where, as the lay truthfully says, he most loved to be, and where he daily saw the beautiful Kriemhild.’

But the scene now changes. Distant from the court of King Gunther dwells a queen of wonderful beauty and strength, to be won only by the hero who should conquer her in the use of martial weapons. Many suitors had fallen by her strong hand. Gunther resolves to hazard an encounter with this warlike maiden. Sigfrid, on condition of possessing Kriemhild, engages to assist the king in his perilous enterprise. Through the magic aid of Sigfrid, Gunther conquers the heroine. But a mortal hatred grows up in the mind of the vanquished queen, Brunhild, against Kriemhild and her hero husband. It is not, however, until two years have passed that she prevails on Gunther to require a visit from Sigfrid as his supposed vassal. The visit takes place, the queens again meet, and bitter strife ensues between them. Brunhild engages Hagen, a devoted vassal of her husband, to procure the death of Sigfrid in battle. Hagen finds a shorter road to his object. It is discovered that the hero is vulnerable at a certain point in the back, though otherwise wearing a charmed life, and a chase is made to serve the wishes of the queen. How the discovery adverted to was made, and what followed is thus described:—

‘The campaign is in full activity; Sigfrid equips. Then Hagen repairs to Kriemhild to take leave of her according to the custom. She has already half forgotten the dispute; not the slightest fore-

boding that she sees before her the known and eternal foe of her husband who has sworn his death enters her ever unsuspecting heart. ‘Hagen, thou art my relation, I thine; to whom in the coming war can I better confide my Sigfrid, than unto thee? Protect my dear husband; I command him to thy fidelity. He is certainly invulnerable; but as he bathed in the blood of the dragon, a broad linden leaf fell between the shoulder blades, and this, unmoistened part, remains vulnerable. If the war spears come upon him in thick flights, one might strike this place, therefore shield him there, Hagen, protect him.’ ‘Good,’ said the malicious one, ‘in order to be better able, sew me, royal lady, a mark upon this part of his garment that I may know exactly how I am to protect him.’ Unsuspectingly, in tender love for the lost husband, she embroiders with her own hand, in fine silk, a cross upon his garment—she herself works the bloody sign of death. The next day the campaign begins, and Hagen rides near Sigfrid to see if the wife, in her blind, boundless love, has placed the mark. Sigfrid really wears it, and now the expedition is no longer necessary. Hagen has secured what he wished from the hands of Kriemhild, even more than he expected. The followers are summoned to a great hunt instead of to war. Sigfrid once more sees his wife, she him—for the last time. Anxious forebodings, heavy dreams distress her soul, as at first, when blooming from childhood to maidenhood, she dreamt of the falcon and the eagles. Now she sees two mountains fall on Sigfrid and bury him beneath the crashing ruins. Sigfrid comforts her. ‘No one can bear him hatred; he has shown kindness to all; in a few days he will return.’ What she fears, who she fears, she does not know; Hagen, perhaps the only one she feared, she thinks won—but she parts with the words, ‘that thou wilt part from me, that gives me heartfelt pain.’

‘The chase is ended, and the heroes, Sigfrid especially, who has slain most deer, are wearied and thirsty with running in the summer heat. But there is no more wine, neither is the Rhine stream at hand from whence to obtain the longed-for cool refreshment. But Hagen knows a spring near by in the wood, and thither he advises them to go. They break up, and already the broad lindens amongst whose roots the cool spring rises, are in sight, when Hagen began, ‘No one, it has been said, can follow in running the swift Sigfrid, the husband of Kriemhild; let him now prove it.’ ‘Let us,’ replied Sigfrid, ‘run for a wager to the spring; I will retain my hunting dress and sword, my javelin and shield, whilst you shall take off your clothes.’ The race commences; Hagen and Gunther spring like wild panthers through the wood clover, but Sigfrid is at the spot long before them. He then quietly laid down sword, bow and quiver, leant the javelin on a linden branch, and placed the shield near the spring, waiting until the king should come that he may let him drink first. For his adherence to this venerable custom he pays with his death. He might easily have drunk before Gunther and Hagen came up, then he would have been again standing with the arms in his hand, and what now happens

would have been impossible. Gunther drinks, and after him Sigfrid stoops to the spring. Then Hagen springs, carrying aside in his hasty leap the weapons which were within reach, and retaining the javelin in his murderous hand, while Sigfrid swallows the last draught, he hurls the weapon, Sigfrid's own weapon, through the cross upon his back, so that the heart's blood of the glorious hero streams over the murderers' garments.'

But the tragedy does not so end. Some years later Kriemhild gives her hand to another king, chiefly in the hope of being some day avenged by his means for the king she has lost. Her new lord is induced to invite her relations to his court. King Gunther, and Hagen, as one of his vassals, make their appearance, with many beside. But all things seem to forebode catastrophe. Superstition is at work. Kriemhild would know why Hagen is of a party which was to consist of her relations; charges him with the murder of her husband; and to be avenged on him employs all her art and influence to stir up the Huns about the court against their Burgundian visitors, and thus becomes the occasion of a strife which ends in a scene of blood and ruin so terrible, that it is difficult to conceive of an element of suffering or horror which is not included in it. The hall of the feast is heaped, and its avenues choked up, with the dead. The building itself is fired, the suffering heroes slake their burning thirst by drinking the blood of their slaughtered foes. Dane and Goth join the Hun in the fray. At length the Burgundians are all slain, the three brothers of Kriemhild, Hagen, Kriemhild herself, and her youthful son, all receive their mortal stroke, and lie amidst friends and foes as part of the great havoc of death. So ends the Nibelungun lay!

The word Nibelungun denotes sons of the mist, or of darkness. These children of night, according to a myth which lies at the bottom of this story, were in possession of a vast treasure. Sigfrid, as we have learnt, had conquered an enormous dragon, and bathed himself in the monster's blood, and is henceforth known as the horned or mailed Sigfrid, becoming invulnerable, except at the point where Hagen thrust the spear. Thus provided, he attacked the dwarfs who had the keeping of the famed treasure of the Nibelungun, and with his good sword Balmung, made the treasure his own. But it is an acquisition doomed to be fatal to all that possess it. It passes from Sigfrid to Kriemhild; from her it is wrested by her brothers, and all come to their tragic end as the consequence. Hagen is the last man who knows where the fatal charm is deposited, and dies rejoicing that he can madden Kriemhild by taking that secret away with him.

Such is an imperfect outline of the Nibelungen lay—a poem

which seems to come forth upon us as a precious vestige from amidst the cloud and disorder of a departing world. Very remote—very shadowy is the region in which the figures of this story flit before us. The life and the races of which they were a part are gone, and their own mysterious place in the world's story is upon the confines which separate between the known and the unknown. Rich, indeed, are these pictures in the truly poetic blending of the ideal with the real, of the mythical with the historical. The action of this poem, it will be perceived, is busy and energetic; but it is observable that, amidst all this motion and excitement, no one thinks for a moment about the poet, every thought and emotion converges on the incidents and the characters. No attempt is made to paint over either the scenes or the actors. The descriptions are direct, brief, simple—the apparent function of the poet being, not as much to create, as to report in the most natural form the things on which his eyes rested, and to which his ears listened. He would almost seem as though laid under prohibition by some terrible deity, not to add to, or take from, the matters which came thus substantially before him. It will be seen, however, that these incidents and characters, though depicted thus promptly, almost as by a single stroke, present a striking variety. As in the Iliad, the story may have its hero, but, at best, he figures only as one hero among many. In some respects, and in some stages of the drama, he may stand forth as chief; but in other respects, and at other times, his place is subordinate. Hence the sympathy of the reader is made to diffuse itself largely through the whole. Even the deeds he disapproves spring from a mistaken homage to fidelity, to which he is himself compelled to do a kind of reverence. Brunhild is not so masculine a person as to possess no womanly claim upon our interest; nor is Kriemhild so feminine as to fail in lofty and self-sustained feeling, or in resoluteness of purpose. Hagen, himself, much as we condemn his treachery in relation to Sigfrid and Kriemhild, exhibits, as he passes on to his fate, a power of self-devotion which rises to sublimity. Nothing can exceed the energy with which hero after hero commits himself to the perils that thicken about him, each joyously choosing death rather than be numbered with the faithless. Everywhere, it is not the existence of a high moral element that is wanting, so much as the wiser culture and direction of a strong but untutored sense of right. Much as may be the harm that has come to this precious relic in the jostling of ages, enough of its substance and form remain to enable us to judge of that bygone life, otherwise hardly known to history, to which it pertains.

After the mention of some smaller lays, all more or less connected with the heroes of the Nibelungen, follows the tradition-cycle of the North Sea, which contains but one poem—the Lay of Gudrun. Next to the Nibelungen, it occupies the highest place in the German epic.

This poem contains the tradition of three generations: of *Hagen*, the king of Iceland, and his youthful history; and of the wooing of the Fusland King *Hettel*, for his daughter, *Hilde*; and, at length, of *Gudrun*, the daughter of *Hettel* and *Hilde*. In the narrative of *Hettel* wooing for *Hilde*, (as *Hagen*'s history may here be passed over,) we meet, first, with a description of the singing of the Stormarn king, *Horant*, as a celebrated tradition often mentioned and described by the northern tribes related to us, and also by ourselves. The messengers of King *Hettel*, *Horant*, and his men, *Frute* and *Wate*, have obtained admission to *Hagen*, king of Iceland, in order to win *Hilde*, the daughter so carefully guarded, for their relation, *Hettel*. The two heroes, *Frute* and *Wate*, have already won the confidence of the king, and the latter, at least jestingly, the good will also of the royal ladies. *Wate*, the giant, broad, bearded hero, establishes himself by the ladies, who, as he sits gravely there, with coloured scarfs bound round his head, covered with thick hair, ask him in jest which he preferred, to remain with beautiful ladies, or to fight in hard battles; and the mighty warrior, who rages like a wild boar in the battle, answers, without considering, that to him it seemed indeed good to sit with beautiful ladies, but yet much gentler still to fight with the army in fierce war; then the queens laugh aloud, and ask if this man has wife and children at home? In this manner some favour for the suit is already won. Then *Horant* raises his wondrously sweet song in the still evening, in the royal castle on the sea-shore; and the birds silence the echo of their evening lay before the lovely tones of the royal singer; and again in the early morning, at the rise of the sun, the wonderful melody sounds through the castle, so that the birds forget also their morning song. All the sleepers awaken, and the king, with his wife, steps out upon the battlements, and the royal maiden entreats her father, 'Dear father, bid him sing again.' And, for the third time, in the evening, the Danish king raises his voice, so that the bells never rang so clearly as his song; the labourers thought they did not work, and the sick thought they were not ill; the beasts of the forest left their food, the worm that crawls in the grass, and the fishes that swim in the waves, stayed in their restless course. The singer wins the maiden for him who had sent him; she steals away, goes with him to the ship, and becomes *Hettel*'s wife.

Their children are *Ortwin* and *Gudrun*. *Hartmut*, the son of a Norman king, woos the latter, but ancient hostility between the families prevents the suit from being successful. Then *Herwig*, King of Zealand, appears, and, by fighting, wins the love of the beautiful *Gudrun*. They are betrothed, and shortly afterwards, *Herwig* and

her father make a campaign into a distant land, and, during the absence of the protector, Hartmut, the rejected wooer, comes with his father, King Ludwig, before the castle, conquers it, and carries off Gudrun. Hettel and Herwig, with their heroes, the first amongst whom is Wate, set out after the robbers, and overtake them at *Wulpensande*, an island in the North Sea. Here, according to the existing testimonies, a bloody battle was fought, which was celebrated in lays throughout Germany. As, after the storm, avalanche on avalanche rolls down the mountain, so fly the spears from their hands; standing up to their arms in water, the heroes fought furiously, till the sea-tide was stained with blood, and waved in crimson brightness upon the distant strand, far as spear could be thrown. Evening approaches; in the sinking sun, Hettel, the father of Gudrun, is slain by the Norman king, the father of the robber; as the evening red dies away in the sky, Wate, furious at the death of the king, kindles anew an evening red upon the helmets of his enemies with his rapid sword-strokes; meanwhile, the darkness of night causes friend to fall on friend, and the battle ceases. During the night, however, the Normans flee with their prey; the king's daughter is threatened with instantaneous death in the waves if she raise one sound of lamentation or one cry for help. The remaining force is not sufficient to follow into the land of the enemy, and Wate is compelled to return forsaken to the castle which he had so often entered with loud cries of rejoicing victory. 'Where is my dear lord, and where are his friends?' demands Queen Hilde, as in terror she sees Wate enter silently, and with cloven shield. 'I will not deceive thee—they are all slain,' is the short answer of the stern hero; 'when the young generation is grown up in the land, then will come the time for vengeance upon Ludwig and Hartmut.'

'In tears and sadness Gudrun sees the coast of the Norman land and the castles on the sea-shore. The old king addresses her kindly: 'If, noble maiden, thou wilt love Hartmut, then all that thou seest is offered thee. At the side of Hartmut joy and royal honours await thee.' But Gudrun replies: 'I would rather choose death than Hartmut. If it had happened thus during my father's life, it might have been so; but now, I would rather lose my life than break my faith.' The words were deep and serious. The wild chief, in wrath at the maiden's reply, seizes her by the hair, and hurls her into the sea; Hartmut springs after her, and can only just catch her fair braided tresses, by which he draws her back to the ship. Had a modern poet invented this situation, he would certainly have done so in order to use the merit of this rescue to Hartmut's advantage; causing the delicate position of the maiden arising out of it to form a chain of other situations, out of which to bring the constant fidelity of Gudrun more glowingly forward. But here, in the epic, not even the slightest *intimation* of such things ensues; it strides rapidly on without tarrying—following only the decisive events, leaving the colouring to the mind of the reader or hearer. I need scarcely observe, that

the enjoyment of those who understand how to enjoy, is in this manner infinitely heightened. A romance of modern time is read out when it is read through; the true epic can, ~~no~~ more than fresh life itself, be read out and hastily used up in the service of idle entertainment. Gerlinde, the mother of Hartmut, at first receives Gudrun kindly; but as she also uses her persuasive powers upon the faithful one in vain, she soon passes on in her ‘wolfish’ nature to cruelty and ill-treatment.

‘She who should wear a crown must now perform the service of the lowest menial—heat the stove, and wash linen upon the sea-shore. But her heart remains patient and her soul true; patient and true through many a year of wrong and humiliation, ever repeated, ever heightened.

‘The time at length arrives, when an army can be equipped in Gudrun’s fatherland for her deliverance. After a long and dangerous voyage, the Frislandish heroes reach an island, from whose lofty trees they see the distant Norman castles shining up out of the sea. Gudrun, as she has been accustomed for years, goes daily to the sea-shore to wash linen; there an angel is sent to her in the form of a bird, to comfort her; and what comfort does she desire?—her deliverance from disgraceful servitude—from the shameful ill-treatment and strokes of bondage? ‘Does Hilde yet live, the mother of poor Gudrun? Does Ortwin still live, my brother, and Herwig, my betrothed, and Horant and Wate, my father’s faithful ones?’ And no word of her deliverance? Through the long day she converses with her companions of the dear ones at home. But angry scolding from the wicked Gerlinde awaits the comforted one on her return, because she has been the whole day washing; and the next morning, early in the year, before Easter, though a deep snow had fallen overnight, at break of day she must wade barefooted through the snow down to the wild shore to complete her task. On this very morning, Ortwin and Herwig, to gain intelligence, come in a barque near the place where the king’s daughter, trembling with cold, in her wet garments, washes linen by the tide streaming with ice, and in the stormy March winds, which throw her beautiful hair wildly round her neck and shoulders. The two warriors approach the maidens, who are already about to fly, and offer them the morning salutation, so long unheard; for with Frau Gerlinde ‘good morning and good evening’ are scarce. Gudrun they do not recognise in her disgraceful lowliness, dress, and servitude; they question respecting the people and land, hear that it is well-armed and strongly guarded; but that apprehension is entertained only of one enemy—the Frislanders, (Hegilingen.) During the long conversation, the maidens stand trembling in the bitter cold before the inquiring heroes, who compassionately offer their mantles to wrap them; but Gudrun replies, ‘God forbid that any one should see man’s clothes upon my body.’ Then her brother Ortwin asks if a maiden, Gudrun, had not once been carried off and brought hither; and Herwig repeatedly compares the features of the poor serving-

maid with those of the king's daughter, who was to be his bride; he also calls Ortwin by name. 'Oh,' says Gudrun, 'if Herwig and Ortwin still lived, they would long since have come to rescue us; I also am one of those carried away, but the poor Gudrun is long since dead.' Then the King of Zealand stretches out his hand: 'If thou art one of those who were robbed, thou must know the gold which I wear on my finger; and with this ring was Gudrun betrothed to love me.' Then the eyes of the maiden sparkle with bright joy; and however she might wish to conceal the disgrace of her servitude, is now overpowered. 'The gold I well recognise, for it was mine before; I also still wear this gold which Herwig once sent to me.' But brother and betrothed cannot believe otherwise than that she has become the wife of Hartmut, and express their horror that, in spite of it, she must perform so low a service. But when they learn why she endured this humiliation so many years, Herwig will instantly take her with him. And does it so happen, we shall ask? No, it does not so happen. The manners of the olden time were for that too firm, too strict, too noble—the manners of a time which we too gladly look upon as one of barbarism. 'That which is taken from men in the storms of war,' replies Ortwin, 'will I not secretly steal away? and rather than steal what I must win by strife of weapon, had I a hundred sisters, they might all die here.' The two princes return to their war-fleet, and preparations are made for storming the Norman castle. Gudrun, however, in proud, awakened independence, and in the joyous expectation of an honourable rescue by hero hands, throws the linen, instead of washing it, into the sea. She anticipates a wrathful reception, and shameful blows from the enraged Gerlinde; and in order to escape the evil treatment, now pretends she is willing to marry Hartmut—in the perfect confidence that, by the morrow's break, all will be quite otherwise at the castle than it now is in the evening. When Herwig and Ortwin return to the army, and announce the wrong which has been done to Gudrun through so many years, the heroes raise a loud cry of lamentation; but the old Wate tells them to serve the daughter of their king in another manner, and dye red the clothes which she has washed white. Now, in the night—the air is clear, the heavens far and wide, bright in the shining moonlight—the storm on the Norman castle shall be begun. The morning star is still high in the heavens; a companion of Gudrun looks through the window, and toward the sea; all the fields are illuminated with the bright lustre of steel helmets and glittering shields; and immediately the watchman also calls from the battlements—'Up, ye proud heroes, to arms! lords, to arms! Ye Norman heroes, up!—ye have slept too long.' The strife commences; bravely fighting, the Norman King Ludwig falls beneath the strokes of Herwig; the evil Gerlinde wishes that Gudrun should be killed, in revenge; and the drawn sword is already above her head, when Hartmut, who from below had known his furious mother's murderous design, nobly averts the crime. Hartmut is taken prisoner, and the wrathful Wate forces his way into the apartments of the ladies, to take

the merited revenge upon Gerlinde. As nobly as Hartmut had previously rescued Gudrun from death, she now denies the queen; but Wate knows how to find the right, and strikes off her head, together with that of a servant of Gudrun, who sought to win thanks from the cruel queen by becoming the tormentor of her own mistress; 'he knew,' said Wate, 'how to deal with women, therefore was he chamberlain.' Upon this follows the journey home, reconciliation, and threefold marriages: between Herwig and Gudrun, between the Norman King Hartmut and Hildburg, one of the companions of Gudrun, and between Ortwin and Ortrun, the daughter of Ludwig, the Norman king. The only one in the strange land who had felt compassion for Gudrun, and in her deep injury had stood comforting beside her.'

Among the productions of the art epic, at which we now arrive, those most celebrated are the legends of the Holy Gral, and Parcival, by Wolfram von Eschenbach, the greatest poet of that period, and one of the greatest among German poets generally. He had his place with those poets and minstrels who, at the close of the twelfth century, assembled at the court of the Landgrave von Thüringen; but little of his personal history has been transmitted to us, and even the year of his death remains unknown. Parcival, brought up by his mother in a lonely forest, is inspired, by the sudden appearance of three armed knights, with an uncontrollable desire to go forth into the world to Arthur's court, and as he disappears in the last deep forest shade, his mother falls to the ground never to rise. His first deed on arriving there is the rescue of the Princess Kouduiramur, whose castle is besieged by her suitors. He marries her, but is soon again driven forth by his restless disposition. In his wanderings, he reaches the castle of the Holy Gral, and there meets with wonderful and interesting adventures, which the poem describes with great beauty. All, however, bear reference to the mysterious legend of the Gral. This Gral was a vessel of precious stone possessed by Joseph of Arimathea; from it our Lord distributed his body to his disciples on the night of his betrayal; in it was caught the blood which flowed from his side for the redemption of the world. It was endowed with many miraculous powers, and preserved in a superb temple under the guardianship of a chosen race of kings. The guardian of the Gral could only be a man perfect in purity, humility, and fidelity. Parcival is heir to the guardianship, but from his haughty, defiant spirit, and his rebellion against God, is unable to take possession of it until the purification of his soul has been accomplished, after which he enters the Gral Castle with his wife and two sons, whose histories are also included in the poem. A few words respecting Wolfram's work may, perhaps, be quoted:—

'No lightly reaped enjoyment is offered us in Wolfram's *Parcival*; it must be read not once, but many times, in order to be throughout loved and admired, though numerous details interest at the first glance, partly through their tenderness, partly through their power and depth. At the first, or superficial reading, we are disturbed by a mass of material apparently too vast, the number of persons and events which Wolfram has introduced into those pieces designed to represent the brilliancy of worldly chivalry, the adventures of Gaweins, and the length of these passages, will at first appear almost wearisome. Upon a closer investigation of the plan and object of the poem, this earlier objection passes away. The aim of these passages was to set forth *perfectly*, the gay variety, the throng and confusion, of worldly life; the clear, conscious security of the heroes of this life, who see themselves hemmed in with difficulties, and entangled anew at every step, but who still, through victory over these impediments, preserve their address and ability, directed indeed to the most immediate objects, but with a firm gaze and clear decision.'

The ruling element of Wolfram's poetry is seen in the profound and earnest gravity with which he strove to stem the torrent of worldly desires and enjoyments then so prevalent in France and Italy, and also, though in a less degree, in Germany. The great contemporary poet of Wolfram, Gottfried von Strassburg, presents, in every respect, the most striking contrast to him to be found in the literature of the age :—

'To a child of the world, in so eminent a sense as was Gottfried, the severe, almost holy, gravity, the proud dignity of thought, and the sublimity of a heavenly aim, as we find them in Wolfram, must have been unseasonable, even unendurable. He swims in full current with, even before, the world, its guide to desire and enjoyment; whilst Wolfram, resisting the stream of the world's course, hurls "the strong, almost threatening, voice of an instructor—of a prophet, into the universal tumult."

His chief poem is *Tristan and Isolt*; a Celtic narrative marked, as are the majority of that cycle, by its recklessness as regards all custom and honour, faith and chastity, but handled with skill, grace, and beauty. Here—

'Divine and human laws, divine and human rights, are trampled upon with an ease and open shamelessness, which astonishes and often disgusts. A most disgraceful mockery of wedded faith is the subject of the poem *Tristan and Isolt*. Out of the rude mass of colours transmitted to him by the British or French poet, he has created a psychological painting, which in truth and depth transcends all ever composed in a similar manner. But what does he describe—what soul does he breathe into the subject? It is *earthly* love, the glow of love consuming man, and represented as the sole object of life. He himself says the aim of the poem is the *scope of love*.'

After the notice of some antique poems, as Lamprecht's Alexander the Great, Veldekin's Eneas, and others, follow sacred legends and narratives, also the tradition of the brute epic.

'The roots of this tradition lie in the harmless, natural simplicity of the oldest races—in the deep and affectionate feeling for nature experienced by a healthy, vigorous, natural people. As such a nature attaches itself with fervency, with impassioned sensibility to the appearances of natural objects—as it exults with summer, mourns with autumn, and with winter feels itself bound in chains of heavy imprisonment; as it lends to these natural appearances its own form, own human sensations; and as it has cultivated these personifications of natural elements into magnificent myths, clothed in forms, now of lovely kindness, now of fearful splendour, as in Sigfrid and Brunhild,—thus does it closely attach itself to the brute world with which it is more nearly connected. And, further, not only attaches, but opens itself to it, and draws it in to its own life, its own intercourse, as a constituent part of its being, given and necessary, not made, feigned, or invented. The source of the narratives of brutes in the brute tradition and the brute epic, is in the pure, harmless joy of the natural man in animals—in their slender form, their sparkling eye, their bravery and ferocity, their cunning and dexterity—it is the joy in that which he perceives in brutes, and learns from his intercourse with them.'

Concerning the Minne-song, which follows the fable and didactic poetry, we select an extract from the several pages devoted to it:—

'The old heroic song, which sings the deeds of a whole nation, and by the mouth of that whole nation, is followed, among every people, by a song which, instead of issuing from the heart of the whole, proceeds only from individuals,—a poetry celebrating no longer deeds, but sensations and feelings—which sings the grief and joy of one man, and of his own heart. This *lyric*, in the stricter sense, is, however, of a two-fold nature—either sensations and feelings common to all, shared by each, and which have moved, and still move, in a similar manner, the hearts of all, are sung, which is the *Volkslied*—the song of the people; or the exclusive experiences of *one*, which, as they have moved the heart in varied change, now also sound forth in divers forms and deeply stirring lays; they are the joyous notes of the happy and the glad, or they are the mournful melody of a sorrowing and solitary heart, which *seeks* after sympathy, and, through the pure form in which grief and gladness are portrayed in the lay, *wins* the sought-for sympathy. This is the *lyric of art*, which, like the epic in its various forms and grades, unfolds itself during the course of the thirteenth century among the Germans, with unusual richness, bearing the most lovely, delicate blossoms, of ever-varying love and fragrance: it is the *minne-poesie*, (the poetry of love,) the love-song of the glad

spring of our poet-life, which once re-echoed like the nightingale's trill in the fresh verdure of the May woods, from every grove, on every heath, in every castle, through every town of our fatherland, in graceful lays from thousands of joyous and longing hearts.'

The most remarkable of the Minne-singers was Walther von der Vogelweide, whose last songs were written about 1228. Scarcely less celebrated than his famed strophe in praise of woman, is one of his political songs, addressed to the Emperor Philip.

In the succeeding fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, we find German fidelity and Christian faith weak and trembling, and German poetry also, as resting mainly on those foundations.

'In the fifteenth century began the so called re-awakening of letters, i. e., the acquaintance with the originals in Greek and Roman literature, and of necessity, beside these, our poetry made the most wretched figure. Now, with the poetry of our fatherland all was passed, passed our national feeling—our national consciousness. Henceforth nothing was valued, nothing read or practised, save *Latin poetry*. Scholars were now, in the strictest sense, ashamed of their mother tongue, and were simple enough to term themselves barbarians, men who had known, had been, nothing—capable of nothing, until the light of the Greek and Roman poetry broke in upon them! The ancient glory of the German emperor, the ancient glory of the German empire, *were forgotten as though they never had existed*. Philological poetry took its place upon the throne, and, three centuries long, ruled the world with fine phrases.'

After touching upon the epic of the sixteenth century, Hans Sachs, Fischart, and others, the first grand period of German literature closes with the prose of Luther and the sixteenth century. The new period commences in 1624 with Martin Opitz. It is distinguished from the old by its striving to blend foreign poetic elements with the German, and as accomplishing its object in the height of the second classic period. From 1624 to 1720, was the interval in which German poetry suffered its greatest deterioration. It then fell under the *dominion* of foreign elements. This last period was followed by a second classic period, as Dr. Vilmar styles it, 'the blooming time of the New Period,' extending from 1750 to 1832:—

'Poetry now unfolds itself, not as in the Old Period, self-dependent, in the perfect tranquillity of a development of slumbering germs and buds, through a secure, firm, natural impulse, conscious of itself—but out of protracted error, deep confusion, and coarse irregularity, it becomes formed on the basis of criticism, through strife and conflict.'

Here follow some remarks upon the contest between Bodmer and Gottsched, which characterized the preparatory stages of

this period. Noticing, among others, Gellert, Weisse, and Klopstock, Dr. Vilmar proceeds to remark on the genius and works of Lessing, whom he thus contrasts with his predecessor, Klopstock :—

‘ Yonder is Klopstock, tranquil, gentle, retiring, confined within himself—here, Lessing, restless, acute, everywhere taking the most lively interest in the life of the world, going forth out of himself, and entering with conscious energy into the spirit of his time; there, a lyric strain of melting softness—here, prose, with the most sober intellect, and the clearest, coolest, thoughtfulness; there, a yielding to matter which becomes subordination—here, a warding off of the same, and authoritative demands upon it; there, the good-natured—let it be, let it pass—here, a keen, sword-like criticism, and a scepticism reaching the highest point; there, a fervent union with Christianity and childlike faith—here, indifference toward revealed religion, and a hostile position toward the church; there, almost all is German and Christian—here, almost all is antique and heathenish; there, the matter overflows the form—here, the most rigid measure and narrow form holds the matter within strictest bounds. Klopstock and Lessing are the great contrast from which grew our new classic period.’

Wieland, Gleim, Jacobi, Tiege, &c., are followed by Herder, whose universality of genius rendered service to the literature of his country rather by rousing consciousness and elevating mind and intellect, than by the actual creation of poetic works. His immediate successor was Goëthe, who realized and completed what Herder had prepared the way for and commenced. The mental excitement which Goëthe produced has not yet sufficiently subsided to admit of anything purely historic and conclusive being arrived at in regard to him. Of this Dr. Vilmar makes us well aware, yet the pages upon Goëthe's capabilities and performances are among the truest and ablest of the whole work, and bear the marks of far-reaching penetration, of sound judgment, and of careful and scholar-like reflection. A passage may be extracted from them :—

‘ Goëthe was the poet who united in himself all that which Herder had been able prospectively to recognise, but was not himself able to attain; he was the genius who, with the fullest, strongest, immediate poetic perception, without books, without model, was capable of passing on to poetry out of life itself; who possessed the ability to lay felicitous hold on poetic matter in life, and power and gentleness enough to form the real into the poetic; who sang, as in the old time, (whose oracle was Herder,) not merely upon and for paper, but upon and for the heart, with and for the mouth's living voice. All that was known, made, and artistic, which had possessed its sway in past times, and from which even Klopstock was not altogether free, passed suddenly away. It was an immediate surrender; it was *genius* become

reality,—after which the time had hoped and waited in the firm consciousness of its necessity. The supremacy also of matter over the poet now disappeared; a supremacy yielded to by the first poet-genius, Klopstock. This power, on which so many contemporaries should yet founder, crouched down, before the daring, onward, cheerfully victorious energy of the youthful poet who conquered without battle. . . . These qualities, the immediate truth and warmth of feeling, surrounded by clear, deep and spiritual peace; this free and rapid motion governed by the greatest inward tranquillity; this profound and perfect self-merging in the poetic object, in order occasionally to draw the same back into that self, and to mould it according to sure forms and measures; this soft and mouldable objectiveness, and this self-conscious energetic subjectiveness; this ability to conquer in being overcome, and this enjoyment and denial in one act—these are the properties bestowed by nature upon our Goëthe, and which constitute his inaccessible greatness and immortality. Through them he takes his place beside the greatest poets of all ages and nations—beside the Greeks, beside our greatest ancient singers, beside Shakspere, beside the national lyric—thus remaining but one step behind the *national epic*, the greatest poetic creation of the human mind, unattainable to one individual.

Kotzebue, Jean Paul, Hoffman, and others, here follow, and give place to the successors of Goëthe and Schiller, and to the romantic school, comprising the two Schlegels, Novalis, Tieck, Achim von Arnim, Clemens Brentano, Fouque, Hölderlin, Schulze, Chamisso, Uhland and Schwab, Kleist and Werner, and one or two beside. The romantic school was followed by the Fatherland poets, at the head of whom stands the aged Arndt, the last of these are Count August Platen, and Karl Zimmermann, whose Münchhausen is the only romance known to the present time as of any artistic worth.

We think we have now said enough, and extracted enough, to enable our readers to form their own judgment concerning Dr. Vilmar's publication. We know of no other book so fitted, on the whole, to instruct our countrymen on the interesting subject to which it relates, and we are happy to inform our readers that a translation of the work is nearly completed, and may be expected to appear early in the autumn.

ART. VII.—(1.) *Il Gesuito Moderno.* Per VINCENZO GIOBERTI. Losanna. 1847. 5 vols.
 (2.) *Das Innere der Gesellschaft Jesu.* Von H. BODE. 3 vols. 2nd edition. Leipsic. 1847.
 (3.) *Aus dem Kloster—Eine Spannung Menschlichen-lebens.* Von H. BODE. 2 vols. Leipsic. 1847.

THE Jesuits—much has been said and written of late concerning this order. The language of the majority of professed catholics respecting it, has come to be scarcely distinguishable from that of the most sturdy protestant. It is not our intention at present to attempt an analysis of the Jesuit system, or to touch more than briefly upon its history. But we have thought that a few home sketches from the proceedings of this body previous to the recent continental changes, which have brought so much disaster upon it, may not be uninteresting to a considerable class of our readers.

Before we proceed to this object, however, we deem it just to remark that, after all, the points of difference between the Jesuits and other religious orders, are not so many, nor so great, as is commonly supposed. ‘Every monastic institution,’ says Marotti, ‘is a state within a state, something foreign, if not actually hostile, to the interests of the community it nominally belongs to. Every one looks upon its advantages as of paramount importance to those of the outward world. Theirs is the cause of Heaven, before which all temporal considerations must give way. The advancement of St. Francis or St. Dominic is as much the object with their respective disciples, as the ascendancy of St. Ignatius with the inmates of the Gesù. These latter have marched to their goal with greater energy and consistency—nay, also with greater audacity and subtlety: consequently their success has been more rapid and uniform. The main difference between them and some of their rival communities, consists in their greater fitness for the times in which they sprang up. Every order had its own, and the Jesuits are the monks of modern life. The Benedictines were the monks of feudalism; the Franciscans the monks of democratic misrule; the Jesuits are the monks of unmitigated despotism. Much of the odium inseparable from the latter-named form of government, justly devolves upon the dark intriguers who are looked upon as its most active instrument and support. Had the Jesuits never been established, there would have been no lack of friars of other colours, to volunteer their co-operation to tyranny. But the company of Jesus arose with European absolutism, at the

close of the last struggles of feudalism and democracy, in the sixteenth century. They were adopted by it as something newer and fresher, and from the very partiality shown to them by the despotic ruler, arose the hatred and jealousy of all other fraternities, no less than the mistrust and execration of the suffering multitude.

' For the rest, every order of monks invariably developed Jesuitical tendencies. To rule by *fas* and *nefas*, was a common aim with them all. The Benedictines set no limits to their towering ambition. The day was, when two-thirds of the landed property in Europe had, through their encroachments, fallen into the hands of the church. Feudal and jurisdictional rights, and much of the splendour, with all the power, of royalty, were, by these votaries of poverty and humility, claimed as their own. And how did they use their advantages? Read the apology of the order, by Don Luigi Tosti, himself a monk of Montecassino.

' By the perpetration of their vows—it results from his own testimony—by the exclusion of all candidates of the middle and lower orders, by their wealth and luxury, the monks of St. Benedict most shamefully broke through the rules laid down by their benevolent institutor. They proved themselves the most unbrotherly community, the weakest and most improvident masters, the most inhuman and improvident politicians. Like the popes, and all other ecclesiastical potentates, they hastened their fall, even while striving to avert it by the ruin of all around them. Certainly, never was power more unlawfully, more hypocritically, more unaccountably, usurped, never was it more flagrantly abused.

' Nor were their services to the cause of literature of so great an importance, as to induce us to overlook their political misconduct; nor did their vices and crimes as monks in any manner aid their work as treasurers of learning. Had their vows been more strictly adhered to, had they carefully abstained from political broils and turmoils, had they employed in libraries only one-tenth of the wealth they lavished in the erection of fortresses, had they consecrated to writing only one-tenth of the time they wasted in their pitiful intrigues—their very poverty and humility would have secured the inviolability of their sacred retreats; books and parchments, had they been their only riches, would hardly have tempted the cupidity even of Hungarians and Saracens. Strange and melancholy to reflect on! Had the Benedictines only been true to St. Benedict, we should hardly have one of our classical losses to lament.

' The day of these cowled aristocrats was, however, soon over. Their pride, their depravity, their rivalries, and dissensions, and

the gradual enlightening of after-generations, stripped them of a lustre that never became them. Besides, they belonged to feudalism, and perished with it. St. Francis and St. Bonaventura drove them from their seat. On the first awakening of a free spirit in the Italian municipalities, the Franciscan cowl rose above the mitre and crosier. They were of the people, and triumphed with it. They meddled in its tumultuous assemblies, followed in its warlike expeditions, blessed its standards, shared its victories and reverses. They swarmed upon it like locusts, ate it out of house and home, coaxed or bullied it into penitence—that is, into lavish bounties to their cellars and larders. They defiled its churches with relics and idols, bewildered its understanding with dreams and legends, pampered its laziness with fasts and feasts, harassed its conscience with phantoms and terrors. Their influence was as wide and long-lived as the sway of the multitude itself. They were crushed with it: with it they sank into utter insignificance, on the decline of municipal freedom. They were too hopelessly identified with, perhaps too honestly attached to, the people, to desert it in its misery. They are still a part of it. The air of narrow lanes and alleys in crowded cities, or of the poor hamlets in barren mountain districts, is their vital element. They can breathe nowhere else.

'The Jesuits, on the contrary, came up in an age of refinement and corruption. With a feline instinct they shunned the contamination of vulgar contact; they loved to luxuriate in purple and ermine, even as the disciples of St. Francis delighted to wallow in squalor and dirt. The dainty Jesuit had a vocation for the couch. They felt nowhere at home, save in the palace of the great. A hold of the ruler's conscience, was worth all the popularity their cowled brethren might enjoy with the abject multitude. Hence the ease and rapidity of their promotion. They had only one mind and heart to subdue. Call the despot to account at the confessional, pour the unction of flattering words on the rankling wounds of his conscience. Ease him, reconcile him to his darling sin; smoothe the path to heaven before him. Bid him deliver his youthful heir to your teaching. Extend your watchful control over his courtiers and councillors. Invade, in fact, his council-chamber, and drive any one else from his attendance. You, his body-guard, his advisers, his guardian angels, his tutelar demons. What matters the suffrage of all the rest of mankind? The multitude is no longer in being. Follow the policy of the Roman tyrant. Secure the loftiest heads, and take no heed of the common herd?'

This witness is true. 'The Modern Jesuit,' it will be seen,

is a work in five volumes. But though lengthy, the countrymen of the author do not appear to have regarded it as tedious. It is true, Gioberti's celebrity, now common not only to Italy, but to Europe, is not to be attributed to this one publication. It is intimately connected with earlier works by the same writer, and some notice of those, and of the author's previous career, should precede our examination of this, his latest literary effort, directed towards the regeneration of his country.

Gioberti is a Piedmontese by birth, and a priest by profession. His talent, learning, vivacity, and his liberal opinions, together with the irreproachableness of his character, early secured for him a high place in the esteem of his countrymen. For although the freedom with which he avowed his political creed procured his banishment, no political offence was even attempted to be laid to his charge. From Turin he proceeded to Paris, and thence to Brussels, where, after spending many years in the capacity of public teacher, enjoying general esteem, the king of Sardinia condescended to invite him back to Piedmont, and even offered him a pension. But the exile preferred the public position which he owed to his own unassisted efforts, to the apparent honour, but real degradation, that would have been attendant on the act of accepting this royal patronage.

Gioberti's first work of note was '*Del primato morale e civile degli Italiani*' It was circulated in thousands of copies among his countrymen, and increased their esteem for the eloquent and enthusiastic author; a feeling which was still more heightened, as the honesty and disinterestedness of his character became more generally known. It is a treatise in which philosophy, history, theology, politics—all are placed under requisition. The regeneration of Italy is the object of the writer, and the sublimity of the Catholic religion, if divested of the meretricious additions by which it has been debased, is the theme which he handles with all the enthusiasm of a genuine conviction. Rome, according to him, is the centre from which all reform should emanate; the pope, as head of the catholic church, the natural and fit umpire in all questions between the governors and the governed. Such were the views, mixing the wise with the unwise, held by Gioberti in 1844. In 1845 he published in Brussels his '*Prolegomeni del primato morale e civile*' In this work, while estimating the influence of the existing order of things on civilization, he for the first time takes the field against the Jesuits. Still, as a good catholic, he evades the implied censure on their restorer, by trying to show that, although the order abrogated by Clement XIV. had again revived under the auspices of a revered

and estimable pontiff, it was not the Jesuits of the eighteenth century, with their riches, worldly policy, and trading spirit, their doctrinal strifes, dark machinations, and court intrigues, which Pius VII. intended to restore, but the devout, disinterested, self-renouncing, primitive disciples of Loyola, whose aid in behalf of the church the well-intentioned pontiff sought to obtain by the re-establishment of the order. Gioberti goes on to show how egregiously the pope had been deceived; that all the service which honest-hearted and devout Jesuits have rendered to the world, has been outweighed tenfold by the evil which others of the community have produced; that the constitution of the society admits not of reform; and that the reason why old and often reprehended faults are found continually to recur, is because the system is radically bad, and that, therefore, there is great truth in the often cited words of the Jesuit General Lorenzo Ricci, '*sunt ut sunt, aut non sunt.*' 'Ignatius Loyola,' says Gioberti (*Prolegomeni*, p. 106,) 'founded a cosmopolite society, designed to combat the errors and clashing misapprehensions of that age, with the weapons of religion, science, virtue, and self-sacrificing, disinterested exertions. But the afterwards degenerated, and now existing order, is an engine of worldly ambition, and lordly rule, to some of its members, and of burthensome enslavement to others.' Thus, after guarding his readers against supposing that he means to include *all* Jesuits under one sweeping censure, he goes on to warn them further against conceiving of the disciples of Loyola as of any other religious body, since they are much more a countless assemblage of minute worldly *clientela*, banded together under a ghostly superintendence, most artistically distributed through every grade of social life, and working out the directions of one supreme will, by means of a multitude of strictly subservient, though apparently wholly disconnected corporations. 'The Jesuits,' continues Gioberti, (p. 109,) 'would be infinitely less hurtful to the human family, were not so much wheat commingled with their tares; and did not the known connexion with the order of some men of irreproachable character, assist in veiling the faults of other members, and even serve, with the superficial, as ground for doubting that such evils as are alleged can exist.' The author winds up his animadversions by a few bold sketches, in which, however, facts supposed to be well known are rather alluded to than adduced—in proof of Jesuit interference in all the relations of life, their unwearied efforts to repress the progress of civilization—as the greatest contravener of their plans—their uncompromising hostility to all who do not yield them full submission; the diabolical perseverance with

which they sow family discord, and their unscrupulous employment of every means to obtain for their fraternity—under one name or another—the guidance of schools and colleges, in order by means of the rising generation, to spread, maintain, and deepen, their influence with the mass of the people.

This work was not left long in quiet possession of the field of controversy. Besides Frassineti, Peruzzi, and Montegrandi, two writers deserve special notice, as having taken upon them the task of combating, step by step, the arguments and assertions of '*Il Prolegomeni*'. The one is Francesco Pellico, a Jesuit of Rome, and brother of the well-known Silvio Pellico, whose touching history of his long Austrian imprisonment is familiar to most of our readers. Pellico's work, which bears the title '*A Vincenzo Gioberti, Francesco Pellico*', was published at Genoa, in 1845. The other champion of the assailed order was a Neapolitan Jesuit, named Curci, who entitles his book '*Fatti ed argomenti in risposta alle molte parole di Vincenzo Gioberti, Napoli, 1845*'. The great aim in both these publications is to detract from the credibility of Gioberti's statements, by alleging, that as he spoke respectfully of the Society of Jesus in his '*Primato*', his sudden attack on the order in the '*Prolegomeni*' can only be accounted for by regarding it as the result of a revengeful feeling, on account of his having been led to think that he had been defrauded by Jesuit interference of a hoped-for professorship in Sardinia. Pellico, indeed, does not descend to the scurrility and gross perversions of Gioberti's statement, with which the fiery Neapolitan has not scrupled to sully his pages. Both, however, agree in bringing forward the only feasible ground for even a partial rejection of their adversary's allegations—viz., that the isolated facts by which he attempted to expose the evil of Jesuit influence, were rather hinted at, than fairly and manfully stated; and that, consequently, it was no more than just to assume that he had spoken without personal knowledge or sufficient proof; and hence that any facts which might lie at the root of his inuendoes, were probably susceptible of an explanation favourable to the Jesuits. As was to be expected, however, the gall of both the Jesuit champions specially overflows against Clement XIV., whom they accuse of having procured his elevation to the papedom by unworthy means, and particularly with having pledged himself to the abrogation of the Jesuit order, as the price for which he obtained the suffrages of those powers who desired its downfall; as well as with having fulfilled the promise which ambition had extorted, not from conviction of the necessity of the measure, considered in its relation to the church, but purely

from political compulsion.* So much for the infallible wisdom and spotless sanctity which some extreme Catholics have supposed to be inherent in the successors of St. Peter! Both works, but particularly that of Curci, abound with sophistry, and evince a lamentable paucity of general science and information. No wonder, then, that Jesuit effort has been less directed towards the spreading of these defences, than to the suppression of Gioberti's accusations. But Gioberti was not slow in furnishing his assailants with materials for the employment of their ingenuity in the five tolerably thick volumes of '*Il Gesuito Moderno*'.

It would not be easy to produce a more dangerous adversary to the order than is presented in Gioberti. Enthusiastically attached to his church, and cherishing the deepest reverence for the supreme pontiff as its earthly head, opposition, or even indifference to religion, could not well be alleged against him. As little could ignorance be imputed to an author whose theological and historical writings had already procured him a distinguished place in the literary world; while the general esteem won for him by an unblemished character, raised him above every suspicion which might have been attempted to be cast on the purity of his motives or intentions. Hence, even in those Italian states where the police regulations against the introduction of suspected heretical works were most rigorously enforced, and the censorship most vigilantly exercised, Gioberti's books have found a free entrance and a wide circulation; while men of the highest character, and most devoted adherence to their church, (albeit no friends to Jesuitism,) have acknowledged his published sentiments as embodying the feelings and views of the better part of their nation. It is, doubtless, to be regretted that the author of '*Il Gesuito Moderno*', should so often have adopted an excursive and declamatory style, and thus drawn out his book to a length which must necessarily impede its usefulness, not only by increasing the expense of its purchase, but by lessening the interest in its perusal. By the judicious excision of much extraheous matter, often betraying the prejudice as much as the diffuseness of the writer, the work might be advantageously reduced to a much narrower compass.

The following short compendium may serve to give an idea of its nature and spirit. After having at sufficient length justified himself from the charge of having been stimulated to write

* A recently published and curious work, which assumes to throw undoubted evidence into the same scale, and assuredly, if trustworthy, shows up the so lauded sanctity and unity of the holy catholic church in a most edifying manner, may here be referred to. It bears the title, '*Clement XIV. et les Jesuites. Par Cretineau Joly.*' M. Joly is a Jesuit himself!

against the Jesuits by revenge, by proving that he never sought after a Sardinian professorship, (in doing which, he forbears, with characteristic delicacy, from bringing forward the well-known fact of his having declined the offered opportunity to return to Piedmont,) he proceeds, at page 198, vol. i., to disprove the fable so industriously circulated by the Jesuits, of the celebrated poet Leopardi, as having, when he felt his death approaching, sent for a Jesuit confessor, through whose ghostly counsels he was induced to confess and abjure his heretical opinions. To throw an air of credibility over this alleged conversion, the letter of a person named Scarpa was published, containing not only a circumstantial account of the poet's change of views, but a tissue of inventions respecting his previous life. *This exposure of Jesuit intrigue is at least free from everything like want of explicitness.*

How inimical modern Jesuits are to all popular enlightenment, and particularly to the measures which have distinguished the reign of Pius IX., is well illustrated by the following anecdote, (page 434, vol. i.) A preacher having expatiated on the high qualities of the present pontiff, from the pulpit of a chapel belonging to 'Sisters of the Sacred Heart,' (an order which is, in fact, but a female branch of the Society of Jesus,) and having summed up his discourse with a prayer that God would be pleased to remove all impediments out of the way of the pope's plans of reformation, the abbess deemed it necessary to correct the evil effect of the sermon, by impressing on the minds of the sisterhood, that it would better become them to pray that God would either convert the pope from the error of his way, or *deliver the church from his rule.* In farther proof of the hostility of the order to all progress, and even to charitable institutions, Gioberti cites an occurrence which took place in 1844.* A Jesuit named Sagrini, having ventured in that year to preach openly in Turin against charitable institutions generally, made use of expressions which clearly showed his attack was chiefly aimed at the very popular and extremely well-conducted 'Recovero Dei Mendici,' or beggars' asylum, of that city. Public indignation was roused, and the governor of the asylum applied for redress to the Jesuit provincial, Bresciani, who stated that he had himself felt much hurt by several expressions in the sermon, and that Sagrini, on the ensuing Sunday, should give such explanation of his views as would remove all ground of offence. But this did not take place: and the provincial, being again applied to, seemed to have obtained a new light—*alias*, new orders from his superior—on the subject, for he now

* The anecdote is given p. 260 of vol. ii., the proofs in the fifth volume.

expressed himself of opinion that Sagrini had nothing to retract; adding, that indiscriminate benevolent institutions might, no doubt, occasionally effect some good, but they were, on the whole, opposed to the genius of Christianity! It is needless to say that this insight into Jesuit morality was ill calculated to increase their favour with the Piedmontese. Nor have the Genoese forgotten to this day a sermon preached by a Jesuit in 1838, in which he anathematized infant schools, savings' banks, and other kindred institutions, because they had originated in Protestant countries, and obtained the advocacy and support of heretics! But the extent and virulence with which Jesuits carry on their opposition to humane establishments, and all who promote them, was, perhaps, never more strongly displayed than in the persecution which, at their instigation, was raised against Aporti, the venerable founder of infant schools in Italy. Whilst even the king of Sardinia distinguished Aporti by marks of approbation, the Jesuits, we are told, contrived to exclude all expressions of praise from the public journals, and by means of the censorship, to suppress, or to mutilate, every appeal, however justly expressed, which sought to enlist public sympathy in favour of his views. Nor is there any lack of evidence relative to the alleged success of Jesuit machinations in removing the liberal and benevolent, but anti-Jesuit Aporti from his office.

Gioberti reminds his readers, likewise, (vol. ii. p. 345,) of the dismissal of two other highly-respected individuals, Bessore and Giamaria Dettori, which he openly attributes to Jesuit intrigue. He next proceeds to fulfil his self-imposed task of unmasking the true nature of Jesuitism, by sketching the events which preceded and produced the abrogation of the order by Clement XIV. The examination of the motives of that pontifical act occupies the greater part of vol. iii.; and in direct opposition to Cretineau Joly, Gioberti represents Clement as guided by the truest desire to restore the catholic church to her former purity, and as reluctantly compelled to pronounce its doom by no other motive than the universal and concurrent complaints of almost all Christendom against the order, backed by irrefragable proofs of the abuses of which it had been guilty. And assuredly the array of calumnies with which the Jesuits assailed Clement XIV., and the numerous prophecies—chiefly emanating from nuns—of that pontiff's speedy death, taken in connexion with the very remarkable letters of Cardinal Bernis, detailing the rise and progress of the pope's last illness, with which Gioberti furnishes us, (vol. iii. pp. 130—141,) cast a fearfully dark shade of suspicion over the agency of those who, both before and since his death, have evinced themselves his bitterest enemies. Of the power and will

of these parties to effect his destruction, there is every reason to think Clement himself was so fully aware, as to render his setting his hand to the document which secured their legal annihilation a proof at once of the depth of his convictions, and of the moral greatness of his character; for it is hardly too much to say, that he knew that by so doing he signed his own death-warrant.*

That, in the face of such a body of evidence as history presents—evidence which modern research, far from invalidating, serves but to enlarge and enhance—the present Jesuit general should venture to publish his recent circular, asserting that Jesuits *never have*, and never can interfere in worldly politics or court intrigue—such things being inconsistent with the design and spirit of their order, whose sole aim is to promote the spiritual welfare of mankind—might well excite astonishment, were it not in exact conformity with the Jesuit policy of *mining* an enemy's lines, instead of *storming* them, and highly characteristic of a community whose maxims, as well as practice, have been marked from the beginning by “all deceivableness of unrighteousness.”

The light thrown by the author next in order on our list, Henry Bode, on “the Mysteries of Jesuitism,”—a theme, it will be owned, as tempting, and fully as dark, as any of the other *mysteries* of iniquity which it has pleased modern writers to draw from the obscurity in which, for the sake of society at large, they might advantageously have been left,—is of a different nature. The work—of which a second edition has this year appeared, under the title of ‘Das Innere der Gesellschaft Jesu,’ (The Interior of the Society of Jesus,) ‘or,’ a documentary exhibition of ‘the educational training and private life of the order, its mode of conducting its affairs, together with its actual management and operations in the present day,’—is chiefly designed for the statesman and politician. In style, accordingly, it is less popular, although the statements are scarcely less interesting, than those contained in the second work, written expressly for the general reader, and which bears the unpretending title of ‘Aus dem Kloster—Eine Spannes menschlichen-lebens,’ (a Word from the Cloister—a span of Human Life.) Both works are, as the author himself informs us, but a consistent following up of the course begun in an earlier one, called, ‘The German College at Rome; ‘in its rise, historical progress, operations, actual position, and ‘importance, together with documents confirmatory of the state-

* Had Clement been the unprincipled ambitionist his enemies represent him, he would scarcely have risked his life to fulfil a promise, the breach of which could not have endangered his office, far less his life. Had he been a *Jesuit*, he might have laughed from the security of St. Peter's chair at the demands of those who had helped to place him in it.

'ments. By a Catholic. Leipsic: 1843.' This book caused a great sensation, and attracted particular attention, as being the first that drew aside the veil from an institution, by means of which the Jesuit order, though itself legally excluded from most parts of Germany, disseminated its principles widely in that country, and contrived to sow those seeds of confessional hatred and domestic strife, which became so prominent, from the Rhine to the Oder, on the question of mixed marriages.* That the publication should have been placed in the list of prohibited works, is a sufficient indication of its value.

But the third and last publication by M. Bode would probably be most interesting to the English public, and we shall therefore proceed to give some account of its contents, together with a few extracts comprising remarkable revelations, though probably not exactly of the nature which some of our readers may anticipate. For it is a common, and certainly not unfounded assertion, that notwithstanding all that has been written about monkery, and especially about Jesuitism, the notions to be derived from the greater part of such publications embrace about as just ideas of the Jesuits of fact, and of the monks and nuns of our day, as 'The Robbers' of Schiller, the 'Rinaldo Rinaldini' of Vulpins, or the 'Corse de Leon' of Mr. James, do of bonâ fide, every day, earth-born brigands and men-slayers. Monasteries and nunneries do certainly remain 'mysteries,' notwithstanding the pains many have taken to enlighten the world concerning them. But who, we ask, has ever seen a Jesuit such as in his secret soul he has always painted him? It is true that credible travellers occasionally introduce somewhat similar personages into their journals, and the Rhenish provinces, the Galician mountains, the plains of Poland, and above all, the hapless Swiss Cantons, have given frequent opportunities of tracing their subtle influence, even where their persons might not be easy to detect. But when we do really stumble upon avowed Jesuits, they are generally men of such high-souled sanctity and self-renouncing disinterestedness, or of such polished manners, kindly urbanity, and unpretending learning, as to excite either deep admiration, or as deep execration, in the hearts of their heretic acquaintance, —according as these persons may chance to look on this fair outside as proof of unmerited and humbly-endured calumny, or as the ~~form~~ of a consummate hypocrisy. It must, moreover, be remembered, that but a very small proportion of this mysterious body wears the outward insignia, or bears the name of Jesuit, and that a vast number of its most effective troops are never

* Marriages between catholics and protestants.

ranged under its own, but under affiliated and subordinate banners. They thus form, in fact, a lay legion *de reserve*, often as efficient, always as obedient and zealous, as the regular forces which are ostensibly as well as really at the general's disposal. Hence there is little ground for wonder that Jesuitism has remained, notwithstanding all that has become known of its statutes and its acts, what its guiding members earnestly desire—a mystery: and as light is the most effectual agent in checking the works, as well as in dispelling the reign of darkness, we cannot but hail with satisfaction a publication like that before us, in which one competent to the task undertakes to show us the embryo Jesuit, as well as the full-grown Jesuit of fact, together with the subtle steps by which he is trained into the passive instrument of the dark powers above him.

Without any attempts at fine writing or romantic flights, but in a plain, flowing, narrative style, M. Bode relates what a year's residence with Jesuits has enabled him to observe of their institutions, statutes, habits, manners, and sentiments; thus placing distinctly before the reader what a Jesuit *is*, and how men are *trained* to become such; and the unadorned truth is, we venture to assert, calculated to fill the intelligent and justly disposed mind with a more shrinking abhorrence of the system than could be produced by the most declamatory apostrophes, or highly-coloured pictures of ecclesiastical infliction,—just as to hear of the merriment of slaves, or of their fawning adulation on their knout-armed oppressors, must give to such a mind a more painful impression of the debasing influence of serfdom than would be conveyed by the most revolting representations of tyrannous acts.

In accordance with Gioberti, M. Bode insists on the necessity of severing the now existing Society of Jesus from the first followers of Loyola, in order to avoid the common and, perhaps, natural error of investing modern Jesuits with the palliative virtues of their earlier predecessors, and thus giving them the benefit of the acknowledged services of those sincere fanatics, even while allowing they have inherited their faults. This precaution is undoubtedly the more necessary, as the order rests much of its present claim to freedom of tuition on its ancient meritorious guidance of this branch of social service,—a distinction which modern Jesuits are assuredly far from deserving. Passing by, therefore, all pictures of former times, whether drawn by a friendly or a hostile pencil, M. Bode proceeds to give a connected view of Jesuit life, from personal knowledge and actual experience, backed by faithfully-transcribed extracts from now existing and still enforced rules of the order. The book is addressed, rather than dedicated, to the celebrated Parisian

Jesuit, Monsieur de Ravignon, in a long introductory epistle, in which the author explains the motive which had induced him to seek an entrance into the society,—viz., the clearing up of the doubts, and the final termination of the mental conflict, which the applause of its friends and the abuse of its enemies had given rise to in his mind; fully determined, should a year's probation establish the high reputation for sanctity and virtue to which the order lays claim, to devote himself, with every energy of his soul, to its service. His address to Monsieur de Ravignon commences thus:—

‘Eighteen months have passed during which I have debated with myself on the propriety of publishing the following pages. What I have to say, and how I shall say it, cannot, sir, be any secret to you; and as I feel confident you will read what I may write without entertaining a doubt of my sincerity and honest intention, so likewise do I feel warranted to appeal fearlessly to you, that I have not been induced to write by any silly desire of popular applause.’ ‘I may, perhaps, be more justly accused of culpable inattention to my own interest, in so long keeping back my publication, and thus suffering the effervescence of public feeling towards your order to evaporate unimproved. But the die is cast,—write I must! This inevitability I felt in all its force on that day when I left Strasburg, and turned my steps towards Germany, instead of southward, in accordance with my travelling credentials.’ ‘I *must* write, even from regard for you, sir; for you are entitled to demand of me an account of my motives and acts while connected with your society: and I am prepared to give it. . . . When some considerable time ago your fame, sir, as an orator, induced me to enter the church of Notre Dame, in Paris, at the moment when you were engaged in preaching a fast-day sermon, which, moreover, was intended solely for a female audience, little did either of us anticipate that I should have occasion to remind you, so many years after, of a circumstance in itself so trivial. Yet the truth is, that *that* moment proved the hinging point of that portion of my future life which furnishes matter for the following pages. . . . The evening was far advanced. You spoke with all the bewitching eloquence by which your discourses are ever distinguished, and a peculiar circumstance led me to attach considerable importance to the warmth with which you expressed yourself. Think not, however, that my heart, like those of your female auditors, melted beneath the fire of your imagery! I am, it is true, deeply, perhaps too deeply, sensitive to impressions of a high and lofty kind. But your imagery, sir, was painted in colours so coarsely material, so exaggerated and earthly, as once, and once only, it was my lot to hear employed, by a student of your own college at Rome, whose fierce ascetism gave offence even to the most orthodox. Your hell, vomiting fire and brimstone,—your heaven, invested with that deep, mysterious blue which might suit a pagan elysium,—would most probably at another moment have excited my visibility. But

that day my thoughts were thrown into a very peculiar channel. I had just completed a thesis on the subject of the Society of Jesus, and the keen polemic into which this had led me still occupied my thoughts, long after the pen was laid aside. Many were the questions which passed and repassed in my brain; and as I, in accidentally passing Notre Dame, yielded to the sudden desire to hear you, and sat listening to your discourse, all these previous conflicting questions merged into one, viz., Whether a man of your superior mind could really and truly entertain such gross and carnal conceptions of the unseen world, or whether, as so many maintained concerning you, a subtle wolf lurked beneath your pious sheep's clothing? You perceive, sir, that I lay my thoughts open before you with all imaginable candour. But I must further own, that the controversial thesis on which I had been engaged, not only suggested doubts of my subject, but of myself; and the great, the overwhelmingly-important question agitated my mind—Whether truth lay with your unquestioning faith and passive obedience—as immovable, but as cold also as the ice of the north pole—or should be sought in that conscious freedom of thought, by which man is tossed hither and thither, as on an ever-moving sea. I determined to go to you, and the accidental encounter of an early acquaintance strengthened this resolve. How strangely mysterious are sometimes the events of this life! Just as I had left the church, and was about to turn into the Rue Saint-Antoine, I was astonished by meeting one whom I had formerly known as a merry-hearted, pleasure-loving student, in the garb of a monk! The youthful *pater* looked so grave and reverend, that I could scarcely repress a smile. I accompanied him home. He belonged to the order of the *Frères du Sacré Cœur*, and had been strangely drifted about in life, until at length he had laid hold on the missionary anchor, and now introduced himself to me in the character of priest and librarian. I was half inclined to regard this unexpected meeting as an omen. My reformed acquaintance hesitated not to pronounce it a special interposition of Providence that I should, in my then state of mind, meet with one who could bear such unequivocal testimony in favour of the Jesuit order, and thus aid in dispelling the doubts I entertained respecting it.'

M. Bode accordingly waits upon Monsieur de Ravignon, and the description he gives of this, in all outward seeming, sincere follower of the ascetic Loyola, is highly amusing; and an extract from their conversation, as recapitulated in this introductory epistle to the Jesuit, may serve to throw still stronger light on the spirit with which our author entered on his novitiate:—

'I went to you, and detailed my previous course of life, my doubts, and my scruples. You yourself were the author of the very work, 'De l'Existence et de l'Institut des Jesuites,' which had called forth my wavering between free philosophical inquiry and unconditional submission to church dogmas; and that because your statements in that treatise seemed to affix the seal of authenticity to my previous historical

researches.' ‘One must beware of following the natural tendency to free thinking when one wavers, and should, on the contrary, hold fast by the sterner rule,’ was your reply. To this I answered: ‘I seek to attain firm footing, just because I desire to cease to waver, and grope about in the darkness of uncertainty. Nor is the question of small moment, for on its decision hangs my relation to the Church of Rome, of which I regard your order as furnishing the most express type. Give me but an opportunity of becoming really acquainted with it in its living realization,—the mere letter of its constitution flits with bewildering indistinctness before my mind’s eye.’ ‘And what would you do, were you to find the order such as I have described it?’ was your next inquiry. ‘Devote myself to its service with all the zeal with which I once thought to combat it,—nor do I fear that I should disgrace your ranks,’ replied I, unhesitatingly. ‘Would you,’ said you in return, ‘would you, supposing you found all things in our society such as I have represented, be able to identify yourself fully with us? I ask not this with any wish to gain a proselyte, but solely from the desire to speak as openly with you as you do with me.’ ‘Sir,’ exclaimed I, ‘if the order be what its advocates assert, I must pronounce it the most sublime of earthly institutions, and could only hesitate as to my worthiness to become an item in the sum of such excellence!’ You seemed pleased with my reply, and the final result was my admission into one of your houses. The reason of my leaving it sooner than you expected, furnishes the motive for my recalling all these particulars to your remembrance. I have at least come to clear views respecting yourself and your order. For this accept my thanks.’

M. Bode farther intimates to M. de Ravignon, that one or two rather Jesuitical sentiments that dropped from him in some future interviews grated unpleasantly on his feeling, though, on the whole, he expresses himself with a certain degree of consideration and respect for the Parisian orator.

The two small octavo volumes, ‘Aus den Kloster,’ lay before the reader, as already stated, in the form of simple narrative, and with all the force of great apparent truthfulness, a distinct portraiture of the internal life of a Jesuit seminary. M. Bode’s account possesses one quality rarely found in works of a similar nature, viz., that almost all the names of the persons with which the author comes in contact are given at full length; thus affording additional security that the occurrences and conversations in which they play a part actually took place, and in the very manner related; a species of corroboration which has generally been withheld, on the plausible, if not always real ground, of a fear to endanger the safety of those still subject to Jesuit rule. The first chapter is headed, ‘St. Acheul, and its Probation.’ This and several succeeding chapters, to the extent of 144 pages, contain a spirited description of his reception at Saint Acheul;

his feelings when the important step from this busy, lightsome world into the silent solitude of cloistered seclusion was actually taken; the impression made on him by the appearance and demeanour of the superior, the lay brothers, fellow-novices, &c., &c.; the rules and observances imposed upon all within the walls of the seminary; and the irresistible influence which this new, most minutely punctilious attention to trivialities has on many, and its tendency and design to produce in all that soul-pervading, sluggish indifference, which so essentially facilitates man's debasement from a creature of decision and volition to one of mere habit, from which the descent is easy, to becoming a passive instrument of higher guidance, a mere insensate cog in the wheel of the great machine. The 'spiritual exercises' occupy the remainder of the first volume, and truly they are sufficiently important and curious to justify the amount of space devoted to them. Vol. ii. commences with the novitiate of our author, which extends to two chapters. Chap. iii. introduces a new provincial; chap. iv. details the daily life of a novice; chap. v. describes a new novice-master, and the penitential exercises; chap. vi., the recreations of the novices; chap. vii. relates conversations with different novices; chap. viii. gives an account of Brûgelette, a Jesuit college, to which the author was transferred; chap. ix. is devoted to sketches of the *scholare*, (or fellows,) and their pupils; chap. x. winds up the whole with an account of the effect produced on the inhabitants of Brûgelette by the reports (garbled as they were) which reached them of the debates in the French chambers respecting the order, and concludes with many singularly moderate and sensible remarks on the general character of the Jesuit society's operations.

But it is time that our author should be allowed to speak for himself. The following is his account of the interview between himself and Ravignon, previous to his entrance into the Jesuit seminary at Amiens:—

'I went,' says he, 'to pay my farewell visit to the Jesuit father. My patience was, I allow, exhausted: week after week, day after day, I had been kept dangling on, and each returning day confirmed the vexatious conviction, that I was not, after all my countless visits, advanced by a single step towards the goal of my wishes, viz., an opportunity of judging for myself as to the real character of the Society of Jesus. Hence I was led to conclude, that its leaders feared to submit it to the test, although I had candidly declared my aim to be *truth*, and *truth only*. It is, indeed, possible, thought I, that they purposely desire to put my patience to the proof. Be that as it may, I felt it was gone, and having made up my mind to leave Paris, set out to take leave of Father Ravignon. . . 'And when do you intend setting off?'

asked he, abruptly. ‘Immediately,’ replied I. ‘And whither?’ said he. ‘I shall first take a look at the world,’ said I; ‘probably visit London, and some other places, and then return home.’ The orator gazed thoughtfully for a few moments into the wood fire which burned cheerfully on the hearth before him. ‘May I trouble you with a letter,’ began he, after a short pause, ‘to a person in your native city?’ ‘No,’ replied I, in a decided tone; ‘for it is very unlikely I shall return thither within a reasonable time for your correspondence, if, indeed, I ever return at all.’ ‘Where, then, do you think of settling?’ asked he. Had I not been so thoroughly confidential with Ravignon, the question would have seemed impertinent. As it was, I repressed a momentary feeling of displeasure, and replied, ‘Most likely, ultimately, in some capital city of Germany.’ ‘And with what view, may I ask?’ persisted the Jesuit. ‘Sir,’ replied I, ‘my time, as you know, has been hitherto given to science. But I have already told you my earnest wish to devote all my powers to examine into the true nature of an institution unique in history, making you, at the same time, the fair and candid offer, that, if you would afford me this opportunity, I would, in event of finding your society such as you describe it, devote myself henceforth to its service, however and wherever I might. This is my ultimatum. You appear disinclined to the compact; which—pardon my freedom—I feel compelled to interpret into a distrust on your part, either of my sincerity, or of my finding the Jesuit order such as it desires to appear to the world. My proposal was suggested by an earnest wish to take another step in advance in my search after truth. The attempt has failed, and I bid you farewell.’ ‘Wait a moment,’ said the Jesuit, and after a short musing, left the apartment. I sat me down, with calm indifference, to abide his return. I need hardly say that the cell of a Jesuit priest was not likely to furnish me with many objects to occupy agreeably those moments of delay, which were sufficiently protracted to permit a repeated survey of all that surrounded me. A lofty and extensive chamber, lighted by one single window, formed the domicile of the man who, on his reception days, saw himself surrounded by twenty, thirty, and even more numerous visitors. Not even the extremest cold of winter prevented his anti-chamber from being the resort of strangers; for no friend of the order could think of leaving Paris without at least trying to get an interview, however short, with the celebrated advocate and fearless defender of the so fiercely attacked society. And this, then, was all which the so much worshipped man claimed for his own convenience! White-washed walls, a four-posted bed, concealed by long curtains, a couple of old settles, and a large writing-table, drawn close to the fire-place, near which stood a set of plain book-shelves, containing some twenty to thirty volumes of the writings of the earlier Jesuit fathers; such was the accommodation provided for him who, after Lacordaire, assuredly deserves the appellation of, the first of French Jesuits! And in this most unpretending of all the chambers in the stately convent of la Rue des Portes, we find this now revered ecclesiastic—who

once, too, occupied no small share of worldly consideration—robed in a coarse, threadbare, black garment, and bearing in every feature the impress of anchoritic mortification! For if ever strictest adherence to the most ascetic rules of the order was written on a human countenance, it is on Ravignon's; proving that with him, at least, private observance keeps pace with the public defence of their principles. . . . After an absence of some ten minutes, he re-entered the room. He had been to the superior; for he himself is, on account of the great demands which his popularity and pulpit services make on his time, relieved from all official responsibility. ‘Are you inclined to set out for Amiens to-day?’ demanded he, on entering. I hesitated. ‘It is now in your option,’ he continued. ‘A priest of our order departs at noon for that city, and you can accompany him, if you will; if not, then—’ I comprehended the full force of the implied alternative, and decided at once. Ravignon conducted me to the superior, and in one hour thereafter I was hurrying along, in company of a member of the dispersed Province of Spain, towards the bureau of la Messagerie.’

It is thus M. Bode describes the place assigned him as his future residence, and his feeling on entering it :—

‘Turning my back on the venerable towers of the Amiens minster, the cross of the celebrated Jesuit establishment of Saint Acheul met my eyes, immediately as I left the city gate. It was Sunday. A bright, cheerful March sun illuminated my path. The solemn morning chimes of that dome, so rich in a thousand memories, sounded in my ears, increasing the depth of devotional awe which had already taken possession of my soul; and, plunged in deepest meditation, I pursued my way in silence. Truly, I had sufficient cause for earnest thought! For, might not the short walk I was now taking from the cheerful houses of Amiens to Saint Acheul prove my last as a free agent, in a free, active, living world! Could I say *how* I should return, if ever?’ . . . (p. 48.) ‘A considerable depth of snow had fallen during the night, and a sharp frost suddenly checked the advance of spring. As my echoing tread resounded on the frozen ground, the questions recurred again and again to my mind, ‘What if the spring-tide of faith which you fancy to have now set in on your soul should, in like manner, give place to the freezing chill of disappointed expectation? Or may not the eternal monotony to which you are about to consign yourself, instead of effecting that heavenly elevation at which you aim, crush the now high throbbing heart with her skeleton embrace, or after having borne her victim aloft to a giddy height, suddenly relax her hold, and dash it to pieces by the fall? Verily, it was no trivial step which I was about to take!—and yet, one indispensable to my peace of mind. I sought to remove the covering from the veiled goddess, and knew not whether I might not be petrified by the gaze! How easily might I have rated my own powers—though not my honesty of purpose—too highly! My path led past the church, which stands without the convent walls. The door stood open; and a priest was celebrating high mass at the altar. I entered, resolved to

strengthen myself for bidding farewell to the world, or to nerve myself to turn back, while yet in my power. Once again I put the question to my own heart—Is my strength really equal to the task I have resolved on? For I was deeply in earnest, and shrunk from the very thought of trifling with sacred things. My guide stood gazing on me with astonishment. ‘I thought,’ said he, when the solemn service was concluded, ‘I thought, sir, you wished to visit Saint Acheul?’ His words recalled me to myself: ‘Be it so,’ murmured I, communing with my own thoughts; ‘the die is cast! End how it may, my intention is pure, and to aim at good is man’s highest vocation. Farewell, then, ye old familiar thoughts; farewell science and doubt! We meet no more, or we meet in another guise.’ With sudden resolution, I left the church, and advanced to the convent gate. My melancholy glance ran rapidly over the gay cloak which the guide had carried and now handed to me. ‘Shall I wait for you, sir?’ demanded he. ‘No,’ replied I. ‘Sir,’ he resumed, with some emphasis, ‘I have conducted many to this place,—very few from it. Heaven grant it may please you!’—and he turned on his homeward way. His words had nearly staggered my resolution. ‘But, no!’ cried I. ‘Courage, courage! And the convent bell reverberated with deep and solemn tone through the otherwise unbroken stillness which greeted me within the monastic enclosure. One farewell glance to all I was leaving, and I crossed the threshold. The door closed behind me with a hollow sound, and from the hall of entrance in which I now stood, the long ranges of conventional buildings seemed to gaze upon the intruder with looks of solemn warning. The turnkey did not, however, leave me much time for reflection. Silently handing over to the silent and white-headed servitor a letter, bearing the address, ‘Le Reverend Père Rubillon, Supérieur,’ he ushered me into the parlour, and proceeded to deliver the missive.’ (p. 53.) ‘The parlour in which I now found myself had one small grated window, placed high up in the wall, which opened on the street. On the opposite side was another and larger window, looking into the turnkey’s room. This functionary, who is usually likewise the tailor of the convent, belongs, together with his assistants, to the lay brotherhood of the order. It being Sunday, the working benches were unoccupied, and instead of the busy needle I could observe rosaries gliding through the fingers of such of the brethren as happened to be in the room. A couple of pictures of saints, a statue of the Virgin, a map of France, and another of Europe, together with some wooden chairs, comprised the furniture of that whitewashed room, all of which I might have copied into my tablets during the fifteen weary minutes which elapsed before the return of the porter. He came at last, and invited me to follow him to the presence of my future superior; I obeyed, and was led to the apartment of le reverend père Rubillon, novice master, and chef of the celebrated residence house, as he had formerly been of the college of Saint Acheul. Our way lay across an oblong inner court, thence through long corridors and lofty uninhabited halls, whose air of

desertion and gloom sent a shuddering thrill through my veins. One uninured by habit to the deep stillness of conventional buildings, and the iron immobility of aspect, not even broken by the occurrence of familiar articles of furniture, which might impart to this dread absence of all vitality a shadow of resemblance to other human habitations, must almost necessarily tread these halls with a feeling of spectral awe, and almost childish fear. For me, in whose ears the ceaseless hum of busy life still sounded,—whom a few hours of constant travelling alone severed from the restless whirl of Parisian bustle, the contrast, though different in its nature, was scarcely less appalling and impressive. With a throbbing heart I followed the grey-haired servitor, whose low soft tread was scarcely audible on the smooth flags of the floor, while my footsteps, on the contrary, sounded in my ears as if they diffused a desecrating worldliness through those silence-devoted halls, whose awakened echoes seemed to utter reproaches on my intrusion. The circumstance, trifling as it was, added to the confused perplexity of my mind. My guide wore heavy, nail-studded shoes, compared with which my light Parisian boots might have passed for dancing pumps. The difference must then lie in the tread. And indeed it has seemed to me in after times as if I could almost divine the character of a man, but most of all of a monk, by his mode of walking. . . . At length we ascended a broad flight of steps, and I stood before the chamber of the superior. A capsule of sheet iron was attached to the door, but instead of bearing the name of the occupant of the room, was inscribed with the words ‘*le reverend père supérieur*.’ I knocked with a trembling hand : a distinctly-pronounced ‘*entrez*,’ resounded in reply, and I opened the door. The superior advanced to meet me, and gave me the customary embrace. I beheld a man of middle stature and slender frame, while a pallid and deeply-furrowed countenance conveyed rather the impression of a subdued, almost cringing nature, than that elevation of character and tone of command which the title he bore seemed to imply. A mass of long fair hair floated in disorder from the back of his head, leaving exposed the whole upper part of the skull, from the broad brow up to the crown of the head, so that the beholder remained in doubt whether nature or the tonsure had caused the baldness. The large, heavy-lidded eye, whose colour varied between a lack-lustre blue, and a greenish grey, led, in conjunction with the colour of his hair, to the conclusion, that the superior was not a native Frenchman. Père Rubillon is in fact a Breton, and held at the time of my entrance, besides his office of novice master, that of superior of the residence of Saint Acheul.’

It is necessary to maintain an accurate distinction in naming the various establishments of the Society of Jesus, since their designation marks out their destination. First in rank are the houses of the professed. These are, properly speaking, the initiated of the order, to whom are committed its internal management and guidance, the higher pedagogal offices, and all such

posts as demand the most thorough trustworthiness and approved fidelity, combined with that acute penetration and quickness of apprehension, which are requisite to an intuitive perception of that *spirit* of the society which cannot be expressed in words. From this chosen band are selected those who are required for the guidance of the spiritual and political affairs of the order. A profess-house may not, on any account (according to the rule of the order,) possess any property; its inmates should live by alms, and limit themselves exclusively to spiritual employments. In how far this rule is adhered to, we shall notice hereafter; meantime it suffices to state, that the society possesses at present only three profess-houses—one at Rome, another at Palermo, and a third at Genoa. Ignatius Loyola designed all who professed—that is, all who took the full vows of his order—to adhere to this strictness of rule; yet even the three just-named establishments fail fully to comply with it, being each united with other institutions, viz., that of Rome with the German college in that city, and the other two with novicial seminaries.

The places of abode of such priests as have already taken the second vow, or are on the point of doing so, and are therefore regarded as accredited members of the order, are termed residences. A residence may, no less than a profess-house, connect itself with any other jesuit institution, and can, moreover, both possess and acquire property. The abode of such students of theology as are not yet incorporated with the society is denominated a seminary, while the name scholastic is given to that which serves as an asylum to members of the order devoted to scientific pursuits. With each of these last-named houses, (which are by no means to be confounded,) are generally combined pensionats, or boarding schools. The utmost possible severment of all intercourse, save with the inmates of profess-houses or residences, is strenuously recommended for novices, isolation being esteemed one of the most effective means to promote a taste for retired and contemplative habits, and the most conducive to that abjuration of family and social ties which monastic vows demand. Hence novice-houses are usually established in solitary and secluded regions, where neither sight nor sound of active life may interfere with the desired abstraction. The novice-house is the chief prop and nursery of the society, to which it justly looks for the maintenance of the already acquired, as well as for the enlargement of the circle of its power. The most distinguished men are therefore carefully selected as the heads of such houses, and their office is regarded as one of the most honourable, meritorious, and onerous, of the jesuit order. Furthermore, the society has two other less distinctive domiciliary designations—viz.,

houses and *missions*. The first being applied to the permanent dwelling of individual priests in a place, or to the *filial* of a residence which has not attained to sufficient importance in point of numbers to induce the formation of a regular establishment. By 'mission' again is meant the abiding place for the time being, of one or more members of the order, where the formation of an establishment is either doubtful, or at best of only temporary importance. The members of a mission, therefore, must not be confounded with missionaries in the common acceptation of the term. In the presence of Père Rubillon, accordingly, M. Bode stood before one of those chosen spirits to whose guidance is committed the embryo interests of jesuitism.

'His outward appearance,' says our author, 'would scarcely have led a stranger to such a conclusion. Supple, insinuating, and timid in manner, his weak, low tones of voice fell upon my ear with anything rather than agreeable effect, as he pronounced the words 'Hail, in the name of the Lord.' And yet I am willing to allow that the unfamiliar mode of address had its full share in producing a repulsive impression, for Pater Rubillon showed himself more cordial afterwards, though never without a superabundance of circumspection, which, as the result of education and habit, had become interwoven with his very nature.'

M. Bode then informs us of the manner in which he became acquainted, one by one, with the inmates of the establishment. The following passage shows that Jesuitism has its puerile superstitions in common with every other part of the system to which it belongs. Making mention of some miserable coloured engravings which were placed on the walls of the apartment, he took one of them, a little better than the rest, from its place, to examine it, in the presence of a young Russian noble named Gagarin, who had become a devotee to the order:—

'It was an etching of the Madonna, and underneath the words, "Oh France, remember thy triple deliveress!" This inscription puzzled me, and the more so as the copper-plate was of modern date. "Can you not guess what is meant?" asked Gagarin. And on my answering in the negative, he went on—"I had it explained to me not long since, and as well as I remember, the rescue of France by the Maid of Orleans is the first of the alluded-to interpositions. The second is likewise an historical occurrence, though I really forget, just at this moment, what it is; but the third, and most special protection, to which allusion is here made, is that which the holy Virgin bestowed on France within the last twenty years, by the institution of those medallions, known by the name of the wonder-working medallions of Paris." If the identification of the Maid of Orleans with the Virgin Mary excited my surprise, the last-cited instance of divine favour

completed my astonishment, which was not lessened by learning from Gagarin the following particulars respecting the origin of the miraculous medallions, of which, indeed, I had seen thousands in France, whether in gold, silver, or copper:—A lady, it seems, whose recovery had been pronounced hopeless by the faculty, but whose heart still clung ardently to the world from which she was about to be snatched, lay one day under the consuming influence of fever. Hereupon Saint Mary appeared to her in the very form and attitude in which she is represented on the medallion, robed with a flowing garment, standing on a globe, and treading the serpent under foot, the arms are stretched upward, the hands emitting a multitude of rays, while over her head is suspended a crown formed of celestial rays of light, and underneath the words, ‘Oh, Marie! conçue sans peché, priez pour nous, qui avons recours à vous. Refuge des pécheurs, priez pour nous.’ This vision having been thrice repeated, the sick lady consulted with her confessor, the curé of Notre Dames des Victoires, who advised her to have a medal immediately struck with the celestial device. His counsel being followed, the despaired-of patient recovered, and the miraculous powers of the medallion were displayed at all ends and corners, but most of all in the said church of Notre Dames des Victoires, and that not by the mere cure of bodily disease, but chiefly by the conversion of obdurate sinners and heretics. Gagarin probably regarded the smile which I could not suppress, as savouring of infidelity, for he overwhelmed me with a host of authentic anecdotes in proof of the medallions’ miraculous powers. But the bell tolled, and Gagarin hastened to withdraw while it was yet sounding; nor did he ever, indeed, delay one minute to obey the official summons.’

Nor does the following passage give us any great idea of the scientific sagacity of this once powerful order:—

‘ During one of my conversations with the pater ministre, he put some questions to me respecting the scholastic philosophy, and as I, treating the subject historically, began to compare it with the dogmas of modern philosophy, he cut me short with the question, ‘ Can there exist more than one truth? Either the ancients erred, and then our holy infallible church is false, or the moderns are in error.’ This decisive declaration shut my mouth, and I turned to speak of the spiritual exercises. ‘ The Exercitia Spiritualia,’ said he, ‘ will be of essential service to you, and quite change your views.’ ‘ I hope somewhat from them,’ replied I. ‘ Their effect is wonderful,’ resumed the pater, ‘ although diverse in different minds. To some they impart a wondrous sweet consolation, a beatific calm, and prove, as it were, a heavenly manna to the soul. Others are quite cast down, and overwhelmed by them. Nay, I have known some who could not endure to the end of the course, and have even seen some individuals thrown into such a state of frenzied excitement, as to attempt throwing themselves out of window. I know not whether to attribute this to the effect of unbroken serious meditation in complete solitude, or to the

force of deep reflection on a bye-past, sin-stained life, though where both are conjoined, the result can scarcely be wondered at. To our society,' continued the pater, 'the spiritual exercises are of special importance, even apart from their necessary use in exciting that frame of mind which all our members should possess—I mean the characteristic spirit of its founder; for they serve, in good measure, as a touchstone of the fitness of any candidate for admission into the Society of Jesus. Hence we have, in modern times, when it behoves us to be peculiarly circumspect, abrogated the rule by which, formerly, the Exercitia Spiritualia were postponed until the first year of the novitiate, (and repeated thenceforth annually,) and established the regulation that the spiritual exercises must be gone through previous to entrance on the novitiate, in order by this means to obtain an insight into the character of the candidate for admission. This has spared us many a useless novitiatory trial, for the spiritual exercises are an admirable test of a man's vocation for a life of self-renunciation, meditation, and obedience.'—P. 129.

M. Bode proved to be one of that class of neophytes on whom the famous exercises produced no good impression. He has described their effect in his own case, with much vividness and apparent candour. It is thus he concludes this portion of his narrative :—

' It would only weary my readers, were I to detail the successive contemplations, and my sensations under them. It will suffice to state that, in addition to the two grand theses already mentioned, the first week was employed in meditating on the general sinfulness of mankind, as introductory to an examination of personal transgressions; to which succeeds all conceivable expedients for heightening the feelings of remorse. Thus the congenial contemplation of hell as the wages of sin, is directed by Loyola himself to be set before thus. One is to ponder it in its breadth, length, and depth: picture to oneself the ever-devouring flames, enclosing thousands of lost souls, enduring all imaginable martyrdoms from the ingenuity of countless devils. One is to fancy their shrieks of agony, their howlings of anguish, gnashing of teeth, and desperate curses against God and Christ, in order that one may shrink back with redoubled horror from sin and its results. Such are the means of reformation offered by the Spiritual Exercises! The contemplations of the first week being ended, the pater ministre gave notice to prepare for confession. This preparation is made during the intervals of the contemplations, and that, in conformity with a model drawn up by Loyola himself, to facilitate the work of self-examination. A sheet of paper is divided by perpendicular lines into seven divisions, (one for every day in the week,) to which is added a specification by name of all the sins of which the confessional takes note, adding thereto the gravest ecclesiastical offences, and within these divisions the penitent has to note down, day by day, all the sins of omission or commission of which he is conscious, under

their respective heads; a daily and weekly summing up of these items, gives, by the greater or less diminishment of offences, opportunity for self-complacency or self-reproach. Such are the improving contemplations of the Society of Jesus.'

The contemplations being at length completed, were followed by the general and special confession, the one conveying to the confessor a full knowledge of his penitent's previous life, the latter the effect which the *Exercitia Spiritualia* have produced. Our author did not, it appears, conceal that this had not been such as he himself desired. Nevertheless his superiors expressed themselves satisfied, and, consequently, willing that he should proceed to the novitiate. Gagarin encouraged this to the utmost, stirring him up to more zealous and persevering prayers to the Virgin. 'Only pray enough to the Holy Virgin,' said he, 'and she will impart to you all needful illumination.' Still he hesitated. The object for which he had come to Saint Acheul was not attained; he had, indeed, seen much, but had not yet fathomed the Society of Jesus. Should he now depart? Should he make trial of the novitiate? The choice was difficult: it ended in his remaining. The superior embraced him, and Gagarin, on learning his determination, pressed his hand warmly, and said, 'I knew the miraculous medallion would help you!'

The second volume presents an instructive picture of the life of a novice, and perhaps no one passage portrays more strikingly its native tendencies, than the following summary which M. Bode gives (at p. 157 of his second volume,) as the confession which a wretched consciousness extorted from a fellow novice:—

'Yes! to pray, that is, to let the beads of the rosary glide through the fingers, to move the lips with unfelt words—such is the task of the novitiate! The mind, the spirit of man, must be broken up by the ploughshare of formal prayer, so that nought but a lifeless inert mass remains, which may be moulded and fashioned by another's will. Then is one a fit member of the order! One must become a living corpse. Did not Loyola himself say so in so many plain words? When two years of such prayers has extinguished the last spark of the human spirit, then, in the lifeless though still breathing corpse, is implanted, as in fructifying manure, another spirit, the spirit of selfish egotism and stony-hearted misanthropy, and the foreign scion is fostered and nourished in the hotbed of scholastic theology, until it strikes firm root, and gradually exhausts whatever may yet remain of human feelings. Then is the Jesuit complete, and then, too, is exemplified how misuse can turn good into evil, how even soul-elevating prayer may be converted into a deadly weapon against the spiritual life of the soul! Know you, then, wherefore the novice is debarred from all occupation of a serious nature? Why his seventeen waking hours are frittered away in valueless puerilities? Know you why the rules de-

scend into such minute trivialities, and force such ceaseless attention to small formalities? Why else but because one single ray of exciting light, one single hour of real employment, whether mental or bodily, would suffice to burst the bands of the novitiate, and disperse the novices towards the four winds of heaven. But the gates remain pitilessly closed! The windows afford no glimpse beyond the eternal gloom of the inner court! The superior examines all our letters: no visitor is admitted but in the presence of a convent spy, and even such books as are honored with ecclesiastical approval, lie safe under lock and key. Our mental food is limited to the few monotonous volumes which are placed in every cell; and worse than all, ere we come to this conviction of our misery, we have lost all courage to act upon it! I myself must continue to brood on, till the death-bell tolls my release, for I am incapable,—yes, I feel and own it,—I am incapable of exerting the energy necessary to avow my want of strength to maintain myself in the self-chosen course! You know it is only during the first year of his novitiate that it is lawful for a novice to withdraw. That opportunity lost, he has neither power nor courage to alter his destiny.' 'Long,' says M. Bode, 'long did I ponder the words of the unhappy novice. Shudderingly did I contemplate the possibility of my own mind sinking into this lethargic apathy, in which even a sense of misery could not arouse to throw off the fetters imposed by custom, habit, prejudice, and the fear of the world's laugh.'

Meanwhile the enlarged acquaintance with the internal life of Jesuitism increased rather than diminished the scruples of the novice, and despite the argument of Gagarin, the advice of the superior, and the conflict which an appearance of inconsistency and unsteadiness called forth in him, M. Bode left Saint Acheul, and after some time spent in a regular college of the order, that of Bruglette, (not far from Mons,) and of which he gives a very interesting account, he finally withdrew altogether from the society. In justification as well as explanation of this decision the present work is given to the world. No intelligent reader, however he may differ from the author in his theological views, will hesitate, we think, to give him credit for integrity of purpose; while the moderation of his statements, the studious avoidance of all caricature or exaggeration in his portraiture of conventional habits and Jesuit principles, entitle him to much commendation. Enough, however, is before us in these publications to show that Jesuitism is the sworn foe of all freedom. It may befriend humanity, after a sort, while humanity shall remain content to be its slave; but it is prepared to crush our poor nature without mercy whenever it shall aim to raise itself above that abject condition. Such it has ever been, and such, beyond doubt, it will remain.

ART. VIII.—*Essays and Tales, by John Sterling; collected and edited, with a Memoir of his Life.* By JULIUS CHARLES HARE, Rector of Herstmonceux. 2 vols. 8vo. Parker: London, 1848.

THE life of John Sterling must not be pronounced a failure. The accomplished in his history, indeed, is small, compared with what he might have achieved under more auspicious circumstances. But in him there was an ill match, from the beginning, between the superior and inferior nature. The body soon gave signs of being unable to obey the demands made upon it by the higher power to which it owed subjection. This fact was not favourable to anything like severe discipline in early life, and prevented his assigning that larger space to the obscure processes of self-culture and acquisition which would have brought his faculties into most advantageous action. But his was a highly-gifted and a noble nature, though hard to restrain from a too early authorship, and liable to a somewhat unsteady course, from the want of a better ‘grounding’ in many things at the outset. Twenty years since, there was a clique of talented young men about London, just entering public life, from whose lips we often heard the name of Sterling,—men who appreciated his genius, and were confident in their predictions that he was a man to ‘do something.’ And now his race is run, and these two volumes of fragments are all that we possess! How common a piece of history is this! In life, how often are we reminded, that the morning must not be taken as prophet to the evening. Here, as elsewhere, nature puts forth her blossoms in much greater abundance than her fruits. The fragments in these volumes, however, are of no ordinary character; and before we call the reader’s attention to them, it may be proper to make him a little better acquainted with their author.

John Sterling was born at Kames Castle, in the Isle of Bute, in July, 1806. In 1810, his parents removed to Llanblithian, in Glamorganshire, where they remained until 1814. In 1815, they settled in London. Thus his earliest recollections connected him with some of the wildest and most beautiful appearances of nature; and these memories of the distant and the past became to him as an almost sacred treasure-house, from which his genius, in later life, drew large supplies of embellishment. Indications of the pulmonary disease, which so much impeded, and at length terminated his course, were observable even from his childhood. He was a pupil at two private schools, before being admitted to Christ’s Hospital; and in his nineteenth year, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. In his boyhood, the loss

of an elder brother had deeply affected him, and awakened considerable religious feeling. It was at Cambridge that he became known to Mr. Hare, the editor of these fragments, and the author of the interesting memoir which precedes them.

'Here,' says the biographer, 'I was soon attracted by the marks of his genial intellect and spirit. A good scholar, indeed, in the common sense of that phrase, he never was: few Englishmen become so, without going through a regular course of scholastic instruction. But he was something better, inasmuch as he soon showed that he could relish and delight in the beauty of Greek poetry, and the practical and speculative wisdom of Greek history and philosophy. Thus began an acquaintance which subsequently ripened into one of the most precious friendships vouchsafed to me during my life.'—p. 9.

But Cambridge disappointed Sterling; and the causes of this disappointment, as stated by Mr. Hare, deserve attention, as bearing on the utility of the system which has grown up with our older universities, and which is still to so large an extent obstinately retained:—

'In the regular course of the studies at the university, Sterling did not take much part. Of the genial young men who go to Cambridge, many do not. This is greatly to be regretted. For even where the alternative is not blank idleness, or intellectual self-indulgence and dissipation, it is a misfortune for a young man to lose the disciplinary influence of a prescribed system, and the direction and encouragement of intelligent guides. It is perilous to set sail on such a sea as that of knowledge, with so many sirens to lure us astray, and so many whirlpools to swallow us up, and yet to have no compass or pilot. The blame, however, in such cases, does not rest wholly with the pupils. One of the mischievous consequences from the prevalence of that hollow fallacy, that emulation is the chief spring and spur of intellectual activity, has been to narrow the range of studies to such as afford the greatest facilities for instituting a comparison among the numerous competitors; that is, to such as present definite, tangible results, measurable grain by grain. Where a positive scale is adopted, this is not requisite: but where each candidate is to have his relative place assigned to him, the subject-matter of the competition must be determinate, and of such a kind that the proficiency of each in it may be ascertainable with exactitude. It is true, this is quite impossible: lesser merits will often be estimated above higher ones, and much will ever depend upon chance; but hence it has come to pass that almost the only study specially fostered by the university, and rewarded by its honours, except the various branches of mathematical science, is classical philology, of a somewhat meagre kind, hardly rising beyond grammatical criticism, and the minute details of archeology. But if a certain class of studies is specially encouraged, those which are left without this encouragement are in a manner discouraged. The contrast of the

sunshine deepens the shade. When a race is going on, they who do not join in it are mostly mere bystanders, with no higher object than amusement. At all events, they cannot partake in the benefit of being swayed and borne along by a common impulse; they lose the stimulus, so powerful with the young, of sympathy in a common pursuit: and if they follow any peculiar studies by themselves, they are thereby set in a kind of opposition to authority and established institutions, are led to look upon them with dislike, if not with disdain, and to feel an overweening confidence in their own wisdom. It is often made a matter of complaint, that men of the world, men who act a prominent part in public life, feel little affection for their university. For this there are various grounds; some of them connected with the ordinary temper of the years spent there, which is seldom reverential: but one cause assuredly is, that the university, in many cases, has done next to nothing for them. Under a conviction of this sort, Sterling, when he left Cambridge, wrote of it in the '*Athenæum*' as miserably failing in fulfilling its office, and took a warm interest in the new London University, in which he hoped that what seemed to him the capital defects of our older universities might be remedied. This may be censured by some as presumptuous; but it arose from the feeling that the university had not supplied him with the discipline and teaching which he needed.'—pp. 10—13.

Sterling left Cambridge, accordingly, in 1827, and without taking his degree. In 1828, the '*Athenæum*' was started, and Sterling appears to have contributed more than any other man to give to that journal the high place which it at once attained. Mr. Maurice, his friend, and subsequently his relative, was the editor; and of the great benefit which he derived from the kindred spirit of that gentleman, he has made a most grateful record. Of the sixteen papers included in the first of these two volumes, ten were published in the *Athenæum*, at that time, besides the *Travels of Theodore Elbert*, which extend to nearly a hundred pages in the second volume, and some half-dozen tales. By the way, we exceedingly regret that Mr. Hare, who, upon the whole, has discharged his function as editor with so much judgment and good taste, should have fallen into the unpardonable blunder of arranging these papers in so *unchronological* a manner. In the course of the first volume, we leap from 1828 to 1842; and in the second volume, we have to make our way back again to the beginning of that interval. The rhyme or reason of this we cannot discover. In reading the papers of an author, as in reading his life, we wish to begin at the beginning, and to go on from the middle to the end. We have met with some other instances of this sort, where the error has surprised and annoyed us not a little. But to return: the following is Mr. Hare's judgment concerning these early productions of his friend:—

'These writings show powers of imagination and reflection very remarkable in a young man of two-and-twenty. Perhaps the most striking and precious quality in them, is the deep sympathy with the errors and faults, and even with the sins of mankind, a sympathy which, in different modes, characterises the works of his two great friends, Mr. Maurice and Mr. Carlyle, more than almost any writers I know of, and which was a main cause of his warm admiration for the latter. This sympathy was awakened by very different contemplations, and proceeded from very different grounds from those which lead our great poet to lament, 'What man has made of man,' but it concurred with him in that lamentation. It arose from the deep consciousness of partaking in the same sinful nature: but, while it acknowledged the power of circumstances in making men what they are, it did not therefore exonerate the will from its moral responsibility, nor would it have left men to continue what they are. It yearned with passionate intensity, not merely to improve their circumstances, but also to speak to and emancipate their will, by calling out the conscience from its state of stagnation, or of maimed, crushed inertness. Had Sterling's health allowed him to lead an active life, to this work he would have devoted it. This was what he always set before him, when he was most himself. When he was fain to content himself with lower aims, it arose in a great measure from the debility and comparative languor occasioned by the encroachments of disease.'—pp. 34, 35.

While thus employed, Sterling became known to Coleridge, and was greatly influenced in the future complexion of his thinking and taste by that event. His worship, indeed, was extended almost equally to Coleridge and Wordsworth. These authors, with a good lift from Niebuhr to boot, gave him his first effectual help in getting out of the slough of Benthamism. The wonder is, that such a nature should ever have found its way into the said slough, even for a season. That the man who, if our memory does not deceive us, was his frequent antagonist in youthful debate, Mr. Roebuck, should live and die in that marsh of conceit and ill-temper, is not so difficult to understand. Touching power in debate, the skill of Sterling in this respect appears to have been extraordinary— .

'In the debating society at Cambridge,' says Mr. Hare, 'Sterling was one of the most prominent members. I have been told by several of the most intelligent among his contemporaries, that, of all the speakers they ever heard, he had the greatest gift of natural eloquence. On this I never had adequate means for forming a judgment; but his conversational powers were certainly among the most brilliant I have witnessed. In carrying on an argument I have known no one comparable with him. In addition to the secondary merits of a rich command of language and illustration, he used to show a mastering of the subject matter, proceeding from the singular clearness of his understanding and readiness

of his knowledge, which, even when his adversaries had chosen ground where they fancied themselves at home, took them by surprise and confounded them. He seemed like a skilful chess-player, who knew by anticipation how his opponent was going to move, nay, foresaw a long series of moves, and, like Socrates, would push him on, move after move, till he suddenly found himself checkmated. At times, too, he would maintain a contest of this sort against half a dozen antagonists at once, holding the reins of four or six in hand without letting them get entangled, answering all in turn, and having a sufficient answer for each.'—p. 31.

There is some affinity between this readiness in debate, and the skill with which Mr. Sterling acquitted himself in the walks of periodical criticism. But such criticism, somewhat addicted to it as we are ourselves, we must venture to say is considerably hazardous both to the literary and moral taste of the young man who happens to find his chief occupation in it. The demand incessantly made, that such writers should aim at the showy and the brilliant—the style so much coveted by our literary dram-drinkers; the certainty that the man who does many things, and all in much haste, will do nothing well; the temptation to sacrifice truth to partizanship; the inducement to look large, and to become disputatious and dogmatic; and the covert offered to all indulgences of this sort by the anonymous character of such writing—all these, it must be confessed, are circumstances fraught with danger to the author and to the man. Hence the men who engage in such service are generally of two classes—those who find in it the most accessible means of subsistence; and those who, much as they might prefer some calmer and more deliberate employment of their faculties, give themselves to labour in this form, in the hope of doing service to great interests that might otherwise suffer injury. Most literary men, indeed, have their moments when they are disposed to throw their thoughts, and the results of their reading, into the space and shape suitable to periodical literature; but we can hardly conceive of a man of real capacity giving himself wholly to such authorship from choice. Nevertheless, poverty—the scholar's bride—may wed him to it, or a mental restlessness which unsuits a man for giving a very continuous attention to any one subject, or some higher motive, may prompt him to be thus self-denying. Sterling appears soon to have become aware of the unhealthy influence of this kind of labour on his own immature knowledge and imperfect mental discipline. It is thus he expresses himself on this point:—

'The desultory, fragmentary kind of thinking, to which I am too prone, is encouraged by the habit of composition for a weekly journal, and I feel so strongly the necessity of educating myself,

that I should be glad if it were possible not to let a line of mine be printed for some years to come. But I fear this cannot be: I must go on sacrificing the future to the present; grinding my seed-corn, and cutting down my saplings. The time is not yet come in my case for acting directly upon others.' Then, after mentioning a projected tour in Germany, he adds: 'To spend some time at Berlin or Göttingen would undoubtedly be of great advantage to me, inasmuch as at all events it would take me away from the busy idleness of London, and the wretched technicalities of trade literature. I am not so sure that I should gain more by going abroad, than by withdrawing myself, if possible, from anything like my present occupations, and calmly studying for inward, instead of outward ends.'—pp. 35, 36.

The reader will not be surprised to find, that with such feeling Mr. Sterling ere long separated himself for a while from connexions which compelled him to go on producing when he should have been accumulating, and to be constantly putting forth power when he should have been labouring to secure to it greater discipline and compass. In the autumn of 1828 he visited Paris; two years later he became a husband; and soon after his marriage he embarked, in a state of impaired health, for the West Indies. During these years his mental progress was considerable, and he became so much the subject of religious thoughtfulness and feeling, as to entertain the idea of becoming a clergyman. It was in the following terms that he wrote during his voyage homeward in 1833, to a friend who was on the point of marriage :—

'The prospects of your future life, which this event presents to me, are a great and substantial consolation: I have a somewhat longer experience than you of the benefit of marriage to a man whose heart and principles are scarcely, or very recently, fixed in the line of practical Christianity. I write on this matter with more confidence and gratitude than I could have expressed a very few months ago. For I seem to myself of late to have entered decidedly, and for the first time, into possession of those blessings which are offered to all in Christ's redemption; and among the many means which, under God's good providence, have helped me so far forward, I regard my marriage and the birth of my child as nearly, if not quite, the chiefest. I also feel that I owe the deepest gratitude to Coleridge, and though not quite to the extent, to Edward Irving. I have read the *Aids to Reflection* again and again, and with ever new advantage; and in the sermons, lectures, and discourses of Irving, although his unceasing vehemence makes me dizzy, his polemical violence repels me, and I see much rashness and presumption, and, as I think, some positive error—I yet feel throughout the love, faith, and hope, the life though not always the light, of a richly-gifted and regenerate man. Aided by these, disciplined by many grave events, and not, I trust, unguided by the Holy

Spirit, I have begun of late to read the Bible with diligence and unfailing interest, and have in some degree learnt by experience the power and advantage of prayer; and enjoy, what I never knew before, and what even now is chequered with many fears, a lively and increasing hope that I may be able to overcome the world. You must, I think, know the hesitation and reluctance with which one writes in this way, even to one's nearest and dearest friends. But it is the subject that now perpetually fills my mind; and I think you will not wish that I should have gone out of the way to seek for other more amusing and unpersonal topics.'—pp. 45, 46.

In 1834 he was ordained deacon, and became curate with the editor of these volumes as rector of Herstmonceux. The duties of this new office he discharged with the most praiseworthy assiduity and seriousness. But in the autumn of 1835 his health so far failed him that he was obliged to relinquish his responsibilities as parish minister, and returning to London, he took up his residence at Bayswater. He now became a close student, read much in German philosophy and theology, formed many plans of authorship, and gave himself to the execution of some of them with great zeal and hopefulness. During nine years from the time of his leaving Herstmonceux, he struggled against his malady, and made such uses of his intervals of comparative vigour as were possible to him. He breathed his last in the Isle of Wight, in September, 1844, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, and was buried in the beautiful little church yard of Bonchurch.

The interest pertaining to the story of John Sterling is two-fold. There is something worth looking at in what he did as a man of letters: and there is still more deserving our attention in the change which came over his spirit subsequently to his leaving Herstmonceux with respect to religion. His literary tastes connect him with all that is most interesting in the history of our literature during the last quarter of a century; and in the gradual divergence of his views from the more received opinions on Christian theology, the history of his mind may be taken as a type of the change which has been coming over the educated mind of this country very largely during the same interval. This change left him in possession of much Christianlike sentiment and feeling, but severed from nearly everything distinctive of the Christian doctrine. We shall first make a few selections from these volumes illustrative of the genius of their author; and shall subsequently direct the attention of our readers to the religious history of John Sterling, as presenting a fair sample of the thinking which will be found to constitute a large chapter in the religious history of our time.

The first of these volumes consists of two sets of papers, one

entitled ‘Shades of the Dead,’ the other ‘Critical Essays.’ The shades of the departed are those of Alexander, Joan of Arc, Wycliffe, Columbus, Gustavus Adolphus, Milton, and Burns. The essays are on Coleridge’s Christabel, Napier’s War in the Peninsula, Montaigne, Simonides, Carlyle, Characteristics of German Genius, and Tennyson’s Poems, together with a piece entitled ‘The Broad Stone of Honour,’ and a lecture on ‘The Worth of Knowledge.’ The second volume includes three sets of papers, under the titles, ‘Fragments from the Travels of Theodore Elbert,’ ‘Thoughts,’ and ‘Tales and Apologues.’ Nearly all these pieces were contributions to our periodical literature—to the ‘Athenæum,’ the ‘Westminster Review,’ the ‘Quarterly Review,’ or ‘Blackwood’s Magazine.’ These papers properly belong to two chronological sections, about half of them being written in 1828 and 1829, the remainder bearing dates from 1837 to 1842. We shall select a few passages from the earlier section, which will enable our readers to judge of the style in which Sterling acquitted himself as a critic when not more than two-and-twenty. Take the following from the close of his sketch on the character and history of Columbus:—

‘We trace him with more than the interest which follows a hero of romance, through the doubtful and adventurous years of his life. There is a meditative curiosity, which yearns to discover in what obscure and silent conjuncture of his vigorous manhood the idea of the world’s completion by his means, first dawned over his imagination: we can only know that his mind was built up into its strength amid the incessant affairs of Mediterranean commerce and war, by experience gathered for a vile price, and at the risk of life, by knowledge slowly and dispersedly collected, and, above all, by faith, the master principle, not to be learned from without, but drawing the life, and strength, and loveliness of all things to its own high inward service. With how many strange doubts and misgivings, and momentary temptations of a magical fancy, and recurring terrors at the very rashness of his own conception, must this great man have contended, whether in his narrow chamber, or on the unsteady deck of some paltry bark, guided between Spain and Italy, with a crew of a half-score men, by him who was first to break the gates of the Atlantic! Image him in his little cabin, studying by the flickering light of a solitary lamp, and to the sound of the winds and waters, the marvellous descriptions of Marco Polo, or the more pregnant pages of scripture, in which, with tremulous, yet confident expectation, he taught himself to read the memorable prophecies of his own enterprises, and evidences of his special selection. Image the poor adventurer, the son of the Genoese wool-comber, and a sailor since his early boyhood, wrestling for the sense of some dark saying which he wanted learning to interpret, and finding its significance come gradually glimmering out of the page at the

call of his earnest reliance; conceive him weighing, hesitating, trembling, turning to the stars an eye of hope, repeating a hasty supplication to the saints, reviewing in his thoughts the large and mixed array of testimonies on which he had employed years in building up his trust, resting at last with secure triumph in the certainty which God had given him, till again he turned away with terror to consider the inadequacy of his means for the fulfilment of his mission. Thus, by the effort of an honest imagination, let us paint Columbus; and we shall help ourselves to think what and how great he was. The wondrous magic lantern of history shows him to us a poor wayfarer, accompanied by his son, and appearing on foot at the gate of a monastery to implore bread for his boy. The tall and majestic pauper, with his ruddy cheek tinged by years and hardship, and bright hair so early turned to snow, must have presented a singular portrait of freshness and courage, battered, but not overthrown by misfortune. There was a spirit in his clear grey eye, which, while he discoursed to the prior of Santa Maria de Rabida on his designs and convictions, would indicate that he had in himself that union of the heroic and saintly character required for so perilous an enterprise. And probably he who heard Columbus speak, with the honest and earnest simplicity through all his life so peculiarly belonging to him, must have perceived a power in his words that softened the contrast, so strange to us, between the condition of the solitary beggar and the vastness of the thought which he announced. O immeasurable scope of human genius! O mighty strength of trust in God! O miserable inequality of earthly fortunes! O mysterious complication of mortal power and weakness! How wonderfully are they all displayed in the story of Columbus! And how much of faith in the sincere and humble workings of the mind may we certainly derive from the contemplation of this minister of Providence a mendicant at Palos—in his frail skiff the discoverer of the largest of the world's continents—at Barcelona received by kings with more than the honours of a triumphant consul—then brought in chains from his own new world—and at last, on a neglected bed of pain and death, carrying with him, amid his heavenly hopes, the consciousness of how noble a deed his life had accomplished, and leaving to mankind the inheritance of America, and the memory of another pure and creative mind.'—pp. 56—59.

In his sketch on Milton, our author inquires after the secret of the 'national admiration' with which he is regarded, and traces it eminently to 'the dignity of his character.' There is much in the following extract which not a few of our political speculators who have long left the age of two-and-twenty behind them, would do well to ponder:—

'Milton was abundantly skilled in the dialectic art; he had a divine intuition into the logic of poetry; but he was not particularly remarkable among men of genius, for penetrating and comprehensive intellect. This is very clear from his political and theological writings. His

scheme of government is that of a purely ideal commonwealth, and has the fault common to the greater number of such conceptions, that it never could be practised, except among beings for whom no government at all would be necessary. His opinions as to a church establishment are of an exactly similar description; and no imagination less powerful than his, could have realized such visions to any mind. Nor could these phantom plans have obtained, in the thoughts of a nation, the living force necessary to their action, unless every man had been able to breathe into them from himself a breath of existence as powerful as that with which they were imbued by their creator. But this could not be. The roots by which institutions hold to the minds of most men, and draw nourishment from them, are custom and antiquity, far more than the feeling of security, the love of order, and the reliance on acknowledged right, which influence the few thoughtful heads. Milton cut off these roots in himself, and nourished his theory by stronger and deeper ones, penetrating below the surface, into the reason and freedom of his nature. His plans are glorious manifestations of his character. But in politics no more than in poetry, could he lay aside the austere and magnificent individuality of his mind, and think for others from a knowledge of what they are, instead of considering them as repetitions of his nobler self. He knew little of the tangled complication of modern society—of the reciprocal action of various classes—which have grown up and been sanctioned by centuries, of all the differences made by the increasing importance of property between the commonwealth of England and that of Rome. He saw, in his idea of rulers, the combined elements of a moral and a civil guardianship, resembling, but for their elective title, an old priestly aristocracy. The people were in his eyes a body whose freedom would best be secured by obedience to these governors; and he took but slight account of that great middle mass of unripe active intelligence, which did not exist in the ancient world, but the power of which over civil affairs and literature, is the most remarkable characteristic of modern times. His political opinions with regard to circumstances, are of little value as rules for practice. He did not belong to the age in which he wrote, nor peculiarly to any age. He saw no more of the subtle springs and interwoven tendencies of his own day, than of any other. He would have walked as much alone in the time of Elizabeth, as in that of Charles. And though living in any period of public movement, he would have flung his gigantic shadow over the field of battle contested by dwarfish combatants, his motives would have been entirely different from theirs, and he would have stridden among them without belonging to either faction, though turning, perhaps, the victory at his will. His political treatises can teach the active statesman very little; but they are splendid and living evidences, for him who reads aright, of the freedom and earnestness, which were as necessary to the mind of Milton, as the air of heaven to the world of animal existence. They are more than this; they are memorable assertions of that possible freedom of human nature, which, though incapable of

being made the broad ostensible basis of a government, must be more or less implied in every polity designed to hold together beings at all superior to the brutes. In them he calls God and man to witness that liberty is our natural inheritance; and, though not knowing or heeding that where it does not exist in the minds of men, institutions pretending to embody it must be hollow and dead, he is yet an inspired moral teacher, proclaiming that it is every man's first vocation to labour for freedom in himself, and his second to struggle for its recognition in the laws of his country. And thus it is that, where it was possible for Milton to succeed, there he was successful. He taught to all Europe that the death of Charles was not a mere violence of an aimless and criminal faction, but a deed which alone could make evident the birth and rigour of a new power, a hitherto unheard-of self-reliance among the citizens of a modern state. The execution of that sovereign, than whom a falser and more treacherous never existed, is now maintained by almost all men to have been both foolish and wicked. But in how different a spirit was it defended by Milton, from that in which it was treated of by the royalists, who condemned it, not as a separate offence, but as part of a rebellion more just and necessary than any foreign war that England ever waged. And mistaken though he probably was in his defence of the English people, let us not forget how nearly the language and doctrines of that mighty pleading are akin to those of the *Areopagitica*, the first great proclamation of a principle, which has now become the most familiar and most valuable inheritance of every one amongst us.'—pp. 76—78.

Our readers will trace something of this same ripeness of thinking, in the paragraph on Milton's notions concerning ecclesiastical polity and ceremonies:—

' His views of church government are, indeed, far more opposed to anything that could safely be practised, than his political theories. But we may draw from them, at least, the moral of the utter worthlessness of hierarchies and ceremonies, without our own co-operation. To Milton such aids were unnecessary. The ladder is needless for him who has an angel's wings. But he has taught us more eloquently than almost any man, that the very ladder of God will not enable the cripple or the sluggard to mount to heaven. In this, in all, he contends for the activity and freedom of the individual mind. It was the treasure which he unceasingly guarded, it was the citadel which he spent his life in defending; it was the faith of which he was the great apostle. And what, though he overlooked the humble needs of the wayfaring Christian, who fears to stand alone lest he should fall; the time shall come when the meanest and the weakest will be lifted side by side with Milton, and feel that they are upheld by that inward and self-subsisting force, on which they dare not now rely.'—p. 80.

In fact, the errors adverted to in these extracts are almost inseparable from a large class of gifted men—men whose strong passions give a one-sidedness to their observation and judgment.

In all things they are too much wedded to the standard of their own individuality. Preachers often construct and elaborate their discourses according to some model presented by their own ideal notions of fitness, in place of looking to their hearers, and taking their notions of fitness from the condition of the minds which it should be their aim to instruct and elevate. So is it with many in reference to plans of social improvement. They devise schemes which, were they themselves in the place of society, might possibly be made to work with some good effect. But the mischief is, that a state of society possessed of the amount of intelligence and virtue always supposed in such schemes, is a thing remaining to be created. It would be pleasant, no doubt, to legislate for men as though they were angels, if we could only persuade ourselves that they are such—pleasant to believe that the communities for whose behoof governments are intended, are so enlightened and pure as really not to need any government at all—as, in fact, to be wronged and degraded by laws which suppose them unwilling to the performance of anything just, wise, or benevolent. But during a little season, at least, the abstract in these matters must be made to yield to the practical—the ideal be somewhat subordinated to common sense. ‘My laws,’ said Solon, ‘are not the best that might be, but they are the best the Athenians can bear,’ and Solon, as we think, was a man who knew something, though he did happen to live so long before the nineteenth century of our era.

Many of our readers will remember the article on Coleridge’s ‘Christabel,’ which appeared in the ‘Edinburgh Review’ some five-and-twenty years since. A more narrow-souled piece of malignity has rarely disgraced the pages of a critical journal. But time, happily, is the great critic: it reverses the decisions of the unjust judge. The handy-work of this unknown scribe survives, but survives as a stigma, fastened, in retribution, on the meanness that could be parent to it, and not as a disparagement of the reputation against which it was directed. It is true, every man who would achieve anything in this world, and do it in no selfish, trimming, or servile spirit, must lay his account with fighting his way through much of this literary Billingsgate; but this does not cause the said rhetoric to be other than it is, nor preclude us from our feeling of delight when we see Haman suspended on the gallows he had prepared for Mordecai. We regret we cannot find space to insert Sterling’s able critique entire, and to furnish bits from it would be only to do it injury. How Sterling wrote on subjects of this nature in his riper years, may be best seen in his article on Tennyson, which appeared in the ‘Quarterly Review’ so late as 1842.

But Sterling's most profound papers are those on Montaigne and Carlyle. The elaborate paper on Carlyle makes a much nearer approach towards a just estimate, both of the excellences and faults of that highly gifted writer than we have before met with from the pen of any of his professed admirers. In adverting to the work of this author on the French Revolution, Sterling exposes, with great vigour and manliness, and with a resolute honesty which cannot be too much admired, especially when we bear in mind that he is thus expressing himself concerning the writings of a personal friend—the grand defects of the Carlyle philosophy—viz., its everlasting assumption that the destruction of nearly everything that *is*, must be good, while scarcely the slightest effort is made to ascertain whether there be anything really better at hand that may be put into its place—a philosophy which does not favour the Hamlet maxim about ‘the ills we have,’ but is ever iterating the reverse.

‘ Yet does this book,’ says Sterling, ‘ contain many sayings, which a friend of Mr. Carlyle’s might be pardoned if he wished to blot out with tears. These are painful in different ways, and would be hard to class under one head. But their most general character is that of a hatred for things as they are, showing itself in cool mockery at their destruction, and in joy at manifestations, however monstrous, of the will to destroy them; a temper which, discovered in a man so superior to the average even of thinking men, gives much to ponder on, and at least something heartily to lament. Among passages of this cast, we remember none so obviously and so afflictingly perverse and noxious, as the conclusion of his account of the September massacres.

‘ It is hardly necessary to say, that we have no liking for the slimy mud-sea of corruption into which the French government and higher classes had sunk themselves during the last century. If any consideration could increase the disgust which the spectacle raises, it would be that they brought the people to a state, or left them in one which made the villanies of the Revolution possible, while rendering the Revolution itself a most necessary and wholesome purification. But these views have nothing in them to diminish the horror, which all but madmen, or sane men in moments of madness, feel at such proceedings as those of September; for in these there was the foulest, most astounding proof of the extent and force of wickedness, rankling under the smooth surface of European life.

‘ The deliberate slaughter in broad day,—nay, day after day, in the chief and most polished city of the continent,—of many, many hundreds of perfectly helpless men and women, trembling prisoners locked up in gaols, with no offence pretended against them, but that they wished to preserve the social advantages which they had inherited from long generations of their ancestors,—this was an act of desperate and cowardly brutality, which may well, even now, make any human being shudder at the amount of moral poison hidden,—perhaps still

working,—in the veins of modern society. No one but a blockhead, and that one speaking with extempore inspiration, rather than with a moment's forethought, would allege the *number* of lives destroyed, for any other purpose than to prove that the thing was not done heedlessly as insignificant. And if pestilence, or the shipwreck of a fleet, had devoured ten times as many, who would now be at the pains to speak of the matter? The curse of the thing is in the black, malignant passions which urged on the work. It may no doubt be alleged that the crime was one not of passion but of policy, and done to frighten the Royalists into quiet during the struggle against the Prussian army. But even supposing that there was any danger at all of an aristocratic insurrection, which the historian does not attempt to establish, it is plain that so enormous a precaution never could have been resolved upon, but by men either utterly vitiated in their whole souls, or at the moment under the influence of the most atrocious feelings. Probably the authors of the massacre are guilty in both respects. Thus it was that they broke through all the restraints of moral custom, which he who defies, except in order to promote some still higher than customary truth, is in the most justly hateful class of human beings, and not the less hateful, the more we hold him also deplorable.

'It is on this very ground that is placed a half-explicit, faltering defence,—not the less grievous because spoken with some reserve. The concluding words of the narrative are these (vol. iii. p. 65): 'Instead of shrieking more, it were perhaps edifying'—alas, no!—'to remark, on the other side, what a singular thing customs (in Latin, Mores) are; and how fitly the virtue, *virtus*, manhood, or worth, that is in a man, is called his *morality* or *customariness*. Fell slaughter, one of the most authentic products of the pit you would say, once give it customs, becomes war, with laws of war, and is customary and moral enough; and red individuals carry the tools of it girt round their haunches, not without an air of pride,—which do thou nowise blame. While, see! so long as it is but dressed in hodden or russet, and revolution, less frequent than war, has not yet got its laws of revolution, but the hodden or russet individuals are uncustomary,—O, shrieking, beloved brother blockheads of mankind, let us close these wide mouths of ours; let us cease shrieking, and begin considering!'

'From this it is hard to imagine otherwise, than that the writer conceives the difference to our feelings of the death of a thousand persons in battle, and the same number by massacre, arises from the commonness of the one and the rarity of the other fact; as a death by fever attracts less notice than a death by drowning. But, O! shame, shame to use the wonderful power of words for thus darkening men's plainest and holiest knowledge! The difference is not in many or few, custom or no custom, hodden or scarlet, but in the souls, the purposes, the feelings of the men who do the deed. Let a hundred thousand people, once in ten centuries, perish by earthquake; and yet a single midnight murder, wrought by revenge or avarice, such as every day's

newspaper records, is to the eye of reason a more fearful, awful occurrence than the wide destruction of a city. Nature's immediate extinction of myriads of her children is but doing at once what she does hourly throughout the world; now, indeed, in a way more impressive to the imagination, yet with no peculiar moral import. But the existence in one man of the spirit of Cain—of cunning, ruthless malignity, which casts aside not only all human compassion, but the divine reverence for the life of man as a thing consecrate and inviolable,—and this at no bidding of sudden passion, and in no hot thirst of conflict, much less at the clear command of reason, which authorizes the judge to condemn the desperately guilty, the soldier to fight for his own country against a foreign one,—this is a new and peculiar fact, sufficient to appal every man not too near the brutes for even the dimmest meditation. In a battle how different is the case, where the man who takes life, no less exposes his own; where the sense of right is so strong that not only the base and ferocious, but the gentlest and most thoughtful, feel themselves engaging in no vile, unhallowed work, but are purified and nerved by sympathies, beliefs, and that religious help of custom,—by patriotism, loyalty, discipline, pride of profession, fellow-feeling with thousands equally perilled, and the ennobling sense of danger encountered for the sake of an idea,—which all so light up with their blaze the whole of life, that the shades of death are lost and melt away in the splendour. But in the cold, tame, dangerless assassination of a herd of miserable prisoners, from mere hatred of their class and names, or even, if you will, from the wish to intimidate others,—and in its inconsistency with all the practices of modern life, which had no palliation of habit to disguise the hideousness of the act,—who does not see a revelation of evil sufficient to dishearten and sorely wound the highest faith in all possibilities of good?

'Thoughts so plain and sad as these Mr. Carlyle will call '*inarticulate shrieking*,' and will speak of the '*wide mouths of blockheads*.' We should be sorry to exchange the sorrow for his ill-timed and poorly-imagined sophistry and scorn, painful as such regret is, against the sardonic comfort with which he will no doubt regard all similar comments.

'It must, however, be said, that there are few, if any, other passages so wretchedly perverse as this; and much of the book, probably by far the greatest part of it, is as pure and grand in feeling, as it is distinct and glowing in the images which it presents. It is, however, throughout a book that makes the heart ache more than Tacitus, though somewhat in the same way. It has nothing to cheer, nothing to tranquillize. But that which most agitates, and, like sorcery, possesses the reader, is not the tale of idle folly, drivelling on till it ends in the worse earnest of madness and horror, thickening the pure sunshine with the reek of death;—not the overthrow into infernal ruin of the oldest and most habitual state of things, with all its honours brought before the mind's eye as distinctly as if present to that of the body,

the conversion, purification, of those under his influence. If Paul would have done this, each of us ought to try to do so.'—pp. xl ix—li.

But sickness, as we have seen, soon compelled the writer to relinquish the kind of duties which had suggested these reflections; and the study of German authors, both in ethics and theology, with which he became occupied subsequently, produced, ere long, a very perceptible change in his manner of dealing with the Scripture testimony. To Christianity he still adhered, and, according to his own judgment, as firmly as ever; but the freedom with which he learned to interpret or discard portions of the sacred text, betrayed the dangerous influence to which his mind had become subject. In 1836, he writes to Mr. Hare as follows:—

'The discourses that I have taken so much pains with begin to look more shapely. I hope before long to send you the contents of a volume to look at it. I premise, before any biblical inquiry, three essays on God, on Revelation, and on Sin. I then give a rapid survey of the Scriptures, following this by dissertations on Inspiration, Miracles, and Prophecy, and then add six or seven consecutive discourses on the main topics of the Old Testament, in chronological order, beginning with the Fall. Of this, more than half is actually written out, and a still larger proportion of the second half on the New Testament. I have just finished an essay or discourse on the narrative of the Fall, which pretty well satisfies my own mind as to the main outlines; but I do not yet see my way as to the history of Cain and Abel. The narrative is evidently meant to be significant, and not a mere legend, (see, for instance, the names,) and yet significant of what? What is the meaning of Cain's punishment, and of the mark set upon him? I will own to you, that the more I go into the Old Testament, the more ground I find for hesitating about the great physical miracles, from the apparent mixture of alloy in the narratives, their slight outward authority, and the difficulties of any scheme that would furnish a previous ground for the facts, and yet account for the imperfection of our record of them. But I am far from giving the thing up; for it is impossible to overlook the continuity of the faith in a revealed monotheism among the Jews, from Abraham to Christ, or to doubt that scientific inquiry and inward experience bring out more and more the reality and exclusiveness of his claims as the Son of God, and the Redeemer of mankind. I would give much for a commentary by Tholuck or Olshausen on the Old Testament, similar to that of the latter on the New. I have just read Schiller's lecture on the *Sending of Moses*, which, if there were nothing else against it, would, I think, be sufficiently overthrown by the patriarchal history, in which the evidence of reality, and resting on contemporary documents, or wonderfully accurate tradition, seems, from the progressive continuity in the most minute points, to be perfectly irresistible. I must have much misrepresented myself, if I have said anything at all resembling the

notion that the Jewish colouring of the Gospel arises only from the *accidental* circumstance of our Lord's birth in Judea. My difficulty is, to imagine how any one can think so, considering that in any other part of the world he must have begun, like Paul at Athens, by preaching an 'unknown God;' and this, probably the only and indispensable point of transition, for the early churches beyond Judea, from Paganism to Christianity, was the faith of the proselytes of the gate, and the yearnings of those with whom, though unconverted, the Jews had intercourse, for further knowledge of the One and righteous God of Israel. But for the spiritual faith and ethics of the Jews, it seems to me there would have been nothing in the Old World with which the New could connect itself; and the Gospel would have dropped from the clouds like a meteoric stone, instead of rising into view as the purest portion of a vein coeval with the creation, and of which everything else is but, as it were, the ore or the dross. But the obscurity, to my mind, lies in this—that in the very proportion in which the Hebrew records afford clear and lively evidence of this evangelic element in the old world, in the same degree they are free from the mixture of the prodigiously miraculous; and therefore *one cannot but ask whether the physically marvellous be not a separate alloy.* I am far from denying the possibility that, in the earliest times, and especially at the epoch of the constitution of a monotheistic nation, all things may have been in a more outward state, and connected themselves necessarily with more visible manifestations of the spiritual system around us and within us; and that the evolution of the Inward through the Visible into amazing phenomena, may have been the necessary characteristic of such a period, and the only mode of bringing home to men's apprehensions the idea of the Reality of a Will and Reason ruling our nature, and the kindred archetype of the peculiarly human in man. You have now, very roughly and slenderly stated, what is *my* difficulty in the matter; and any hint you can give me towards the solution, will be more acceptable than rubies. But I must add, that any painfulness of interest on the question *arises entirely from the state of opinion on the matter in this country;* as no possible view of it would, to my mind, one whit weaken the security of the Gospel, any more than the overthrow of the old notion of the uncompounded elemental nature of atmospheric air would tend to impede the breathing of the undeceived philosopher.'—pp. lx—lxiv.

The italics in this passage are our own. But it must not be supposed that these seeds of sceptical speculation had taken deep root at this time. Sterling clung, with all his former confidence, to the doctrine of human sinfulness, and to the need of atonement and redemption. No system which did not embrace clear and strong views on these points could be regarded by him as harmonising with the facts and wants of human nature. Nevertheless, it is thus he expresses his growing dissatisfaction with our more received views of theology, and with his own church system, towards the close of 1836:—

' I constantly meditate larger and more connected performances, and of late have been speculating chiefly on the possibility and propriety of at last breaking the charmed sleep of English theology by a book on the Authority of the Scriptures. I sent to England for a volume on Inspiration, lately published by a learned dissenter, a Dr. Henderson. He means well enough, but merely takes the old ground, and makes no attempt to meet the obvious objections as to discrepancies, &c.; and he is evidently much more afraid of offending his brethren by his denial of literal dictation, than of disappointing intelligent inquirers by leaving all their doubts unanswered. His argument, e. g., for the inspiration of Mark's Gospel, amounts nearly to this—that Mark was probably infallible, because he was an acquaintance of Peter, and because Dr. H. would be abused by other dissenting ministers if he allowed that he was not. But make it ever so plain that, in upsetting this dead idol, one was striving for Christianity, and not for critical and historical science merely, yet I am persuaded that any clergyman caught in the fact must abandon all notion of acting for the future in any ecclesiastical function. It has struck me, that if my life should be prolonged, as I must probably, at all events, relinquish all public ministration, I might, perhaps, be peculiarly well situated for trying to do some good of this kind to theology. The materials are all prepared and abundant in the books of the Germans. I find I could not conscientiously publish the things I wrote some time ago about the Old Testament. The earlier portions of it seem to me too uncertain to justify me in professing that thorough and religious faith in them which I do not entertain. Christianity, however, has lost none of its value in my eyes; and I read Schleirmacher with increased satisfaction. I have been looking into Bayle; he is a strange fish, with no more heart or imagination than a slug, and yet honest and good-natured.'—xciv, xcv.

About a month after, recurring to the same topics, he says—

' Of the speculative and arduous books at my command here, my favourite at present is Schleirmacher's Sermons, which I have begun to read consecutively, and find in them infinite food for reflection, and strong and constant impulses to good. I had never read them at all till about a month ago, and I was quite unprepared for the compass and value which they seem to me to possess. I am far from wishing to set him up in opposition to minds like Tholuck's; but what they have in common is found in him in such fulness, clearness, and comprehensiveness, and supported by, or rather supporting such an extent of knowledge, such a conscientious sobriety of judgment, and a moral structure so thoroughly earnest, disciplined, and all alive, as I have never seen rivalled in any other. He is more like Augustine than Luther; Paul, than John; Baxter, than Leighton. Inferior, doubtless, to them all, except, perhaps, Baxter, in some respects, the age and country he lived in have yet given him a peculiar value for us, as dealing with the circumstances and knowledge which are a part of our

actual world, and which are so full for us all, of perplexity as well as of help. Much more diffused as Christian life probably is in England than in any other country, we are, perhaps, rather hasty in jumping to the conclusion that what there is, is more advanced than on the Continent. Of course, I am not speaking of the mass in either case, but only of those whose minds are habitually governed by a love for the will of God, as revealed to us in Christ. It is very difficult to form any comparison from personal experience; and I suppose, as to numbers, if there is one such person in Britain out of fifty, there may be one in five hundred on the Continent. But if I were to judge from the religious books in England and Germany, which are far more attainable and certain grounds, I should say that the Christianity of the one country more resembled that of the Apostles before Pentecost, and that of the other, the matured mind of Paul and John. However this may be, I will own to you (for I do not know why I should not deal with you in all sincerity) that I find myself *more and more removed from all the views in which the Church-of-England divines differ from the foreign protestant churches.* I cannot trace this tendency to any corrupt self-indulgence of my own, but find that the more I endeavour to draw near in heart, mind, and life, to the Saviour, and the more earnestly I strive to know and do the will of God, the less I seem disposed to admit anything like the claims of a hierarchy, venerable though it may be as a monument, and useful as an instrument, or to believe in any normal, outward institution, by Christ and the Apostles, of rulers and teachers in the church. The Divine authority of such seems to me merely identical with their evangelic value. I write these things because I know you would rather have the conclusions of a sincere mind than the compliances of a hypocritical one. I feel no pleasure, but great pain, in differing from so many of the wisest and holiest of my countrymen; but I dare not lie for God!"—xcv—xviii.

Sterling does not do justice to Dr. Henderson in the former of these passages; but we can scarcely be surprised at this, when we learn that his own text-book on this subject of Inspiration was Coleridge's 'Confessions of one Enquiring Spirit,' a work not then published, but which he had been allowed to copy from the manuscript. We concur with Mr. Hare in thinking that Sterling's separation from the active duties of life, as the consequence of his indisposition, contributed to that divergence of his views towards the negative side of Christianity which is so observable in the passages we have extracted from his letters, and in others that might be cited. That Sterling was a man of honest and religious feeling is not to be doubted, and that he did not stray further into error is to be attributed to that fact; but he became almost from necessity a solitary speculator, and in the degree in which he became such, we trace in him the absence of that wider and more robust tone of thinking which a more active life would

have secured to him. The discipline of the schools rarely yields a wholesome fruit when divorced from the discipline of society.

In Sterling this divorce, mischievous as it may have been, was much less so than it would have been in a man of less native energy and kindness. Croaking was not his habit. If he meddled with social evils it was in the hope of doing something to ameliorate them; and if he mourned over the real or supposed need of a reform in our theology it became his anxiety—his passion, if possible, to do some real service in this department. To his generous nature a wronged truth was a truth doubly endeared. The very fact that some of his peculiar views were such as not a few would be disposed to run down with intolerance and noise, was enough to dispose him to regard those views with deeper interest. The fact, too, that while so many entertained the same thoughts, so few were disposed to express them, was, in his judgment, a strong reason why *he* should not be silent. The herd of timid and selfish calculators who were content to whine in secret, was quite large enough without his being of the number. But his error in this direction became serious. It disposed him to look on the reasoning of Strauss with a degree of favour utterly inconsistent, in our judgment, with the retention of anything distinctively Christian. Nevertheless, while appearing to cede to the German his whole argument, Sterling maintains that this ‘leaves the ideas of the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Atonement, and the offices of the Spirit, precisely as they were.’ Miserable delusion!

But this is the modern theory. The sacred text is so little authentic or trustworthy, that the portions of it which may be rejected, and the fragments which may be retained, are a matter left partly to the ordinary processes of historical criticism, but mostly to our own innate sense of truth and fitness. The monotheism of the Scriptures is good; the ethical greatness of Jesus is good; and if there be any philosophical sense in which such doctrines as the Trinity, the Atonement, or Spiritual Regeneration may be retained, let them by all means be so retained, and take with them the weight of an historical creed for the benefit of those who prefer a creed from history to a creed from philosophy—but let the last appeal be to human consciousness, to the Bible *within us*, which no hand can erase, and which, if wisely consulted, cannot err. This theory, it will be seen, is not one tending merely to destroy—it constructs. It does not end in mere scepticism and mockery—it has a faith and a worship. Miracles, of course, are so much historical embellishment or mythic fiction. In all history a stream of divine truth may be

traced; in the Hebrew and Christian histories it is brighter than elsewhere. Jesus and Paul were divinely commissioned, but so were Plato and Socrates. Of the changes through which not a few minds of this class are now passing, a vivid picture is given in the following passage. It is taken from the supposed private memorandum of a young speculatist, in the tale intituled 'The Onyx Ring.'

'I cannot recognise myself, or my experience of life, in the sacred records. When I read them, I find myself travelling in an enchanted region, that has almost nothing in common with my accustomed country. There is little in it that joins on to anything pre-existent in me. I acknowledge indeed here, a rich and profuse beauty, as in fairy pictures;—there a dreary awful power, as in Druidical or Egyptian remains; wonders again, as unprepared and incoherent as those of dreams; lastly, gushes of human feeling, and strains of thought, which really seem to belong to the same nature as mine, but which stand in no close or necessary relation to the loftier, stronger, more oracular portions. I can as little enter into the old Hebrew's views of divine and human things, as he, could he now revive, would comprehend my feelings as to nature, art, and man. His world is indeed a land of marvels, many of them lovely, and many expressive, but all shut up within a circuit of huge walls. It seems to me the chief of all confounding paradoxes, that so many millions of men, in times and modes so different from those, should fancy the grey and thunder-cloud of that old, eastern theocracy, can remain built up like a Cycloian wall in our freer, calmer sky.'—Vol. II., pp. 499, 500.

This is beautiful writing, and the thoughts are such as do not often greet us in modern authorship. But whither does all this tend? Not to a peaceful issue. The land of rest lies not in that direction. So even this young speculatist is made to feel before the end of his story, and so Sterling himself was beginning to feel when those last moments came in which, amidst all his error and uncertainty on many points, the evil of sin and the mercies of forgiveness prompted him to that earnest prayer which we are not willing to suppose could have been offered in vain to the All-merciful!

Very little in our old treatises on Christian evidence will be found adapted to meet these new forms of disbelief. The whole argument needs not only to be re-cast but to be re-animated—to take both another form and another soul. To look to the pulpit for anything more than a very partial remedy of this evil must be vain. Scepticism in this philosophical form has not touched the masses of our people, even among the middle ranks, more than indirectly and remotely, and affects only the more reading and thoughtful. But from this point upwards, modern society is

deeply leavened with it. The pulpit, however, is eminently an agency for acting upon the many more than upon the few. From this cause few preachers are competent to use it otherwise than for the many, and whatever might be the competency of the preachers, few existing congregations would tolerate them in attempting anything materially different from the course at present prescribed to them. Plain people expect their plain food, and must have it, whatever may be the fate of many to whose palate such provision is not the food required. The pulpit needs to be flanked in our time by new agencies. The press is too many for it, as narrowed to its present topics and its present mode of presenting them. It meets a certain breadth of modern society, taking in a considerable portion of its middle and humbler classes, with tolerable effect; but a wide stream of imperishable natures is ever passing right and left of it, wholly untouched by it, and not at all likely to be touched by it. We have long thought that it is to be deeply regretted, that there is not at least one pulpit in every large town occupied by a man who would be a preacher to the age—a preacher, we mean, who would bring the force of a sanctified intellect and heart to the work of rescuing human spirits from those more philosophical and ever-shifting forms of error, which are ensnaring multitudes among the more influential portions of the community to destruction. It would be a happy thing, we think, if a few men of this sort would consent to be accounted as without any special charge or home, and be ready to move from place to place at moderate intervals—say every six or twelve months—men of the same class and devoted to the same objects, interchanging pulpits in this manner, with a view to mutual relief and the better action against the errors of the times. A band of men of this sort, little concerned about sectarian differences, but earnestly devoted to the work of grappling with the errors of the reading and more educated classes of the age, might do a service to the great Christian interest, the magnitude of which would not only be great, but be conspicuous for the ages to come. . . .

There is nothing in the great substance of the objections taken to the supernatural in Christianity by our dreamy neighbours the Germans, or by our flippant neighbours the French, or by their admirers in this country, that might not be successfully met by a fair use of the principles even of their own philosophy. Strip the German Idealism or the French Eclecticism of their jargon, and what is old in them will be found to consist of principles which have been harmonized long since with Christianity, while what is new will be ascertained as consisting of so much airy assumption, or as being matter of small value.

We are not a little gratified to find Mr. Hare among the few clergymen of the church of England, who seem to be aware of the existence of the state of things to which we refer, and from whom some good service in this cause may be expected. One capital effect of some such new sect as we have suggested—a sect which should take as its special mission to preach Christianity in its harmony with a sound philosophy—in other words, in its harmony with the great wants and facts of human nature, would be, that it would stimulate all great religious parties to bestow more attention themselves on a field of labour, now almost neglected, but which, if well worked, would yield, under the Divine blessing, a most potent return. We conclude our observations for the present on this topic, with an extract relating to it from the close of Mr. Hare's beautiful memoir:—

'The representation of his life is unsatisfactory, because the problem of his life is incomplete. That problem, as has been truly observed to me by one of his chief friends, was the same as the great problem of our age. In fact, it was the same with the great problem of all ages, to reconcile faith with knowledge, philosophy with religion, the subjective world of human speculation with the objective world, in which God has manifested himself by a twofold revelation, outwardly to our senses, and spiritually to our spirits. Nay, this is only the intellectual side of the problem, though not, merely intellectual, inasmuch as in the higher regions of thought the wings of the intellect flag and droop, unless a moral power nerve and sustain them. For what is the great moral problem of mankind,—though in this, since the will is the main seat of our weakness, we have wandered still more widely from its true solution, but to strive after a like atonement? From the first dawn of speculation, man has ever been endeavouring to solve this great problem under one form or other; and it has ever been receiving fresh, though only partial solutions. Ever since it was solved, once for all, for every practical purpose of life, by the Incarnation of the Word, new forms of the speculative problem have been continually presenting themselves: every new solution has disclosed a deeper mystery still unsolved: nor has any form of it been more perplexing, than that in which it presents itself to the meditative minds of our own times.'

'If we look through the recent history of thought, especially in Germany, where thought upon such subjects has been far more active and vigorous than elsewhere, we may see what powers have been engaged in it, and what powers have been baffled, at least so far as only to attain to a very partial and inconclusive solution. One wizard after another has bid the waves be still, and then, deluded by a momentary lull, has fancied that he had found out the spell to bind them: but anon they have swollen, and tost, and roared; and he too has been swept along by them. It is true, very many, nay, the great bulk of mankind, may find peace in some partial solution of the

problem, and may walk on quietly and straightforward along the path of life, without troubling themselves about the doubts and questionings which are incessantly lifting up their heads on each side of it, to scare and mock all such as stop to look at them. But there are minds, whose lot it is to grapple with the hardest problems of their age, and who cannot rest until they have solved them,—men who seem to regard it as their appointed task to descend to the gates of Hades, and bring back Cerberus in chains; and of these men Sterling was one. Nor are such men to be dismissed with a cold taunt, or a severe reproof, as wasting themselves unprofitably in grubbing about the roots, instead of feeding on the fruit. For the roots, too, may often need to have the soil about them loosened, and uncongenial substances removed: nor is it well to blame those who devote themselves to this more arduous labour, in order that others may have more abundant and better fruit to feed on. If the great problems of speculation, which are continually rising up as our horizon widens, are left unexplored,—if those who are set to be the guiding spirits of their age, pass them by, and are content, provided they can evade and escape from them, or if they try to impose upon their followers by denying their existence, or their magnitude and danger, the vessel after a while will assuredly strike against the rock, and founder. In such a state of things, falsehood is sure to creep in, and to spread from mind to mind, from heart to heart, with hollowness, hypocrisy, and a whole legion of fiends in its train. We must do the work that is set us to do—the intellectual work, as well as the moral: we must not shirk it, or slur it over: and this is a part of it.

‘It may be thought that the story of Sterling’s life is a warning to refrain from all speculation. But this would be to misread and pervert it. When we listen to those most beautiful and gracious words, in which our Lord gives thanks to the Father, that He has hid the mysteries of heaven from the wise and prudent, and has revealed them to babes, are we to conclude from them, that God has set a bane against wisdom and prudence, and has excluded the wise and the prudent from the kingdom of heaven? Surely this cannot be. Even the deplorable shipwreck of Solomon is not to teach us this lesson. For what does the whole history of the Church declare? Was Moses, who was skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians, debarred thereby from receiving the revelation of the eternal ‘I Am?’ Was St. Paul shut out from the kingdom of heaven? or St. Athanasius, or Augustin, or Bernard, or Hooker? Our Lord’s words are indeed a warning, and so is the whole volume of the Scriptures, from the story of the fall downward, against man’s natural proneness to overrate worldly wisdom and knowledge, and to believe that of himself he can penetrate into the mysteries of God. But on the other hand, it ought only to render us the more indulgent toward those who have these heavy incumbrances to struggle with. We ought to judge them the more leniently for this very reason. If there is any man, who, having exerted himself laboriously and perseveringly to pry into the

hidden recesses of our nature, to pierce through the unfathomable abyss of evil, and to catch a glimpse of the light and glory beyond and behind, can say he has never been shaken or troubled in the calm composure of his faith, let him cast a stone at Sterling: I cannot; nor should they, who, never having engaged in such inquiries, can form no estimate of the difficulties besetting them. The reader of Cowper's 'Letters' may remember how, in speaking of Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets,' he says to Newton, that he had 'observed but one man in the whole number, whose mind seemed to have the slightest tincture of religion.' In this there was a good deal of morbid exaggeration, arising from the narrowness of Cowper's own religious views of the time; for Milton was one of the poets thus condemned in a mass, as not having the slightest tincture of religion. Something, too, is attributable to the biographer's incapacity for representing man's inner life. Still, with all these deductions, the fact noticed may serve as an instance of the separation, almost the divorce, which took place between man's intellectual and spiritual faculties a century and a half ago. If we look through a list of the historians during the same period, or of the metaphysicians, or of the men of science, the same fact forces itself upon us. There are divers exceptions indeed; but the majority bear witness that the intellect of man had thrown off its allegiance to Christian truth. In many cases, no doubt, this sprang from some moral perversity wresting the judgment awry. But it must also be conceded, that the advocates of Christian truth did not set it forth in that simple, convincing majesty which would have constrained the intellect to bow before it. Nor can any one be well acquainted with the state of the intellectual world in our days, without knowing that the same phenomenon is still lamentably frequent, not merely in France and Germany, but also in England. Among men of intellectual vigour, I will not say the majority, but undoubtedly a very large portion, are only withheld from open infidelity by giving up their thoughts entirely to the business of this world, and turning away with a compromising indifference from serious inquiries about religion. In such a state of things, it becomes the imperative duty of all who love the truth in Christ, to purge it, so far as they can, from the alloy which it may have contracted in the course of ages through the admixture of human conceits, and which renders it irreconcilable with the postulates of the intellect. This is indeed a very delicate work, and accompanied with many risks; and many will go astray in attempting to accomplish it. But still it must be done. The men of our days will not believe, unless you prove to them that what they are called upon to believe, does not contradict the laws of their minds, and that it rests upon a solid, unshakable foundation. We cannot arrest the winds or the waves; nor can we arrest the blasts and tides of thought. These, too, blow and roll where they list. We may indeed employ them both; but, to turn them to account, we must suffer ourselves to be impelled and borne along by them, without fainting at the thought of the perils we may have to encounter, and in the hope

that, with the help of our heavenly compass, we may render those tumultuous elements subservient to the good of mankind. Fresh obstacles are ever rising across our path; and we must assail them. If we do so, though some lives may be lost in the attack, one obstruction after another will gradually be removed. Now Sterling was one of the men whose nature commanded him to stand in the van of human progress. He belonged to the body-guard of him who might be called by the name of the heroic Prussian, Marshal Forwards. If there was a post of danger, he would rush to it; if a forlorn hope was sent out, he would be among the first to join it. Such men we honour, although they fall; nay, we honour them the more, because they fall. Of the mystery of their fall we cannot judge; but we may trust that he, who, so far as we can discern, has earnestly loved truth, and sincerely desired to serve the God of truth, will be judged by the God of mercy: and we may feel sure that the prayer for forgiveness, when it rises from the depths of a departing spirit, cannot be uttered in vain.'

The rare value of these extracts must be our apology for presenting them so largely to our readers.

ART IX. (1.) *Clement Walton; or, the English Citizen.* By the Rev. W. GRESLEY, M.A.
 (2.) *Charles Lever; or, the Man of the Nineteenth Century.* By the Rev. W. GRESLEY, M.A., Prebendary of Lichfield.
 (3.) *Frank's First Trip to the Continent.* By the Rev. W. GRESLEY, M.A.
 (4.) *Bernard Leslie; or, a Tale of the last Ten Years.* By the Rev. W. GRESLEY, M.A.
 (5.) *Tales of the Village. First, second, and third series.* By FRANCIS E. PAGET, M.A., Rector of Elford, and Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Oxford.
 (6.) *Margaret Percival.* By the author of 'Amy Herbert,' &c. Edited by the Rev. WILLIAM SEWELL, B.D., Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford, In two volumes. Third Edition.

WHATEVER there may be of the hierarchical principle in the English episcopal church, and however identical it may be with the church of Rome on certain fundamental doctrines which other protestant churches disavow—such as apostolical succession, the existence and power of the priesthood, the efficacy of the sacraments, the authority of tradition, saints' days, and a few ceremonials of worship—there is an essential and characteristic difference between the two churches as it regards celibacy, purgatory, prayers for the dead, invocation of saints, canonization,

transubstantiation, miracles, auricular confession, and image-worship. Other things, also, of lesser moment there are, which, while suited to the nature and genius of the one church, are so ill-adapted to the other, that though they may appear to have the sanction of its rubrics and canons, they were never generally practised, and have long fallen into neglect. Now, if to all this cast-off Romanism tractarianism be an approximation, and more than an approximation, who can doubt the identity in principle? And how observable the fact that Oxford should be in alliance with Rome! We have more than intimations from the tractarians that the celibacy of the clergy, or the celibate including both sexes, is one of the blessings they desire to confer upon this protestant nation. ‘There are those,’ says Mr. Taylor, ‘who are wishing to make a new experiment, with the view of hitching Christian morals up to a higher level, by again separating the sexes.’ It is declared that the Christianizing of our large towns will never be effected until monastic orders have been revived. ‘Choose you must between monks and methodists.’ This is among the things included in the newer and truer something which the Church of England wants. Dr. M’Ilvaine, after quoting from it at some length, says, ‘The church of Rome could not desire a publication better suited to advance the doctrine of purgatory, *in these days*, a better ‘Tract for the Times,’ going just as far as would be expedient, *under the circumstances*, than Tract No. 79.’ The Bishop of Exeter, in a paragraph, half apology and half reproof, referring to the tractators, says,—‘I lament the encouragement given by the same writers to the dangerous practice of prayer for the dead.’ ‘The invocation of saints’ is gently touched upon, and warily introduced,—intimated, but not yet fully developed. Homage to the Virgin Mary (*‘Sancta Maria, ora pro me’*) is also at present in the germ; she is garlanded with the sweet flowers of Mr. Keble’s poetry, and the festival of the Assumption is not only inserted in the Ecclesiastical Almanac, and *commended*, by ‘black letter,’ to the pious regard of all Christians, but *recommended* by a special note, the phraseology of which, although the simple reader might not perceive it, carefully embraces each principal article of the ancient superstition.*

To their calendar of saints they have presumed to add the

* The uninitiated reader would probably take little account of so simple a phrase as, the ‘Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary,’ meeting his eye in his almanac; but there is a world of meaning involved in the words. This same feast of the Assumption, celebrated with so much pomp, as well in the western as the eastern church, set before the eyes of the people the fully-expanded blasphemy which had long been working itself out of the hotbed of superstition. In the solemnities of this impious festival, the people were taught to look to the Queen of Heaven as

name of Bishop Ken, and also to devote a special service to his honour, adjusted according to the Romish breviary; not a feature of the mode of the English prayer-book appears,—not one of the Romish breviary is omitted. ‘There seems,’ says the Bishop of Ohio, but the necessity of waiting for a proper preparedness in the ‘degraded’ state of the Anglican church to prevent the further development of the riches of ancient catholic services, in the publication of matins, with nocturns and antiphons for other departed saints. Why not for Mr. Froude?’ ‘Let daily service ‘and the *keeping of holy days* become universal,’ says the ‘British Critic,’ reviewing the latest Tract,—‘the saints and angels will ‘be with us, at all events.’ How is this known? Are not these writers developing their system too fast for the times? Even the Bishop of Exeter ‘laments’ to read the advice of the tractators to those who are contending for the truth against the Romanists, that ‘the controversy about transubstantiation be kept in the ‘back-ground; because it cannot well be discussed in words at ‘all, without the sacrifice of godly fear;’ ‘as if that tenet were ‘not,’ adds his lordship, ‘the abundant source of enormous practical evils, which the faithful advocate of the truth is bound to ‘expose: in particular of the extravagant exaltation of the ‘Romish priesthood, which seems to have been its primary object, ‘and still worse, of that which is its legitimate and necessary ‘consequence, the adoration of the sacramental bread and wine, ‘which our church denounces as ‘idolatry to be abhorred of all ‘faithful Christians.’ Miracles are a distinguishing mark of the true church—this is the tenet of Rome; Oxford divinity is disposed to admit it also. And, exclaims the ‘British Critic,’ ‘Is ‘not every age of the church an age of miracles? Is there *all* ‘the difference, or, indeed, anything more than the difference ‘between things seen and unseen, (a difference worth nothing, in ‘faith’s estimate,) between healing the sick and converting the ‘soul, raising man’s natural body and raising him in baptism from ‘the death of sin?’

Bishop Goodman advocated *auricular confession*. In his will was the following passage:—‘I do acknowledge the church of ‘Rome to be the mother church; and I do verily believe that ‘no other church hath salvation in it, but only so far as it con- ‘curs with the faith of the church of Rome.’ In saying all this, the tractarians tell us, there was nothing inconsistent with the

sitting upon a throne, highly exalted above the thrones, principalities, and powers of the upper world, and as having a name above every name, and wielding a sceptre, to which archangels bowed, and at the sight of which devils trembled. To this ‘exalted creature’ they were to address their supplications, she being the fountain of all grace to sinful mortals, and the sole mediator between the church and her Son.—*Ancient Christianity*, vol. ii. p. 170.

bishop's profession *as a sound protestant*. We have heard strange reports from Oxford touching auricular confession, and penance, its consequence; and, indeed, from other parts of the country, in parishes where tractarian clergymen are the curates or incumbents. The edifices called churches are undergoing transformations after the Roman models: pews are vanishing, crosses and candles and painted windows are restored, and priestly vestments are sighed after, especially the cope.* The cross is called a 'sacramental sign' and memorial to the eyes of the faithful,—'a holy, efficacious emblem.'

'We hope the time will come,' say these '*restorers*,' not reformers, of the nineteenth century, 'when no English church will want, what many possess already, the image of the cross, in some place sufficiently conspicuous to assist the devotions of the worshipper. Let us multiply the same *holy, efficacious* emblem far and wide. There is no saying how many sins its awful form might scare, how many evils arrest.'

To the same purpose, listen to the siren notes of the 'Lyra Apostolica':—

‘Whene’er across this sinful flesh of mine
I draw the holy sign,
All good thoughts stir within me, and collect
Their slumbering strength divine;
Till there springs up that hope of God’s elect,
My faith shall ne’er be wrecked.

‘And who shall say, but hateful spirits around,
For their brief hour unbound,
Shudder to see, and wait their overthrow?
While on far heathen ground,
Some lonely saint hails the fresh odour, though
Its source he cannot know.’

Nor is this all: these zealous restorers of 'the depth and riches of the ancient services' say:—

'With the cross should be associated other catholic symbols, still more than even itself φωναγτα συνέροις (*vocal to the spiritually discerning*.) For these, painted windows seem to furnish a suitable place. They should, at all events, be confined to the most sacred portion of the building. Such are the lamb with the standard; the descending dove, the anchor, the triangle, the pelican, the Ιχθύς (fish), and others. Perhaps the two or three last mentioned, as being of most recondite meaning, should be added later than the rest.'

A curious visitor to York Minster, if his attention be properly

* The cope is a cloak reaching from the neck almost to the feet, open in front, except at the top, where it is parted by a band or clasp. To the back is attached a cowl, or hood. The form of the cope was semicircular, and it was sometimes made of wool or hair—sometimes of linen, silk, velvet, or cloth of gold. It was adorned at pleasure with needlework, gold, silver, and jewels; and admitted of various colours, as white, black, green, yellow, purple, and blue.

directed, will be struck with some of the symbols depicted on the large window there.

It is well to be observant of the doings of the tractators, no less than of their writings. Some of these are familiar to our readers. The following is a graphical sketch of a Sabbath scene at Oxford, as witnessed by two brothers, who were on a visit to their alma mater, after several years' absence :—

' They went with their friend to the church that he usually attended. The building was neat, and somewhat elegant; but the first view of the interior struck them both as something unlike what they had been accustomed to see in churches in general. The style in which the service was performed corresponded, too, with the appearance of the church itself, and seemed hardly to belong to what either of them had hitherto witnessed of Protestant worship. They were first struck with the communion table. It was covered with an elaborate sort of cloth, not by any means answering to the description of the ' plain decent cloth' mentioned in the rubric; on it, were burning several long wax tapers. Above it was a large gilt cross, shining brightly in its radiant novelty, and apparently fresh from the hands of the artificer. The clergymen, on entering, bowed very lowly and reverently before the cross; and one of them carried in his clasped hands a golden goblet, that he seemed to regard with the most intense devotion. This, with many bowings, and, as the spectators believed, with crossings also, he set down on the table, and then retired backwards; and when he had reached the lowest step, fairly prostrated himself before the polished cup, from which he seemed scarcely able to tear himself. Mr. T.'s surprise at all this was so great that he could scarcely forbear whispering for an explanation from his friend.' He then rubbed his eyes, and looked round the sacred edifice, as if he scarcely knew where he was. He had frequently been in Roman-catholic churches and chapels, and he half imagined that, by some means, he must have entered one of these instead of a protestant temple. When the service began, he was yet more in doubt; for there were several officiating priests, with large embroidered copes on their robes, who stood before the altar, and conducted the worship with their backs to the people at one time, and turning to the north at another, and to the south at another. He looked involuntarily for a boy with a censer, and the curling fumes of the incense, to render the ceremonial complete. Nor was it till he caught a few English words according with the English prayer-book, that he felt sure that he was in an English church. The prayers themselves were indeed but a small source of instruction and edification, for they were read in a sort of mumbling chant, and he was unfortunately placed at some distance, and not sufficiently versed in the formularies to be able to follow them when he heard them but imperfectly. Besides which, the very extraordinary intonations, groanings, and gesticulations of several persons near him, so much distracted his attention, that the liturgy was nearly unheeded, and certainly not understood.'

' After various ceremonies which he had never before witnessed, the prayers were ended, and the sermon commenced. A text was, as usual, taken from the sacred Scriptures, but, as he had anticipated, he was effectually relieved from the harsh and grating doctrines (he was no evangelical) which fell so discordantly upon his ear from the lips of the clergyman in his own parish church. Faith and repentance, the atonement, and the regenerating influences of the Holy Spirit, were not named, except perhaps casually and incidentally, as a sort of technical phrases, needful, possibly, as appendages, but rather of use to fill up than to elucidate the subject. The main drift of the discourse was the paramount importance of the ancient usages of the church; it began with a eulogy on copes and mitres, and ended with a declamation against the abomination of pews—pews, a novelty dated only from the time of the puritans, or the great rebellion, and unknown and unthought of in the golden ages that preceded the Reformation! The effect, on one of the hearers at least, was amazement. He sat in mute astonishment, and when the sermon was ended he felt mystified, and was half in doubt whether he himself or the church had lost its senses.'

Daily services, matins, and vespers, and appropriate offices for fast days and festivals, attendance on which is enforced on the same authority with the sanctification of the sabbath, or rather the sacred obligation of the sabbath as a divine institute is reduced to the level of that of the most insignificant saint in the calendar, are at present the great objects of tractarian zeal. The anti-protestant tendency of all this is obvious. Family worship is thus transferred to the parochial edifice, the piety of home, around which cling the charities of life, is annihilated. All this strikes at the root of personal consecration to God, and of that *household religion*, which is one of the best nurseries of the holy and lovely graces of the Christian character.

The following account of celebrating, for the first time, the festival of St. John, accompanied by the act of baptismal regeneration, in a rural district, is a picture from the life:—

' At eleven o'clock the church bell was heard. This was the signal for the commencement of the fête itself, which was to begin with attendance at the morning service. According to the arrangement, therefore, the baptismal party proceeded to the church. On entering the church, the clergyman, an excellent man, who had been induced, without any consciousness of their design, by the earnest persuasions of a few influential tractarians in his parish, to perform the service, was a little surprised to see so unusual an attendance, and he could not forbear mistrusting the motives which had brought them together, and their zeal did not give him entire satisfaction. His suspicions were increased, when the name to be given to the child was announced to be John. The children of the parochial schools were in attendance, for the purpose of being duly marshalled in their respective stations,

and this was done under the direction of ——, who had come up from Oxford, and tendered his good services, that all might be duly conducted. Soon afterwards, the gentry who were visitors began to arrive, and among them the worthy clergyman and one of his children. They were welcomed with a band of music, which performed in much perfection portions of the most admired masses of Mozart, Pergolesi, &c. Musical ears distinguished ‘Sancte Johannes,’ and ‘Stabat Mater,’ among the most prominent and repeated airs. When the company were assembled, a flourish of trumpets sounded, and from the shrubbery emerged a procession of the children of the schools, and many others, chiefly the young persons of the village, with the Oxford divine in his canonicals at their head. They were paraded all round the extensive lawn, and some were dressed in costumes, and all were crowned with chaplets of different species of *hypericum*, or St. John’s wort, the flower which, according to ancient legends, is sacred to St. John the Baptist. A few children carrying garlands composed of this flower, immediately followed their leader, the very personification of a Romish priest. Then came a child of five years old, dressed in a snow white sheepskin, tied with blue ribbons, and leading a snow white lamb similarly ornamented. Afterwards came various allegorical personages, then another string of children with the consecrated flowers, and then a rough-looking young man, dressed in a shaggy bearskin, confined with a belt of brown leather, carrying a long pole in his hand, on which were fastened some ribbons inscribed with ‘*Agnus Dei*’ in large gold letters. He was followed by a suite of elder children, and other young persons, all crowned with chaplets of St. John’s wort; and the procession was closed by a fine young woman, the mother of the infant that had been baptized, dressed in the costume of the Virgin Mary, with the infant in her arms, personating one still holier, and her husband, the gardener, in a sort of flowing oriental dress as Joseph. The various allegorical personages who attended this group, we can hardly venture to describe, but it may suffice to say that the host’s own little daughter, with a companion about the same age, walked by the side of the fictitious Holy Family, dressed as angels, with little gilt wings tied on their back. During the progress of the procession, it occasionally stopped, and some choristers came forward, and sang a song or hymn, extracted (as far as could be understood from the few words that were intelligible) most probably from the Breviary, and in honour of the saint of the day. When the processioning and singing were ended, the juvenile and humbler portion of the company took their seats at the tables spread for them. These were also decorated with a number of *Agnus Dei*’s, the sacred flowers, and similar devices and ornaments, and the grace which was sung before the dinner was commenced, approached a good deal to the form of an invocation to the saint of the day. The most remarkable circumstance attending these ‘great marvels’ was, that it all took place under the especial auspices of one clergyman of the church of England, and during the presence of another, the minister of the parish. The

latter, indeed, was only a grieved and indignant spectator. The selection of the day, the name of the saint whose name it bore being given to the infant, the peculiar paraphernalia of the arrangements—in fact, every part of the whole proceeding—showed him but too plainly that the deadly heresy of the times was thrust into his hitherto peaceful parish, and even raised a suspicion that the hand of Rome herself was not far distant. The meaning of the display was too clear to be mistaken. It was neither the doctrine nor the discipline of the church of England, but an artful attempt, under covert of them, to introduce what she condemns and repudiates. It was, in truth, under the pretext of a baptism, to introduce the popish worship of a saint by a popish ceremonial. What was the whole thing but a procession and banquet in honour of St. John the Baptist, and a placing the infant under the peculiar protection of the saint, after the true Roman spirit and ordinances? What had he seen exhibited but the idolatrous fooleries of an apostate church, to which he had unwittingly given his sanction, by allowing himself to be persuaded to follow the rubric of his own church in observances which had grown obsolete, and not at all in accordance with the spirit of the times?

To Rome the tractarians were hastening with rapid strides, and their expected arrival brought many a Romanist on the road as far as the Appii Forum, to welcome and accompany them. Some tendered them their prayers. Prayers for the restoration of the ancient religion, and many additional masses, were said, both in this country and on the Continent, in France more especially, for the same object. More than one visitor to a Jesuit college, anxious to forward the tractarian movement, has been addressed by the president in some such language as this:—‘ Any advice or assistance you may need, from time to time, we will afford to our utmost. In general, we wish you to work with the weapons ready to your hands. You must labour to unprotestantize the church of England, by means of the forms and ceremonies found within herself. For this purpose, you should study the rubrics of the Common Prayer Book and the canons, and whatever you find has any affinity with our usages and doctrines, endeavour to render prominent. Disdain nothing merely because it may appear trifling; it may be possible to raise it into importance; and most certainly nothing is trifling which can in the minutest degree tend to swell the stream of events that lead towards any desirable end.’ A voice from Rome speaks intelligibly what is thought of the Oxford divines by the Romish clergy:—

‘ These gentlemen labour to restore the ancient catholic liturgy, the breviary, (which many of them, to the knowledge of the writer, recite daily,) fastings, the monastic life, and many other religious practices. Moreover they teach the insufficiency of the Bible as a rule of faith,

the necessity of tradition, and of ecclesiastical authority, the real presence, prayers for the dead, the use of images, the priest's power of absolution, the sacrifice of the mass, the devotion to the Virgin, and many other catholic doctrines, in such sort as to leave but little difference between their opinions and the true faith, and which difference becomes less and less every day. Faithful, redouble your prayers that these happy dispositions may be increased.'

This passage is thus designated in the table of contents—
‘Mirabile avvicinamento fra protestanti alle doctrine cattoliche.’*

The church of England, ever since her separation from Rome, has presented a wide field, where jesuitical subtlety, at various periods, has reaped an abundant harvest; and such an anomaly is she among the churches of Christendom, that in any commotion of the religious mind—especially when church principles are the subjects of agitation—she is sure to suffer in the end. What she gains in assumption she loses in reality. Converts she cannot make—secessions she must expect. The Scriptures and pure protestantism!—Rome and her infallibility!—between these solid rocks the Anglican *via media* is a floating island. Those who are rocked by the surges that beat around them, are anxious to gain one or other of the opposite shores. Converts from Rome, like deserters from dissent, are few; and those few, with some bright exceptions, are generally worthless. The church of England consists of thousands of unregenerate adults, that have grown up under the strange delusion that, as infants, they were regenerated by baptism. When any of these are awakened to thought and reflection, they soon discover that the church principles in which they have been educated are deficient, and want consistency—that to relieve them from these apprehensions the priest by whom they were regenerated has no confessional—that for the sins committed after baptism they have neither penance nor purgatory. They listen for awhile to that portion of the clergy who assume an infallibility, which their church repudiates—men who believe not a tittle of what she really teaches, who are her dictators and not her pupils, who hear not the church, who subscribe her articles in a non-natural sense, contradict her homilies, and follow her rubrics and canons just so far as they suit their own sinister purpose, and no further. And what is the result? Dr. Wiseman, a competent and impartial witness, has informed us. Speaking of the divines who have censured Dr. Hampden, as having ‘rejected the principles of the Reformation, and returned to thoughts and feelings which belong to other times, or at least to another church,’ he goes on to say:—

‘Divines of this class, whether living or dead, have been more than

* Avvenimenti Edificante Massime Recenti.

once subservient to the spread of catholicity. The late Mr. Vaughan, of Leicester, was ever most assiduous in preaching to his protestant flock on the high-church doctrine of authority in matters of faith, on the sin of dissent, and the unsafety of those who submitted and adhered not to the church ; and the consequence was, that several of his congregation, convinced by his arguments, but following them to their real conclusions, passed over to the catholic faith, and became zealous members of our holy religion. We had the pleasure of being acquainted with one who for years had exercised the ministry in the established religion, but became a convert to the truth, and in his old age took orders in the church. We asked him, on one occasion, by what cause he had been brought to embrace our religion, with so many sacrifices. He informed us that he had always been a zealous high-churchman, and had studied and held the opinions of the old English divines. He had thus firmly upheld the authority of the church; he had believed in the real presence of Christ's body and blood in the blessed eucharist; he had regretted the destruction of ceremony and religious symbols in worship, and had fully satisfied himself, on the authority of his leaders, that many catholic practices, usually much decried, were blameless, and might be salutary. His religious principles being thus formed upon the doctrines of that school, he could not avoid noticing that, practically, they were not held by the church in which he had learned them; he looked round for some place in which they might be found, and to his astonishment discovered that among catholics his theory of Christianity existed in a perfect and harmonious scheme. He had little or nothing to change—he merely transferred his allegiance from a party to a church, and became a catholic that he might remain a consistent protestant.'

This is severe enough ; its greatest severity is its truth. It might be proved, in a thousand ways, both by example and by argument. The present state of the church is of itself an irrefragable testimony to the fact. The high churchism of the past age has advanced a step nearer to its proper development—Tractarianism is an advance upon high churchism. Its tendency we have clearly shown.

The next question is—Are the present workers in this great Anti-reformation scheme aware of this tendency?—what is their *animus*? It is our deliberate conviction, that they are conscious and intentional agents, systematically employed in effecting a re-union of England and Rome, and, till this can be accomplished, confounding all distinctions between them—the result in either case being, as they well know, universal Romanism. We believe, too, that not only the heart, but that the hand of Rome is with them. It must be in the recollection of many, for it is not long since, when Roman bishops were seen walking about the streets of Oxford, and receiving visits from members of the

university—young men frequenting Roman-catholic chapels, and uniting themselves in a society in honour of the blessed Virgin. These protestant Jesuits have two colleges, one at Columba in Ireland, and the other ‘St. Peter’s College, in England.’ The Rev. W. Sewell, B.D., Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford, claims the honour of being the founder of both these institutions; and a little work of his—the second edition of which has just made its appearance—we recommend to our protestant readers. It is intitled, ‘Journal of a Residence at the College of Columba in Ireland, with a Preface.’ The ostrich hides its head, but its body cannot be concealed. To those who are acquainted with the tactics of Rome, the following remarks in the preface will be sufficiently intelligible. The new zeal of the tractators who have not yet gone over to Rome for the English Book of Common Prayer is somewhat remarkable—it contrasts oddly enough with the disparaging terms in which they were formerly accustomed to speak and to write of this now *inspired* volume.

‘Regarding the Prayer Book as the statute law of the English church, he (the founder) accepted its guidance most gladly and most unreservedly; and whenever its voice was clear, he resolved to comply with it fully as far as lay in him, without either omission or addition; lest a licence of eclecticism in any point should ultimately extend to all. The Prayer Book presented a daily service both morning and evening. He thought it better even to run the risk, little as he apprehended it in reality, of occasional weariness, than to set before both teachers and pupils an example of disobedience, and a practical condemnation of the church. The Prayer Book places all those engaged in education stringently under the control of their bishop: he has done the same. The Prayer Book makes the Catechism the basis of religious instruction: he has taken no other. The Prayer Book appoints holidays and feasts: he has commanded them to be celebrated. And the Prayer Book names days and seasons of fasting, and he has enjoined their observance also. He could not by any honest construction reconcile it to his conscience to interpret the words *on this point*, as a mere permission to fast if we like it, or as anything short of an injunction and obligation to fast, which has never been cancelled. And he did not dare to admit a principle of *non-natural interpretation* HERE, which would equally justify one class of minds in evading the articles, and another in falsifying the baptismal service. Moreover, we are fallen on days in which the battle of the church (it may be, the battle for all that is good,) has resolved itself into a struggle to maintain and hold fast an *external law over our actions*, and an *external rule of doctrine over our faith*.* This is, in one word, the summary of those conflicts

* Somewhat stringently imposed: ‘One of our first elected fellows, whose opinions we know did not exactly coincide with our own, and who had some peculiar no-

of opinions and parties in which the interests of the world are now perilled. Nowhere, for Englishmen, is such an external authority definitely established as in the Prayer Book. Round this we may rally; and on this we may rest (blessed be *the spirit which inspired it*) as on a rock."

What is immediately added has the appearance of honesty; but the impression of Tract 90 must be effaced from all protestant minds, if possible, for a season — and others on reserve and development, doctrines broached rather before the times were prepared to receive them, must be held in abeyance. Hypocrisy must lend them her veil. No one who has honestly listened to the voice of the common Prayer Book need complain of indistinctness. No one who has obeyed its commands, will doubt its power to bring him unto God. But if on one side it is surrendered up to be overloaded by a doctrine of development, and on the other allowed to be defaced by a licence of evasion, what is to become of truth? And with the loss of truth, what is to become of the world?" A friend of ours, at Rome, on seeing the gorgeous ceremonials and pantomime exhibitions at St. Peter's, on a grand festival, mortally offended one of the officiating priests, who heard him whisper to the gentleman who accompanied him, 'This is their Bible.' The tractarians expose themselves to the same severe censure. The Prayer Book is their Bible; yet with strange inconsistency they belong to a church whose fundamental maxim is 'The Bible—the Bible alone is the religion of protestants!'

It may be *politic*, but is it quite manly for tractarians to brand the only consistent asserters of the papistic divinity and discipline, who have sought them where alone they can be found and exercised in perfection, as being the treacherous betrayers of their church? It may answer a present purpose, but in the meantime the accusers are steadily pursuing the same object. It is certain that, till the hour of their secession, those who are now avowed

tions, had always declined turning to the east on the recital of the creed.' This occasioned great annoyance to the warden and the college generally. The example was infectious. The culprit was admonished in vain; and was at length expelled. The sin had been repeated under very aggravated circumstances. 'While things however, were in this state, the primate's visitation occurred; and even then, in the evening services, when the primate, the bishop, a number of clergymen of station, and all the congregation turned at the creed—alone he persisted in keeping his former posture. The thing was so marked, that the governors present could not help observing and being shocked with it; and after a discussion, it was resolved that the warden should signify to him the wish of the college that he would comply with their usage; and should call on him to do so by the promise which he had made to obey the authorities of the college in all things lawful and decorous. . . . He refused to comply; no other course was left but considering our engagement terminated by a violation of one of its most essential conditions.'—Journal of a Visit, &c., pp. 119, 121.

Romanists were regarded as oracles by their party. Mr. Newman was their *Coryphaeus*. The following passage will be read with surprise by men of all parties to whom the tractarian tactics of the last ten years are at all familiar :—

“ It is, indeed, one of the most grievous trials to which sincere, unswerving, devoted servants of the English church are now exposed, that the truth which they professed in common with unhappy men who have betrayed it, now renders them obnoxious to the suspicion of a similar treachery. Those who once professed the same *steady adherence to their church, the same wish to abide by the Prayer Book, the same abhorrence of ROMANISM*, as of dissent, have falsified all their professions. And those whom the public voice numbered with their friends and associates, will, it is naturally urged, close their career in the same end.”

We are tempted to make another quotation. Some men must have short memories or brazen foreheads. On what, among the sincere and devout of the tractarians, was their idea of a church founded? On something mysterious, comprehending views and feelings of which no existing church upon earth is in possession but the church of Rome; yet Mr. Sewell tells us, with apparent gravity, that he and his brethren are distinguished by—

‘ The absence of any dreamy, imaginative theory of what a church should be, rather than what it is, and what God has made it; a wish to act within their own sphere, to avoid all communications and dallying with errors, in whatever shape; a refusal to strain either the *formularies or the practice of the English church, to an accommodation with Romish doctrine*; an abstinence from querulous accusations of existing faults within their own communion, and, at the same time, an earnest desire to supply its wants, augment its powers, and correct our individual practice.’

Mr. Sewell speaks of two classes of minds, widely separate in character and principles, associated together as one party, yet having very different objects. Mr. Newman, of course, and the great multitude of priests who, through all the ramifications of the church of England, spreading over the whole world, have left their own communion and joined together in the fellowship of Rome, are the one,—and those who, like himself, are acting the more politic and prudent part, remaining in the church of England, are the other class. For ourselves, we have not been fortunate enough to discover the facts which would enable us to understand that any wide separation of character and principles ever existed among the tractarians proper, and we are perfectly sure that the names that stand at the head of this article are no otherwise to be distinguished from those with whom they once acted than as persons who only approach the edge of a precipice,

from which their more adventurous associates recklessly cast themselves down. Romanism must follow wherever church principles are admitted. But we charge the writers before us, notwithstanding their disclaimers, with the deliberate intention of introducing all the Romanism into the church of England which the Erastian principle of its constitution will admit, and of placing the church of Rome on the vantage-ground in every Tale they have invented, and by the most disingenuous artifices.

This is a charge that ought not to be made on light and insufficient grounds. The leaders in the tractarian movement stand so high in certain influential quarters, and are treated with such peculiar consideration by the heads of the church, that to venture anything like censure on their moral integrity may be deemed by some as both presumptuous and uncharitable. We have only one rule by which to determine our estimate of character. ‘By their fruits, ye shall know them.’ If this be not in the Prayer Book, it is in the Bible. The bishops, from whatever cause, are almost universally the panegyrists of the tractarians, and charge them with nothing but faults that lean to virtue’s side. When compelled to censure, their reproof amounts to no more than a gentle lamentation, and is a sort of complimentary remonstrance, which, after all, is rather praise than blame, and with which the parties themselves are perfectly satisfied. All these persons are to us entire strangers, and it is therefore impossible for us to speak of them in any other way than as public men; our opinion of them is formed solely upon their public conduct. From that conduct, however, it is impossible for us to look upon them with any sort of approbation. As controversialists, they have acted without any regard to common honesty. We cannot remember any controversy ever carried on with such complete unscrupulousness. The ‘Edinburgh Review’ said, most justly, of the Ninetieth Tract, that ‘if persons in ordinary life were to act upon similar principles, they would be scouted from society, or society itself must fall to pieces.’ Many of the other tracts are written on the same principles and in the same spirit, and often attack the very fundamentals of Protestantism—nay, sometimes of Christianity itself. Since the tracts have been discontinued, the parties have acted with dishonesty very similar to that which has characterized their other proceedings; they have shown that they evaded rather than obeyed the bishop’s injunction. The name of the tract has been dropped, but the same doctrines have been promulgated and propagated with redoubled zeal in an endless variety of other publications, periodicals of all descriptions, reviews, newspapers, magazines; also tales, sermons, histories, literature of every kind has been made to contribute to the furtherance of

their once openly avowed but now disguised object. Their indefatigable zeal has only been equalled by their insidiousness and unscrupulousness. The effects of this zeal are well known. Their dogmas flow in Faber's 'Waters of Chiswell;' they gossip in Paget's 'Tales of a Village;' they live in Gresley's 'Bernard Leslie;' they speak out in Bowden's 'Pope Gregory VII.'; they are essentials in Gladstone's 'Church Principles;' they enter into the texture and substance of Sewell's 'Christian Morals,' and these morals again shine out in their living forms in 'Margaret Percival.'

The heroes and heroines of romance are the creatures of the imagination. As fictitious exhibitions of human nature they may amuse, which is their legitimate object; like poetry, painting, and sculpture, they may be gracefully delineated, and so drawn out to the life as to enrich the mind with lofty thoughts, to gratify the taste with beautiful forms, and to awaken in the heart sublime or tender emotions akin to virtue, and therefore, in their measure and degree, conducive to rational happiness. But polemical romances, in which the principal actors bandy from one to the other theological dogmas, and are mere chattering champions, settling in speeches and dialogues the claims of their respective churches, or the conflicting articles of their faith, are anomalies in modern literature, whose fictitious character is strangely at variance with the sacredness of religious truth which they are intended to illustrate, so that a work of this description, while it fails to interest as a tale, has no weight as an argument in divinity—the thoughtful and impartial reader, rightly judging, that what is based on imaginary facts and incidents may be as false as the premises on which it is made to rest. The age has not yet so degenerated as 'to accept of legends for arguments, pictures for facts, and caricatures for portraits.' When on a subject of such high and solemn import as religion, in its mysterious doctrines and sacred institutions, an author resorts to this method of conveying his own opinions, and of assailing the principles of those who may unfortunately differ from him, we are struck with the incongruity between the state of his mind and the awful theme on which he descants; and we likewise feel, in spite of ourselves, a conviction that, however such a plan may display the adroitness and dexterity of the advocate, it certainly betrays his own sense of the weakness of his cause.

The volumes of a prebendary of Lichfield are only important so far as they place certain characters in circumstances to elicit church principles, in a way not to shock that numerous class in the church of England who profess a protestantism they do not

understand, and who are reluctant to believe that there can be clergymen in their own communion, who, for the sake of priestly power, are ready to betray their religion into the hands of its worst enemies. When we say church principles, we mean those which imply, all that the Newmans, the Kebles, the Palmers, the Williams's, the Wards, *cum multis aliis*, have put forth as the doctrines of the Nicene church, and which they have adopted in connexion with the popish divinity of the Tridentine Fathers. ‘Frank’s First Trip to the Continent,’ as a story, is totally devoid of interest; as an exhibition of church of Englandism, it is a fair specimen of tractarian tactics—it insinuates more than it is politic, at the present moment, openly to profess. The first reflection on the landing at Boulogne shows how eager the author is to enter upon his vocation:—

‘There was one object which caught their eye and called up mixed feelings, indicating at once a marked difference between the two nations. This was a large crucifix placed on the cliff above the harbour for the purpose of reminding the wave-tossed mariner, or successful fisherman, on entering the port, to offer up his thanks to the Giver of all good. It is impossible to view even the rudely carved form of our adorable Saviour hanging on the cross without emotion. And though there are grave objections to setting up images, and though there is danger, as we know, of their becoming objects of undue devotion, yet the principle of using means to force Christian thoughts upon men engaged in the business of life, *is surely much to be recommended*. How many thousands are there in our own busy ports and populous cities, who never think of God from one week’s end to another. When we blame others for setting up images, we ought to consider whether we do not ourselves make idols of our business and our pleasure, and suffer them to drive away all serious thoughts from our minds. Surely something is needed to arrest the attention, if it be but for a moment, to God.’—*Frank’s First Trip*, p. 11.

Thus the moral poison is injected, and the mind is then dexterously led into another train of thought. ‘Amongst the Crusaders,’ we are told, in a chapter dedicated to their exploits, ‘there were men of the highest wisdom and of the purest piety.’ In chapter the seventh, the Celibate has a passing word of commendation. Speaking of Marie De Boulogne, the author says—

‘As for poor Marie, let us hope that her second retirement from the world was more sincere and profitable to her than her first, which appears to have been entered upon on a sudden caprice of despondency, and without having counted the cost. When she had once deliberately taken vows, it was a great fault to break them.’—Page 52.

In page 57 we have a word in favour of paintings representing our Saviour and '*the blessed Virgin.*' The countenances were pleasing to look on, but they had their breasts open, and were pointing each to a bleeding heart within, which had anything but an agreeable effect. Probably, when the eye is familiarised with such exhibitions, the painful feeling may cease, and the sight may have simply the effect which is produced when we use the expression that 'any one's heart bleeds for another.' The consistency of what follows with our quotation respecting the image of Christ on the cross, we do not dwell upon—but the passage is singular, as it shows that the author does look for a re-union of the church of England and the church of Rome, and that the very thing that prevented Frank and his party from joining in Roman-catholic worship, was what he delicately calls an 'idolatrous usage.' 'It is utterly impossible that the schism in the church can be healed, so long as the Romanists persist in this one practice—the paying adoration to creatures instead of the Creator; we might, for anything I know to the contrary, hold worship with them in their church; for *I am not aware that any other doctrine or practice* does not admit of a right meaning, as introduced into their ordinary services. Many of their prayers are just the same as ours.' On the constant bowing and genuflexion, and kissing the altar, the comment is worthy of a Jesuit: 'I can imagine a person at private 'devotion using such gestures when his spirit was wrought up to 'great earnestness, or inadvertently using them in church. 'Perhaps such gestures appear more strange to us, from our own 'excessive reserve, and the entire absence of anything like them 'in our own service. Still it is a question of taste. Some may like 'more of ceremony, and some less. The English are a reserved 'people; the French, the reverse. We ought not to quarrel with 'them for using more ceremony and form than we ourselves deem 'suitable. *At the same time, I should be very sorry if we were to imitate them in this respect!*' Credat Judæus! Are not the ceremonies of the Roman-catholic church uniformly the same in all latitudes and all climates, and among people of all temperaments—the phlegmatic as well as the mercurial? With another specimen, we must dismiss Frank for the author's *chef d'œuvre*, Bernard Leslie. 'I must say that I liked the capes and em-broidered cross, and rich vestments of the priests. Capes, 'you know, are allowed—I believe, ordered—by our own church. 'They continued in use until *the great rebellion*, when they were 'discontinued by the Puritans; and in common with several other 'things of the same sort, were not revived at the restoration of the 'church and monarchy.' The book, throughout, is an apology

for popery,—by the side of which, the English hierarchy appears at an immense disadvantage.

‘Bernard Leslie’ is the progress of a divine from a vague protestantism to a jesuitical popery, as the clergyman of a protestant church. The hero of the tale says of himself, ‘My views were ‘sufficiently vague; one circumstance, in some respects advantageous, attended my deficiency in this respect—namely, that ‘I entered upon the ministry the *partisan of no school*. I was ‘what my father was, a sincere member of the church of Eng-‘land; which I was thoroughly persuaded was the most perfect ‘church ever established.’ And so he *professes* to be to the end of the volume. But in the very beginning, so early as the 10th page, the cowl gets a little awry, and we catch a glimpse of the son of Loyola. ‘It is lamentable and notorious that many attached members of the church regard her, not as she ought to be, and in her acknowledged formularies really is, but as *they now see her*. They do not take her character from her ancient ‘documents and offices, but from the corrupt practices which ‘have grown up within the last century.’ This evil it is proposed to remedy by the establishment ‘of theological seminaries, ‘where young clergy may be trained up in the knowledge and ‘exact practice of the church as she is in truth, and not merely ‘ostensibly;—Columba and St. Peter’s, to wit. The evangelical clergy and the dissenters are most illiberally caricatured and misrepresented in the pages of ‘Bernard Leslie,’ and, indeed, in all the volumes before us. The advocates of the Celibate of the Nicene church, of brotherhoods and sisterhoods, cloistered and uncloistered, is betrayed in the following; it describes an evangelical clergyman:—‘Mr. O’Brien was reckoned a *crack preacher* ‘at Market Ashford, and greatly admired, especially by the *un-married ladies*. His sermons furnished an important subject of ‘conversation in a country town, where topics were scarce; and ‘though there was an anti-O’Brien party amongst some of the more ‘staid inhabitants, yet, on the whole, he was looked on as decidedly ‘a very popular man.’ We have no sympathy with profaneness, it disgusts us; and we feel contempt for ignorance, either real or affected, when it takes upon itself to censure and calumniate. In the church of England, if there are no friars—black, white, or grey—there are preachers of every grade and of every heresy; and it is therefore just possible there may be a Mr. O’Brien, with more truth in his head than apparent grace in his heart, and should there be, he is less an enemy to his church and Christianity than the Rev. Bernard Leslie.

‘The whole Christian scheme,’ Mr. O’Brien is made to say, ‘lies in a nut-shell. You should stick to the epistle of St. Paul to the Romans.

If you did not know a word of scripture besides, that would be enough. I have it all at my finger-ends. First, you know the corruption of man, Jew and Gentile, all under sin; none righteous—no, not one; all our righteousness filthy rags. Then salvation, full and free, offered to the worst of sinners, according to the predestinated counsel of God. This is the plan, sir; stick to this, and you are sure to be right. Down with the sinner, and exalt the Saviour. Besides, sir, I find it very useful, in preaching extempore, (which I observe, sir, you do not do,) to have something always to come back to. Sometimes, indeed, I take a ride on the black horse in the Revelations. I did so, a Sunday or two ago; and you should have seen how the people pricked up their ears!"

'Better to prick their hearts,' thought I.

'Have you ever read Dwight?' said my Irish friend, rather abruptly, after a short pause. I answered in the negative.

'What! not read Dwight? If you don't know Dwight, you know nothing. (I felt much flattered by this remark.) Dwight's System of Theology contains all that is worth knowing; every subject is treated as it should be. A man who knows Dwight's theology, knows enough for a bishop.'

'Dwight, it should be observed, was a very good man, *in some respects*, BUT AN AMERICAN DISSENTER.'

This latter piece of information will greatly amuse our friends on the other side the Atlantic. It was not to be expected that the Bible Society, and similar institutions, could find favour in the eyes of a high-churchman, and a high-churchman in holy orders. Such institutions, it seems, promote low-church influence, and an approximation with the views of dissenters. We cannot see ourselves as others see us, or surely the following censure of the Pastoral Aid Society would have been spared:—
'The ostensible object of the Pastoral Aid Society is to provide curates in populous places; whilst the actual operation is to provide curates of certain opinions, and secure to an irresponsible committee of private clergymen the patronage of all the most important curacies in the country.' Is not the same object, but on a much larger scale, the grasping at bishoprics and labouring to expel from colleges and parishes men of the highest reputation for learning and piety, who are opposed to their own views, systematically pursued by the leading and influential tractarians? They did not succeed in the case of Dr. Hampden, but we know more than one curate suffering under their cruel and relentless persecution. What are they but a corresponding society of private clergymen, spreading their insidious and nefarious influence through the British empire and all its dependencies?

These Quixotic novelists, according to their various degrees of talents, are strenuous assertors of the doctrine of baptismal

regeneration. But in what it consists, they are equally unable to explain. They do not attempt to show us how this new creation was effected under the Old Testament dispensation, nor can we learn from them what it really is. In vain we ask, Is it pardon? Is it a change of state, or a change of heart? How can it be effected by a priest, when in scripture it is ascribed to the Holy Spirit, as the agent, and to the word of truth as the instrument? On this question, Mr. Gresley is even less felicitous than his fellow-labourers; nor is he more happy when he attempts to prove from scripture the doctrine of the real Presence in the Eucharist. He is strong in the Prayer-Book: his coadjutors feel that it is their impregnable fortress, and they wisely eschew the Bible. He will do well to follow their example: church principles are not inspired doctrines, as their advocates will one day find to their cost.

The Dialogue on Tradition is a shuffle. Deprive men of the right of private judgment, and then tell them that ‘there are bad traditions, which we ought to leave, and good, which we ought to follow,’ is something like an *argumentum ad absurdum*. But it is in impudent, unsupported, and pretended *ex cathedra* statements that this writer chiefly excels. There is more of the Jesuit than the novice in the following closing paragraph of the chapter on Tradition:—

‘ I conceive it to be the duty of every man to be ready to give a reason for the faith which is in him. The Socinian should inquire whether his interpretation of scripture is that which was held from the beginning, and he will find, on inquiry, that at the council of Nice his doctrine was condemned by the universal church. The dissenter is bound to ascertain whether his discipline is according to the tradition of the church; and he will find (*mirabile dictu*) that for fifteen hundred years no such discipline was heard of. The Romanist, in like manner, will find that *many* of his doctrines and practices are of comparatively recent origin, and unknown to the ancient church, as they are repugnant to the word of God.

‘ You are, I trust, now prepared to acknowledge the value of tradition. If men take the Bible alone, it is evident, from experience, that they will fall into most pernicious errors; for this simple reason, that they will not interpret it aright. If they are content to receive the tradition in which they have been born, they are still liable to error. The children of Socinians are bred and born in the false tradition of Socinus; Wesleyans in the tradition of Wesley; papists, in the tradition of popery. All these, more or less, make the law and the gospel of none effect through their HUMAN TRADITION. But let them go by the tradition of the church,—let them receive those great truths which have been held from the beginning as the true interpretation of scripture, and that form of discipline which the universal

church, for a long course of centuries, has upheld,—let them reject *the novelties of popery*,* and the still more recent novelties of dissent; all of which *can be proved* to have sprung up in comparatively modern days, and there is a chance of *the church* being once more united in one.'

We should like to see Mr. Gresley in the handling of one of the priests of Rome. We suspect he would soon scatter all these gratuitous assumptions to the winds of heaven. This is another advantage, we fear purposely given to the adversary—the younger sister claiming the patrimony of the elder; certain that it must be surrendered at any moment when the demand for restitution is made. There are many extravagancies of a papistical tendency in the chapter on the Value of Church Ordinances. Preaching as an ordinance is depreciated, and the daily services, according to the rubric, ludicrously insisted on; and in the chapter on Tradition, the Sabbath, or 'the Lord's Day,' is ominously denominated 'a weekly festival.' 'Why not let well alone?' is the interrogation that heads the twelfth chapter, which purports to be a dialogue between Mr. Leslie and the most intelligent of his parishioners. He must be going to Rome, for he works miracles. The instance in which he displayed his supernatural power, we have marked with italics in the paragraph which follows:—

'After we had a long conversation on the Unity and Visibility of the Church, the apostolical succession,† the Divine institution of the episcopate, the high value of the sacraments, and the necessity of

* 'The novelties of popery.'—These, according to the views of the tractarians, may be fairly resolved into the system of development, as applied by them to the traditions of the Nicene church. Where is tradition to stop? The church of Rome ~~remissently~~ adopted all that the ancient and universal church had recognised. Who shall presume to say that her novelties are not further developments of church principles, and that they are, to say the least, of equal authority, and quite as consistent with the scriptures, as the Celibate and its attendant abuses, which were nearly or quite as flagrant during the Nicene period as at a later date. These come fully within the terms of the rule—*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*. Mr. Taylor, in his 'Ancient Christianity,' has satisfactorily proved 'that these opinions and practices, in their most extreme form, including the wild fanaticism of the Egyptian solitaries, and the celibacy of the clergy, received an ample and explicit sanction from all the great masters and doctors of the church, during the most prosperous and enlightened age of any preceding the Reformation; and that, on this head, "popery has no peculiar culpability."

† This worthless figment Archbishop Whately has demolished. Why do not the Gresleys and the Sewells break a lance with him? Let them answer, if they can, that part of his second essay on the Kingdom of Christ, which relates to 'unbroken succession.' The concluding short paragraph we cannot withhold: 'It is no wonder, therefore, that the advocates of this theory studiously disparage reasoning, deprecate all exercises of the mind or reflection, deify appeals to wisdom, and lament that even the power of reading should be imparted to the people. It is not without cause that they dread and lament "an age of too much light," and wish to involve religion in a "solemn and awful gloom." It is not without cause that, having removed the Christian confidence from a rock to base it on sand, they forbid all prying curiosity to examine their foundation.'

adhering to the ordinances of the church, to which we professed to belong. *I showed my excellent and intelligent parishioners proofs in Scripture of the doctrines in question;* and then pointed out that whatever I had preached, and whatever deviation I had made from the usual order of the service, was strictly in conformity with the Book of Common Prayer, according to which I am bound to act.'

"Well," said Sir John, after a very patient attention to all I had to bring forward; "I must acknowledge that your views are entirely in accordance with the formulaires of our church; and if the doctrines and usages which you advocate are Popish, all I can say is, *that our Prayer Book is Popish.*"

Mr. Gresley has found out a panacea for the social evils which are so prevalent among our people. "The popular churchmanship of the present day" is practically a failure." Here is the thrust; the wound is inflicted—and how is it to be healed? No Romish priest could have hit upon a better expedient. "Do I, " in affirming this, bring a charge of inefficiency against the English church? No; far from it. On the contrary, I say, "restore her to what she really is, to what the reformers left her, " and she will be the most effectual instrument to save the nation "from corruption and ruin. Preach to the people her forgotten doctrines, and there will at least be hope that they will be recognised. Tell them of the unity so distinctly enjoined in Scripture, and they may be induced to give up their schism. Urge upon them the Divine claim of their ministers, and they may yet be willing to rally round them, and respect them as God's ambassadors. Teach them the nature of the church's festivals, and they will discern their value, and regard them as they ought. Induce them to keep the appointed fasts, and you may engraft in them a spirit of self-denial for the Lord's sake, " which will be the best antidote against the prevailing luxury " and self-indulgence, and may furnish the means of restoring the church to her efficiency."

Of the forgotten doctrines of the church we have a summary in the fourteenth chapter. It should be bound up with the creed of Pope Pius the Fourth. The way in which these men treat dissenters displays as much ignorance as bigotry—the lines from Keble, intended to reproach the dissenting teacher for presumptuous impiety, the dissenter may reasonably apply to such clerical instructors as Mr. Gresley and his tractarians—

——— "who, uncalled by Thee,
Dare touch thy spouse, thy very self below?
Or who dare count him summoned worthily,
Except thy hand and seal he show?"

We must of necessity pass over large portions of this volume

which furnish abundant matter for controversy. This we intended from the first to eschew, contenting ourselves with making out a practical case affecting the moral honesty of Romish priests wearing the garb and receiving the emoluments of Protestant clergymen. We noticed one ominous fact in Sewell's visit to the college of St. Columba—the expulsion of one of the fellows for refusing during divine service to bow to the east. Bernard Leslie supplies us with another. We may place them in contrast. Who can doubt the *animus* in both cases? The old clerk in Mr. Leslie's church thus addresses his reverend superior, as soon as the curate, a young tractarian dandy, had left the vestry:—

'Well, that's a strange gentleman, to be sure; the people don't half like his ways. I suppose, sir, you have not seen the churchwardens since you came home? But they want to speak to you about what happened on Thursday last at the communion—for I read a communion on every festival.'

'No; I have not seen them, Simon; what was it that took place?'

'Why, sir, Mr. Monkton would not use the bread which was there, but brought a number of little wafers, which he had made at his lodgings. Some of the people who went up to the rail would not take them, but came away without communicating. I do not know what you will think of it, sir; but the parish is all up in arms about it.'

This was allowed to pass with a gentle remonstrance—the rector apologizing for his subordinate, observing that he 'could not accuse him of any positive violation of the rubric.' This young gentleman, so leniently dealt with, it seems, 'had shaved the hair from the top of his crown—in short, had adopted a regular tonsure,' and was continued in his curacy; for fortunately, says his eulogist, 'he was one of those who, though they may be led astray by the ardour of their disposition, or be beguiled by some false theory or fantastical notion, are blessed with humble and kindly dispositions, and a conscientious desire to do, by God's aid, what is right.' Very appropriate and monitory are the lines from Wordsworth, which stand as the motto to the chapter intitled, 'Tendency to Popery.' When a culprit is pursued, it is considered a capital manœuvre for him to join in the hue and cry against himself—

'shun the insidious arts
That Rome provides; less dreading from her frown
Than from her wily praise.'

'Tales of the Village' are chiefly attractive, as they are the productions of a chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Oxford! We are not fond of complimenting—but Mr. Paget, in describing one of his heroes, has admirably succeeded, we think, in taking

the measure of his own intellectual and religious acquirements; of course our readers will substitute the term tractarian for dissenting. ‘With all his fluency, he was by no means well ‘read; and his arguments for the most part were what he might ‘have picked up in any number of a second-rate dissenting ‘magazine.’ The celibate—that source of all practical errors and abominations—is a mark beyond popery, though it may be regarded as the foundation of the system. We cannot doubt that Rome possesses the heart of that man, be he bishop or bishop’s chaplain, who feels pleasure in being told, ‘You have ‘made me think better of monasteries and nunneries than I have ‘hitherto been disposed to do, Mr. Warlingham;’ and who, in reply, can utter language like the following:—

‘I am not sorry, said I; but let me be not misunderstood.’ Of course I do not mean to say that there were not many crying evils, many shocking instances of vice and immorality among the suppressed monasteries. All I would assert is, that these evils are not of necessity so bound up with every portion of the monastic system, as that no modification of it could be restored with advantage. I believe, for the reasons and under the restrictions to which I have alluded, that it might; and one further suggestion in favour of it, which a college life has taught me, I cannot refrain from adding, which is this—that the diligent observance of daily service among them might be the means, in God’s hands, of restoring it elsewhere, and in bringing back habits of devotion which I fear have almost past away. It is said that after that grim Lord Longdon harried the nuns of Godsholme from their ancient abode, it was still their habit to return at midnight, and celebrate the divine offices in the desecrated chapel. Through summer’s heat and winter’s cold, they maintained the pious practice; and thirty years passed away before the last surviving sister of the venerable band was found dead in the attitude of prayer at the foot of that altar where, half a century before, she had devoted herself to God. When *our* time of trial comes, (and apparently it is hard at hand,) may we be found as patient, as constant, as faithful.’

The editor of ‘Margaret Percival,’ by far the most insidious and jesuitical of the tractarian novels for the times, disclaims all share whatever in its merits. ‘He is responsible,’ he tells us, ‘for recommending the line of argument to be employed in cases ‘like the one exhibited in the present tale, and for sanctioning ‘the use of fiction as a vehicle for suggesting it to others.’ The argument, as a defence of the Anglican church in opposition to the pretensions of the church of Rome, is a failure, and evidently intended to be so; and apart from the argument, the story enlists all the sympathies of the reader on the same side. Unlike the tales of Paget and Gresley, it aims at a higher quarry than low church and the sects. Low church is not once alluded to,

and the sects are very summarily disposed of. The design of the writer obviously is to win the reader's regards to Romanism. No Jesuit, bearing in his recollection that prejudices still linger among English people against popery, could have managed with more art to obliterate, in a cautious and gentle manner, unfavourable impressions and reminiscences, with a view to leave his readers prepossessed in favour of the catholic system. What other end he could possibly have in view in adopting the story we cannot imagine; and why a Protestant clergyman should so commit himself, we are greatly at a loss to conjecture. His own account, in the Preface, must excite surprise in all but the initiated. 'Romanism has its fairer as well as its darker side, and it is only when the fairer is presented that it can tempt a delicate mind. *It was necessary for the purpose of the story* to exhibit it here in this light: and to have drawn it in its grosser deformities would have been little consistent either with the taste or the position of a lady.' We conclude that for the *purpose* of the story it was *also necessary* to throw into shade the fairer side of the church of England, and to give an unnatural prominence to its darker features.

We may be permitted, however, to question whether a young lady totally ignorant of the polemics of both churches, of an ardent mind, and delicately sensitive on all subjects that touch the conscience, was quite the person to be selected as the heroine of a tale, where a priest of Rome and an Anglican Jesuit alternately place her on the rack of controversy—torturing her with doubts she cannot solve, and rending her heart with conflicting emotions, of which she ought never to have been the victim. Nor can we feel otherwise than strongly incensed, as we proceed with the story, at the paltry sophistries practised upon the poor girl's simplicity, when the only question really at issue is, whether she shall continue a member of a church that renounces Protestantism, or go over to its elder sister, the church of Rome. But our indignation takes another direction, when we perceive that the tale has a very different end and object to that which appears to belong to the narrative, that the *denouement* is unnatural, and that it was by the writer intended to produce a revulsion of feeling in the mind of the reader. The church of England has the victory—while the triumph is awarded to the church of Rome. A cathedral scene at Rouen is thus described, and is, in fact, the real commencement of the story:—

'The door was pushed open; and with a greater degree of reverence than of curiosity, Margaret advanced into the church. The shadows of evening were fast gathering round, and the extremities of the long aisles and transepts were shrouded in obscurity, but before her

the graceful pillars of the nave, their moulded piers unbroken by capitals, rose up into the vaulted roof; whilst beyond them were mingled arches and columns, altars and chapels, some dark and scarcely to be distinguished, others touched by the light of the dying day, as its mellowed rays shone mistily through the deep yet gorgeous colours of the windows. A few figures were scattered about the building, but none were moving. Kneeling before the shrine of the Virgin, or the image of a favourite saint, they were apparently absorbed in devotion; and except the distant murmur of the world's cares, which reached even to that temple of God, no sound fell upon the ear, save from the furthest end of the south transept, where, before an illuminated altar which shed a flickering light upon the bases of the pillars near, a priest was chanting a mass for the repose of the dead. Margaret stood motionless; she thought of nothing—observed nothing—her soul was absorbed in a feeling of intense awe.'

To her Anglican father confessor, Margaret is represented as saying—

“But the unity of the church must mean more than the church of one particular nation.”

“Of course it does,” is the reply—“it includes all churches which are really churches descended from the apostles, and adhering to the true faith.”

“And union between Romanists and ourselves?” inquired Margaret, doubtfully.

“You are inclined to be argumentative, I see, my dear child,” said Mr. Sutherland; “and if so, perhaps this conversation may do you more harm than good.”

Evasion the first; and we have the second in the next paragraph—

“I am not going to enter upon the subject of the relative position of the two churches. It is a very deep and intricate one, requiring accurate historical knowledge, and not necessary for the regulation of your daily conduct.”

We shall not attempt to analyse these volumes, or to give the story in whole or in outline; but shall content ourselves with quoting a few of those passages, out of many that might be adduced, which furnish evidence to confirm the leading allegation which it has been our aim through this article to establish. Father Andrea, the Romish confessor, makes the following shrewd remark—he had, in a qualified manner, been defending puritanism, and vindicates himself by observing—

“Miss Percival trusts what she calls her church, because it has a claim to some antiquity and suits her taste; but if you can bring her to see that dissenters have an equal claim to her respect, the prestige, for it is nothing more, which now makes the establishment venerable, will cease; she will be driven from her position.”

Page after page, as we pass along, is filled with statements calculated to depreciate the English church. Margaret is described in a state of mind, produced by her catholic associations, not very favourable to it. If the existence of the church had hitherto appeared an abstraction which her mind could not grasp, now it had melted away entirely—lost amid the heterogeneous medley of opinions which she had been accustomed to include in the term Protestantism. One of the interlocutors introduced to help ‘the argument,’ observes, ‘Persons talk so much in these days of the church of Rome.’ The answer of the Protestant priest is remarkable. We hope it will make a due impression upon the thoughtful readers of such works as ‘Margaret Percival.’ : ‘I know they do, ‘*and for that very reason one should be inclined to suspect something unsound in the feeling which leads them to do so.* Fashions in ‘opinion are, generally speaking, exaggerations of truth.’

‘‘But you don’t condemn the Romish system, putting aside the errors?’ inquired George.

‘‘I do not wish to speak of it. It is not our business. Let us work out our own fully; and when we are made bishops and sit in convocation, it will be time enough to think whether it is wise to adopt the customs of Rome.’ ‘But,’ said Margaret, in a timid voice, ‘I do not think I quite understand what your system is.’

(This brings out another sly thrust at the church of England.) ‘You are not alone in your ignorance there, my dear Margaret,’ replied her uncle. ‘I believe half the people of England judge of the church according to its actual working.’

‘Save me from my friends! the church of England may well exclaim, if no abler advocates present themselves to meet her enemies in the gate than the author of such trash as the following paragraph contains.

‘An act-of-parliament church the English church cannot be, because she has the gift of the apostolical succession. Heretical she cannot be, because she holds the creed of the apostles, and the canons of the first four general councils. Schismatical she cannot be unless the claim of the bishop of Rome to be the universal bishop is proved to be valid. Now, before you can attempt to form an opinion for yourself on this point, I will tell you the learning which is absolutely required. First, an acquaintance with the works of the great English divines—Taylor, Andrews, Hooker, Hammond, Bull, Beveridge, and very many besides. Next, a comparison of their statements with those of Bellarmine, Baronius, and the chief Romanist writers; then a perfect knowledge of ecclesiastical history, without which you cannot decide as to the credibility of the facts brought forward. And lastly, a long and deep study of the early fathers, implying, of course, critical learning in the Greek and Latin languages.’

Let any man follow out this line of argument—and see where it will lead him. Let it be applied to the inspiration of the Scriptures—the controversy between Christianity and its learned adversaries of every age and under every form of opposition. As far as the controversy with Rome is concerned, it is a two-edged sword, and cuts both ways. On the present occasion, it is a mere expedient to get rid of a pressing difficulty.

In spite of this and many other intended contradictions with which these volumes abound—startling exposures of the evil working of the established church, and, anon, mild and half-articulated censures of Romanism,—the young, the enthusiastic who have never breathed in the pure atmosphere of Scriptural Christianity, but who have been accustomed to an atmosphere impregnated and tainted with ‘church principles,’ will seek their souls’ health amidst the malaria of a deeper superstition and more fatal delusions. Perfect is the contrast between the Scriptures and these tractarian novels; and how utterly different the mental and moral state of thought and sentiment which they respectively induce! We cannot say, indeed, that tractarianism, any more than Romanism, is all form, without a spirit. It is mysticism united with the monkery and asceticism of Rome. With these persons the delusion of a church takes the Saviour’s place and is of equal potency with the Maryolatry of the papist. It leads from Christ—not to him. It sets the priest, as the leader, at the head of a procession of saints, bearing crucifixes, tapers, and material symbols, and all the paraphernalia of a pompous and idolatrous ceremonial—these intervene, as a dense cloud between spiritual worship and its object. “God is a spirit, and they who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. Spiritual worship is the only true and acceptable worship. Ecclesiastical ceremonies are, in themselves, among things purely indifferent, and to be observed only so far as they contribute to good order and decorum. In any other view, all ceremonies are but a modification of idolatry. Idolatry is, indeed, the grand besetting sin of human nature. The worship of a purely spiritual being is the most ennobling and the most difficult of all mental exercises. It requires that we should free ourselves from all the ties and entanglements of the corporeal elements with which our spirit is so closely connected, so that we may be ourselves pure as the Divine source of all purity to whom we desire to draw near. A single unholy thought, a single grovelling desire, is fatal to the spiritual intercourse; the soul must rise upwards with all its powers, with all its holiest energy, if it would appear before the unapproachable Majesty of heaven and earth. But such efforts as these, the

weakness and degeneracy of man would gladly escape, and thus he turns, with a sense of relief, to the contemplation of something which promises to spare him the pains, and give him a religion more easy and accessible. The throne of the ineffable Eternal he feels beyond his reach, and he welcomes a shrine or a relic, or a ceremony—hoping that this may, perhaps, even though not exactly, yet in a certain measure, be made to supply its place. And this he can look upon, as it were, with security; it demands no great sacrifice, and is quite on a level with his natural capacity, and his ordinary modes of thinking and acting. But here lies the essence of all idolatry. Our sympathies and devotional feelings are called forth to that which is not God—an act of adoration is paid to that which stands between man and his Maker; and the sentiment is precisely the same whether, like the Israelites, we bow to the golden calf, or whether, according to the custom of more modern times, we bow to the altar: the calf is not God, and the altar is not God; but if the homage paid to both be the same, why should one be justified, and the other called idolatrous? To say that by the outward act we mean to worship the true God, and not the object immediately before our eyes, which we may suppose to recall and represent him to us, is no justification of the act; for it is such an act as this which is forbidden by the Second Commandment. Nothing is there said about the worshipper's meaning and intentions, but the outward act of bowing down only is mentioned; as if it were not to be supposed that man would ever be so brutish as to look upon the objects themselves as divine, if it was only this peculiar manner of worshipping the Supreme Being which needed a prohibition.

The great pretence of the Oxford tractarians is the revival of a spiritual and influential religion in the church of England, as the grand means of reforming the people at large. That it is a mere pretence, they themselves are perfectly aware; all history shows them—and especially those historical records which they have made their chief study—that the Christian teachers of the Nicene, and of a much earlier age, not only polluted and debased the Christian theology, but cast into the shade even the doctrines they had so perverted, for the purpose of giving prominence to sacramental and ritual observances, to fasting and penance, and to whatever carried the mind and heart away from a lively faith and a spiritual devotion. Universal corruption of manners was the consequence. Have we not sufficient warnings against the doctrines and practices of Rome, in the social and moral condition of all those countries that acknowledge her sway? They were not the emissaries or doctrines of Rome that revived religion in the church, and diffused it through the nation in the eighteenth

century. Whitfield's sermons and Wesley's hymns will live, and warm many hearts with the fervency of evangelical piety, when Sewell's 'Christian Morals' and Keble's 'Lyra Apostolica' shall have passed into oblivion.

The real object of the tractarians, and of their high-church coadjutors, is to consolidate a system of priestly power, which will enable them to sway the destinies of two worlds. As they cannot raise an individual to the chair of God's vicar on earth, with the keys at his girdle, to open and shut the gates of heaven at his pleasure, they are determined to invest their hierarchy with an equal authority. They are subtle, but not wise in their generation. Whatever appearances the ecclesiastical heavens may present to the eye of the superficial and incurious, there are those who behold in their aspects, omens of a portentous character—omens that not only tell of change, but of disaster. The star wormwood is on its descent; already men are dying of its bitterness; and we are almost disposed to hail Sir James Mackintosh as a prophet, who, more than half a century ago, said, 'Did we not dread the ridicule of political prediction, it would not seem difficult to assign its period. Church power (unless some revolution, auspicious to priestcraft, should replunge Europe in ignorance) will certainly not survive the nineteenth century.' The church of England, if she follow her tractarian guides, will be her own destroyer. After having survived so many storms, this would be a most 'lame and impotent conclusion.'

ART. X. (1.) *Christianisme et Paganisme; ou, Principes engagés dans la Crise Ecclésiastique du Canton de Vaud.* Par LE CTE. AGENOR DE GASPARIN.

(2.) *Esquisse d'une Théorie de l'Eglise Chrétienne.* Par EDMOND SCHERER, D.D.

(3.) *Christianity; its perfect adaptation to the Mental, Moral, and Spiritual Natura of Man.* By ATHANASE COQUEREL, one of the Pastors of the Protestant Church of France, and Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

(4.) *The Moral and Religious History of France, from the Revolution of 1830 to the Present Time.* By G. DE FELICE, D.D., &c. Published in the *British Banner*.

THE year 1848 seems likely to commence and signalize an epoch in more than one sense, and in the annals of more than one nation. History does not furnish a parallel case of so many civilized countries revolutionized within a few weeks. The cataclysm

burst upon the pinnacles of society with the suddenness and the force of the thunderbolt. It has swept some away, and made all vibrate. A train of gunpowder encircling the nations could not have been fired more speedily. The general sympathy in the spirit of revolution shows that the train was actually laid, though nobody knew it, and that it only awaited the hand or the accident that might supply the spark. The great ones of the earth were speaking peace to themselves and one another, and not more confidently for many years past, when sudden destruction came upon them. It has passed, or rather, is still passing, over some like the whirlwind, and under others like the earthquake. The ground heaves, the sky lowers, and the floods have lifted up their voice. Still the tempest threatens and the end is not by and by. The ocean once stirred from its depths remains long agitated.

From our snug little island-nest we have, like most of our readers, been looking out with intense interest, with anxious sympathy, with even a strange mixture of hope and fear, joy and grief, upon these social tempests, as they have moved fearfully from region to region, and as they have threatened, and do still threaten, to return to the spots where we fondly hoped they had done their work; and we have endeavoured, not without some serious alarm for our own continued quiet, to bring together a few observations on this mixed subject—civilization, revolution, and religion—things very different, yet often connected in this world's history, and clearly so in those prophetic pages which show us an overturning power working ‘till he come whose right it is.’

To the Christian, one of the most interesting questions suggested by these stupendous movements is—Will they affect the Christianity of Europe? Has Christianity exerted any influence in producing that state of the public mind which has brought on these changes? And will they directly or indirectly react upon the interests of Christianity? Though politics appear at the surface, is religion really at the bottom? These are questions which we have anxiously put to ourselves, and on which we shall, in due course, deliver our opinion, guided by the various signs of the times. These are of thrilling interest. We have seen the whole social organization of mighty nations vanishing like dissolving views at an exhibition, and ancient dynasties and forms of government disappearing as if touched by the wand of enchantment. We have beheld human nature everywhere representing its wrongs, impatient under its privations, recovering its benumbed energies, shaking off its incubus, and rising in giant strength, like Samson, after his shorn locks had grown again.

Surely the movement is not simply destructive and retrograde. It is not a mere ebullition of blind passion. It is not one of the vagaries of wild imaginations. It must have sprung from deep-seated and universal tendencies in human nature. It cannot be the ferment of an hour, nor the effect of local and temporary provocation. Many years and a combination of causes must have contributed to condense the resolution and swell the heart of these mighty nations. No man that loves his species can look upon this movement with indifference, or entire disapprobation. The effort is ennobling and cheering as a proof that human nature is neither grown old nor become recreant to itself. Heroism is not the monopoly of any age or nation. It is still indigenous to the human spirit. Let but a right cause evoke it, let but a pregnant thought possess the soul, and the great men that have been will reappear; for, under given circumstances, we allow that the law of human kind is not retrogression but progress; not decadence, but growth.

Yet social revolutions are always fearful and fitful impulses. They are more powerful to destroy than to build up. They merely remove obstructions; but the power that impels society forward in its line of advancement is altogether different from that which does the rough work of demolition. Unanimity, determination, courage, may burst the bonds, and hurl them against the heads of oppressors; but when nations set themselves to solve the arduous problem of harmonizing their undying love of liberty with the sovereignty of law and maintenance of order, then comes the demand for other organs than those of destructiveness, and which, we presume, are less liberally distributed among human craniums than those which help every boy, and, with all respect for the sex, almost every girl, to aid the work of demolition. But, viewed in itself, this revolutionizing propensity is the most formidable enemy to social progress. It may be a necessary evil, to which a nation may resort in its extremities, just as a patient submits to a perilous operation in surgery. But it ought to be the last resource, and never adopted until every other expedient has failed. When once physical force has gained the mastery, it is always doubtful when it will submit again to law and order, without which there can neither be security nor progress. Revolutions that do not speedily subside, that develop false notions of what society either ought to be, or can be, that split into hostile factions and counter revolutions, always create greater evils than they cure, and often throw power into worse hands than those from which it was wrested. Hence we turn anxiously to the inquiry—Does there appear in the present revolutionary spirit a restraining deference to the

first principles of social law? Is there an abhorrence of revolution for its own sake, and a disposition to submit to the national will? Amidst many popular tendencies that are questionable, and others that are absolutely retrograde and destructive, are there at work any principles that will prove superior to the passions and impulses of those masses, which have burst their bands; and may we hope to see the elements which have shown themselves for a time mightier than law, rearranging themselves round centres of attraction that may give them coherence and order again, and so impart to society a phase in advance of that which has been destroyed? These are questions that cannot be answered very satisfactorily at present, or at least only partially so. There are several symptoms that are hopeful, but yet the most sanguine friend of human advancement cannot feel very confident. Anxiety still hovers over the issue. Hope and fear alternately prevail, as the attempt at reconstruction proceeds. A mistake, an accident, a thought, an individual, may, at the present moment, become the turning point of a nation's fate for an age to come. Progress or decay are trembling in the balance, and a straw may turn it. It is perilous even to guess at the future. All calculation is at fault, and foresight is utterly nonplussed. We can only hope the best, and buoy up our hopes by general principles.

If we could unveil the deep-seated and hidden causes that have produced these national earthquakes, we might offer at any rate safer auguries of the future than can be derived from the aspect of the events themselves. The proximate causes are obvious enough, and might be easily sketched, but they would only conceal the real powers which have been long and silently growing. To tell whence the spark came that ignited the mass of combustibles, or what hand applied it, or who encouraged the act, would still leave concealed the motives and reasons that determined the will of him that moved his hand to do the deed. The hope of progress must have a deeper source than the accidents and impulses that set the masses in motion, and condensed their power to a point. There was a conception, a feeling, or a thought, that operated, with the uniformity and certainty of instinct, in the human myriads that rushed to arms; call it love of liberty; call it envy of their superiors, the hope of bettering their condition, revenge, patriotism, love of change—or what we will, yet it was human nature manifesting its objective tendencies towards something intensely desirable, and in these must be found the surest indications of the future. The immediate results may prove anything but progress; the actors may reap everything but advantage from the changes they have wrought; and yet the ultimate issues may show a decided advance, and supply

an impulse that will long continue in the right direction. Hence, he who would sound the depths of these impulses, must proceed upon a wider induction of facts than is supplied by the immediate causes and occasions.

It is not to be denied that there existed in the present instance many insufferable corruptions in the countries revolutionized, veteran inhumanities, which had long defied reform, and at length provoked the power which has shivered them at a blow. If that power would be content to have done its own appropriate work, and leave another power to readjust the social elements, the events of these times might promise better for the human kind than any similar events of past ages; for, apart from these revolutions and their causes, both proximate and remote, there are many circumstances in the internal condition of the several nations, their literature, religion, education, and international politics, which induce us to think that the changes have supervened at a time unusually favorable for effecting the largest amount of good, and the least of evil, that can be expected from such spasmodic efforts.

To the believer in the Divine providence there will, we think, appear also indications of a happy conjuncture—glimpses of an opening era, brighter for Europe, and brighter for the world, than any that has preceded. If such an one be also a believer in the inspirations of sacred prophecy, his hopes for human nature will grow still more joyous and confident as he traces in these changes, undoubted progress towards that universal enfranchisement of the gospel, which he knows to be predicted, and believes to be the only adequate complement of human civilization. Under the guidance of that providence, human nature has advanced, and is advancing, and must go on to advance. Why should it not? No reason can be found. Humanity is still young.

Without patronizing the speculations of Monboddo, or the modern theories of development and perfectibility,—for facts refute them all,—we are yet believers both in a past and a coming progression. Mankind degenerated from a higher point than they have yet regained. And if the analogy of human nature, as it has advanced from its lowest depression to its present standing, furnishes any indications of what it is to be, then there is quite scope enough for any reasonable doctrine of progression and development, without beginning with a monad or ending in a deity. If, on the whole of our past history, we can trace advancement, despite the retrogression of some, the stationary position of others, and the occasional lapses of those who have advanced the most regularly, then the prospect for the future

beams with hope, and the inspired page has the honour of fore-seeing and predicting it. Nor is that all; for it may fairly claim the credit of effecting it. The history of human nature, interpreted on the broadest scale, contributes to the clearest verification of the prophecy. Our modern speculators upon the progress of civilization present the facts truly enough as they occur in human history; but from these they proceed to extract their law of progression, and lay it down as the universal law of human nature, resolving the whole into the development of human power. But an essential condition has been overlooked. The law is discoverable very partially, and if at all, yet within narrow limits, in the absence of revelation. It has invariably worn itself out, or come to a stand-still, where Christianity is not. Why have not nations generally advanced, and continued to advance, if the law of their nature is interminable progression? But it is not so. The Christian nations alone show this tendency. Others, upon a large scale, have been stationary for untold ages. Many have sunk from civilization into barbarism, and others have wholly disappeared. There is, then, some reason for identifying the life that is in nations with the life that is in revelation—or the power that develops the resources of human nature with the power that has foreshown, and that directs, the destinies of nations. If this be true, then with confidence we may anticipate for the coming generations a progress and a consummation that would find little support from those comments of universal history which are read with a designed oversight of Christianity. It is the Christian philosopher alone that can safely and hopefully predict the progress of civilization and the advancement of mankind. Let such an one, then, review the past, and carefully scrutinize the present, condition of the human family, viewed in its totality.

First of all, he will mark the important fact, that the Christian nations have acquired a vast, universal, and unquestionable superiority over all the other nations. He might fairly infer, from the manner of gaining that superiority, as well as from the absence of all competitors with Christianity in the race of civilization, that nothing can hereafter endanger it. The balance can never again turn in favour of the heathen nations. Further, it is clear that the only reason to be assigned for this pre-eminence of Christian nations is the possession of Christianity. The Pagan nations had the start in the race of civilization by thousands of years. The Christian nations were uncivilized when all Asia was far advanced. Yet there has been no progress in all the East, since Christianity dawned, but rather the reverse; while, under the influence of Christianity, Europe has gradually

advanced, till it has become, not only superior, but has acquired a direct and positive influence over the destinies of those vast empires which promises, at no very distant day, a complete transformation. Rome itself, with its stern military despotism, never possessed a tithe of the power and influence over its Pagan rivals which England alone exerts over the whole heathen world. Take the Christian nations as one section of the human family, and the heathen as another, and the fact at once stands out, that though the latter are by far the oldest in civilization, and statistically the strongest, and intellectually nothing inferior, yet now the Christian nations stand in the relation of masters and teachers to most of the others. All the principles which have held the population of the Pagan nations together through so many ages, are gradually waning before the superior light and greater power of the Christians. There is not a heathen nation in the world that can be said to be in a state of progressive civilization. Of course, we mean of itself, and distinct from the influences that may come from some part of Christendom. Moreover, it may be said, that Pagan nations have never gained anything more than partial and temporary advantages over the Christians; and, wherever these have taken place, they have uniformly issued in the disappearance of the Paganism, and the triumph of Christianity. The fact is established, without a single exception or qualification, that Christianity possesses the mastery of the human race, and that Paganism uniformly yields to its progress. The people that have embraced it are the sovereigns of the entire globe. Their power is irrevocably secure. There can be no revocation here. The Pagan nations, as such, can never recover their superiority. The antagonism under which they have been constrained to succumb is less physical than moral. Christianity has imparted a moral power to even its nominal and professed subjects, that has issued in the complete prostration of Paganism.

But the power of Christianity has much more to do, and happily it proves itself vigorous and unexhausted; it is even augmenting its strength for nobler achievements still. For the fact is obvious, that it has only very imperfectly developed itself throughout Christendom. Its power has been cramped, and counter-antagonisms have sprung up within the Christian nations, which have materially impeded its course. These obstacles to its triumph, however, though not removed, are considerably mitigated. Infidelity is a very different thing from what it was fifty years ago. None but the vulgarest and most ignorant class of infidels can now find it in their hearts to revile Jesus Christ, and abuse his religion. Nearly all our learned unbelievers and sceptics touch their hat and bow respectfully when Christianity crosses

their path ; for somehow the sentiment has become fashionable, that Christianity is at any rate the most efficient instrument of human civilization, and that no other single agency, not excepting even their divine philosophy itself, has ever done half the service of Christianity, in developing the resources of human nature. Hence the general feeling, that to destroy Christianity, were it possible, would be no boon to mankind ; but, on the contrary, a decided lapse backward towards barbarism. Our sceptics who worship human advancement, though they refuse to admit the divine origin of Christianity, are thus constrained to respect it, as ministering to their own idol more effectually than any other agency they have yet discovered. So far we find time and experience removing one of the most formidable barriers to the progress of Christianity. It has won for itself a much freer egress against heathenism. As to the transcendentalism and pantheism into which the infidelity of our times, and of the Christian nations, seems to be settling down, we have not many misgivings. It has had its day in the East some two thousand years ago, and is no new thing under the sun. It has done its best and its worst. But it could neither sustain heathenism nor impede Christianity. Pantheism, like atheism, may offer an asylum, or, if they please, an Elysium, to those daring intellects that would rather plunge into a fog than keep within doors ; but common sense will always rule the world, and practical truth will never yield the working of human nature to speculation. There never has been, and there never will be, a nation of atheists ; and the same thing may be safely predicted of pantheists. Human nature, both in its subjective and objective tendencies, will never be extensively vanquished by either. Reason naturally inquires after a higher power, and it can form no conception of such power but in connexion with personality. It becomes conscious of an impulse working within the human spirit superior to reason itself, in so far that it is both independent of it, and capable of controlling it ; and this tendency or capacity is the link that connects mankind with the infinite and eternal personality ; for to believe the source of its own power and personality a something *impersonal*, were to degrade it to a nullity. Hence, between pantheism and atheism there is really no choice.

But we are verging on matters too remote from our theme, and beg to recal attention to the relative position of the Christian and the heathen nations. The only additional observation that it seems desirable here to lay before our readers, refers to Mahomedanism. As the nations so designated are both numerous and powerful, they demand a separate notice. They fall not under the head of paganism, and yet they are as much opposed

to Christianity, and as much opposed by it, as those nations that do. In reference to the main question of inferiority to Christians, the Mahomedans are found, if not in the same category with pagans, yet in the same predicament. They furnish an exception to our rule only in form, while in fact their case supplies the most striking illustration of the superior power of Christianity in advancing human civilization ; because, with advantages which no pagan nation ever enjoyed, with a power that at one time had nearly exterminated heathenism throughout the East, and which still keeps it in subjection, with resources and energies also which, at a later period, threatened to vanquish Christian Europe itself, Mahomedanism has sunk into subjection to the Christian nations in every part of the world. It is, therefore, as clearly inferior to Christianity, in all the principles of national life and progress as paganism. It has doubtless manifested a vast superiority to paganism, and had there been no such system as Christianity in the world, it would as readily have gained the mastery in the West, as it had in the East. But the antagonism of Christianity has effectually repulsed and humbled it. What is it now ? Its ambition is gone ; its sceptre is fallen ; its crescent bows to the dust ; its territorial limits have long been fixed ; its capability of further inroads upon Christianity nobody fears or suspects. Its inability to maintain even its present standing is patent to the world ; it lies hemmed in on all sides by the Christian nations, crippled and tolerated, a mere prisoner expecting his doom. And who does not know that this prisoner himself indulges in gloomy forebodings of his impending fate, and ever and anon, as he looks frantically upon his shackles on this side and on that, prophesies to himself nothing but evil.

We may, therefore, now pass on, from these general views, to something more precise and definite. Here it first occurs to us to remind our thoughtful readers of the relative position of all the Christian nations of the world among themselves. They have, it is true, a common Christianity, but with few settled principles, and with great variety of practice. All sorts of organizations prevail within the Christian church, and various kinds of connexions exist between it and the civil powers. First, we have the strictly papal, then we have the mixed, in which both protestantism and popery connect themselves with the secular government. Then, in the third class, may be placed those which are exclusively protestant, or in which only the protestant church is endowed and governed by the state, though all others may be tolerated ; and a fourth class may be named, in which Christianity of every form stands perfectly independent and free. All the purely papal are intolerant and exclusive

They uniformly secure state support, and submit to state control, where it may be had upon almost any terms. This proves the best instrument of intolerant principles, and the most successful means of suppressing liberty of conscience. But where the state declines the alliance, priesthood manages to work even the voluntary system in connexion with church-absolutism. All the protestant countries, with some trivial exceptions, are comparatively tolerant. Hence, while the papal Christian nations exclude all diversity, and repress all manifestations of Christian life beyond the legal inclosure, the protestant nations exhibit many offshoots from their established systems, growing by the side of them, and rivaling them in vigour and fruitfulness. America stands isolated and alone, with a Christianity as vital and efficient as any nation in Europe, yet without any established church. The state neither owns nor disowns any ; it interferes between no man and his God, and yet Christianity sustains itself. Great Britain comes next. These are the two most flourishing nations in the world. They form the van of Christianity in its militancy with heathenism, and they present the most favourable specimens of national prosperity. They are exercising a vastly greater influence over the destinies of the human family than all the other nations of Christendom put together. Further, it is to be observed, that the influence of both these nations has been, and is at the present moment, rapidly increasing. The influence of Great Britain vastly exceeds that of its competitor, both in the extent and the purity of the civilization it promotes. Reasons might be assigned for this without disparaging the Christianity of our American brethren ; but we cannot pause to state them.

Let us next take a group from the other extreme—the exclusively papal. They may be selected indifferently from the old world or the new. There is Mexico and Peru, evidently yielding to the superior civilization of the United States. The old Christian republics of the catholic type are fading, or suffering organic changes, under the superiority of the new republics of protestantism. If popery was mightier than paganism in its advent into that continent, yet a higher order of civilization, encroaching from its northern neighbours, modifies and transforms it.

- Then, to take instances from Europe—we have Spain and Portugal, from a position of high importance three centuries ago, sinking down to the insignificance of cyphers, and becoming as powerless in the race of nations as an island of the Pacific ; preserving their own form of Christianity, and nothing more, though once mighty and triumphant in the conflict of their religion with that of their conquerors. Then we have Italy, once the cradle of European science, literature, and civilization—the oracle that

was consulted and reverenced by all Christendom—as regularly as that at Delphi, but now undone mainly by the absolutism and corruption of its church, and paralysed, or something worse, in every limb. Next glance at Austria, with a population having only one protestant to forty-five or forty-six catholics—stiff, absolute, and intolerant—it is quite unable to maintain its ancient power and influence in Europe; for, though formerly one of the most powerful of the Christian states, especially in resisting the formidable assaults of Mahommedanism, it now lies a dismembered and all but headless trunk. It ranks, ecclesiastically, nearly with the most rigid of the Catholic nations, having resisted the growth both of free institutions and free religion, almost as resolutely and successfully as either Spain or Italy. Its dynasty, so long renowned and mighty, has probably seen its end. Its exclusiveness has been its bane; the rock of ice is melting before the fire of revolution. Turning for a moment to Prussia, which, though monarchical, and in a great degree absolute, as Austria, yet, by its late ecclesiastical constitution, approximating in a good degree to the freedom of England, with a population more than one-third Catholic, or as five to nine, seems to possess an influence over the rest of Germany, as well as in the great Christian family, mainly quadrating with the measure of its religious freedom, and its advance towards complete toleration.

There appears, in all these instances, a most remarkable coincidence between the internal measure of freedom and the external influence and general prosperity of the people, so that the one may be taken ordinarily as the gauge of the other.

The only apparent exceptions that occur to us are France and Russia. Of France we may say, in brief, that while its influence has been confined to Christendom, its high station has been attained, not by the vigour and life of its Christianity, not by its real love of liberty, but by its military passion. It has never yet exerted any beneficial influence on the cause of Christianity as opposed to heathenism. Whatever it may have done to promote human civilization has been done in Europe. Beyond these limits its services to the cause of humanity are very inconsiderable. At the present moment it exerts no moral power; it has exhibited none for some ages past. It possesses no colonies, or next to none—certainly none that either receive or confer benefit; it has deservedly lost those it once possessed, and the abandonment of those paltry ones it still holds, would give no check to the progress either of civilization or Christianity.

Russia stands out as an exception, apparently but not really, to our rule, and the facts that have suggested it. It is a case not reducible to either of our categories. It seems to partake of a

compound character, made up of paganism and Christianity. In the name of the true religion, it sanctifies the worst forms of the Asiatic empires, and perpetuates to modern times both the grossest corruptions of the Eastern church and the absolutism of the vilest of the Cæsars. Thus, though nominally Christian, Russia is still essentially heathen. It does not worship Jupiter and Venus, but its land is full of idols, and its temples are full of pictures. Yet, even this does not so decidedly mark its heathenism as that tyrannical form of government which claims the absolute disposal of the bodies and souls of its people—which knows nothing of man but as a living material to build up the state, and accomplish the will of the emperor. This has always been, and is still the characteristic of pagan rule—its blasphemy against God and his image, the destruction of individuality, the denial of personal conscience, the absorption of the idea of the man in that of the state. Whether monarchical, republican, or aristocratical, they have uniformly asserted the absolute right of the civil governor to dispose of the entire man, as well as of the aggregation of all the subjects. Russia does the same. It is the principle of the ancient pagan empires, associated with a type of Christianity. It is the one will of the monarch tyrannizing over all wills—one conscience put for all, one individuality representing millions, and assuming as just a right over them as over itself. That the enchantment should have lasted so long in the presence of civilization and Christianity, in any form, is one of the greatest mysteries in the history of Europe. The only solution we can find is, that the Christianity of Russia must have departed as far from its normal type, as it is possible for man to force it by his corruptions, since it has never emancipated the national will and conscience, nor infused the life of proper manhood into the myriads of semi-barbarians that people its distant provinces. Yet the position which Russia has held among the nations of Europe has been mainly owing to its professed Christianity. The monarchical spirit of other nations has sustained itself upon Russia as a buttress, and, in return, has never failed to repair and uphold the buttress. Russia has been the friend in need of all tyrants and tyrannical governments; but its position is now materially changed. Its influence has been suddenly and powerfully checked, by the stride all the rest of Europe is taking in the line of free institutions. Its allies in the cause of absolutism are greatly thinned and impoverished, while dangers around and within are greatly increased. Its power over the destinies of Europe and the world is in a great measure paralyzed; it scarcely holds the rank of a third-rate nation. Its roots, which were once spreading into the gardens of the south, are very unexpectedly

cut off; they are walled up within their own frozen region, and while freedom, civilization, and Christianity maintain their present advanced position, cannot shoot forth again with much vigour. If the friends of liberty, who have given so effectual a check to Russian ambition, will but make common cause, they have nothing to fear from a foe who will soon find it desirable to concentrate his vigilance upon his own dominions. How long this vast empire may remain stationary, and continue to freeze up the fountain of life in its various and hardy tribes, is a problem for the solution of which we find no adequate data. Its Christianity has done something for its civilization; but its absolutism as a state resists and petrifies all the regenerating and ennobling powers of its religion. The hoary corruptions of the worst age of the Greek church have ministered to the stability of the tyranny, and, in return, the will of the tyrant upholds the church and perpetuates its corruptions. The religion which was designed to bless and enfranchise mankind, has become a chain to hold them in slavery—a mere instrument of imperial domination. Its power to do its proper work is exhausted. The people are as much enslaved by the forms which have stereotyped their religion, as by the monarchy which absorbs their will, and appropriates their entire being to itself. But its civilization, for which its Christianity made way and which it long promoted, is not stationary; that has advanced, and will proceed. And the hope is, that its civilization and science, literature and commerce, neither of which can be altogether isolated from the rest of Europe, will ultimately react upon its Christianity, and then the national mind would assert its life and vindicate its rights.

But we must be allowed to set aside from one general comparison and exempt from our rule, a case so peculiar in all its circumstances—a case that comes properly, neither under the category of the pagan nor of the Christian states. Russia stands like an island in a continent; like an impregnable fortress upon a rock, frowning with its military array over the life and verdure and happiness with which it has no sympathy, and which it can neither impede nor rival.

From this brief and hasty survey of the doings of Christianity in the past, and the relation which it bears at present to the civilization and progress of the entire human family, it is abundantly manifest that it alone commands the power that can renovate mankind. Christianity has ever proved, through all its chequered history, and all the perversions it has suffered, the great patron and promoter of human progress, yet having a special source and foundation of its own, executing a mission peculiar and sublime. It rises with civilization, and it rises

above it. It crowns that civilization when it is highest, stimulates it when it is lowest, and originates it where it is not. The mental vigour which Christianity calls forth, is the very element out of which civilization springs, and in which it produces its most healthy and enduring roots. Yet Christianity is neither the effect nor the offshoot of civilization. It asserts a sublime independence of it, as of everything else that is purely human. Confiding in its own resources, evincing its own divine and independent life, originating its own impulse, and providing for its own defence, it has slowly but surely advanced in the execution of its high behest, in defiance of all the antagonisms with which it has had to contend, the greatest of which it has already overcome, and the whole of which it will ultimately exhaust. The great secret of its power over human nature lies in the fact that it fills all the desires, and gives scope to all the capabilities of man. It fully comprehends his nature, recognises and satisfies all his objective tendencies, while it ennobles and purifies all the subjective. It does so perpetually and perfectly, and it does so by placing the origin of man's nature upon the only foundation worthy of him, and directing it back again to the only issue that comports with so honourable a beginning and answers to such noble power. But this origin and this consummation are both found in the infinite, the eternal, the perfect, and the blessed—short of this, man never rests, and can never be satisfied. In this perfect adaptation of Christianity to his nature, are to be found the sure auguries that the system is designed by the author of nature for perpetuity and universality. It meets no rival, and it fears no opposition. There is nothing upon earth, nor among the possibilities of the future, that can endanger its existence or prevent its triumph. Who can entertain a doubt of its ultimate universality, while we witness in its doings, whether of ancient or modern times, an omnipotence that converts enemies into friends, and obstacles into facilities. Upon the guarantees which Christianity affords of its complete success, M. Coquerel has presented a summary well worthy of attention in the following short passage:—

‘Addressing itself to the intellectual powers, it brings them into contact with truth, infinite, supreme, absolute; it leads and compels reason constantly to strike against the boundary which separates it from the infinite—to remove the barrier still further, but to find it again erected anew before its steps.

‘Addressing itself to the moral power, Christianity exhausts it, because it is satisfied with nothing less than perfect holiness. Addressing itself to the power of the affections, Christianity exhausts it by demanding a boundless love of God—a love of our fellow men equal

to that which we feel for ourselves, and by assimilating these two commandments.

'Addressing itself to our sensitiveness, Christianity exhausts it by exhorting us to aim at a happiness perfect and eternal; not to be satisfied with less, and thus to find a counterbalance for the miseries of life.

'Finally, addressing itself to our religiousness, Christianity exhausts it, and measures the depth of that which appears the least capable of being sounded, by showing that aspiration towards God should eternally become more and more identified with our feelings, that the resemblance of the creature to the Creator should be infinitely progressive.

'Why should we hear of a new Christianity—a new religion coming to occupy an empty place? It would find nothing to ripen. So far from the place being empty, it is filled. It is obvious, that a religion which thus exhausts the tendencies by fully occupying them, is the definite religion of mankind.

'Christianity takes possession of the whole man, and has left no portion of him to be occupied by systems of false religion, which would attempt its overthrow.

'The last characteristic equally subjective, and one connected with the preceding, will serve to complete the proof of the perpetuity of Christianity. It could not exhaust and satisfy the tendencies, were it not equally suited to both sexes. No false religion has ever even attempted to solve the problem; none has ever tried to assign to man his sphere, and to woman hers: and nevertheless to found an altar where both might kneel without any difference in worship—and to open up a heaven, to which both might aspire with a common hope, and enter upon the same footing. The law of Moses itself had its court for the men, more sacred and nearer to the sanctuary than that of the women, because it recognised a shade of distinction in holiness between the sexes. Christianity, alone, receives them by the same title, into the same church, and leads them towards the same immortality.'—pp. 347-8.

But, in our judgment, a vast addition may be made to this representation of the resources of Christianity, in the connexion which it establishes between human powers and the divine. It calls the attention, and elevates the faith of all its disciples to the sufficiency of a divine influence, working through the medium of their minds and hearts, to accomplish its own purposes and their aspirations. Hence it braces human powers with a super-human energy. It connects their exhaustible resources with the inexhaustible fountain of life and power; and this it does in a way so congenial with the inward impulses, that instead of being conscious of any restraint or coercion, they never move more freely than in the region of prayer, and are never more natural and healthful than when connecting themselves with Omni-

potence. Even those persons who were never taught to pray have found it, in their exigencies, the natural outburst of the heart; and those who thought they had rationally proved to themselves the unreasonableness of prayer, have involuntarily felt its inspiration, and yielded to its emotion. But if the aspiration of human desires towards the Deity is thus, in its principle, natural, and under many conditions of our nature, necessary and inevitable, then the Christian doctrine of divine influence meets and satisfies this tendency. It inspires the hope of attaining all that Christianity requires in its disciples, by means of the succour that Christianity supplies, and in the order which it enjoins. Thus it marvellously fixes man's irresolute purposes after the attainment of virtue, melts the frozen heart into devotion, and nerves the feeblest arm with a strength which proves sufficient, because it believes itself succoured by the Divine all-sufficiency. Faith and prayer, sustained by this doctrine of the Divine influence, create the noblest specimens of humanity—the highest style of man. Under their inspiring influence every true disciple becomes a moral hero and a philanthropist, before whom all obstacles vanish, and every foe retreats.

But it ought still further to be noticed, that Christianity secures and promotes human civilization in a way altogether its own, and carries it to the highest point, by a principle directly opposed to paganism and Mahomedanism, and yet a principle which instantly approves itself to human consciousness, and universally secures its concurrence; it makes every man profoundly conscious, in the first instance, of his own individuality. It brings to light his true and proper dignity, and places him upon a natural and moral equality with all his fellow beings. There is the secret of its mighty power. There it first proves its life and shows its deep wisdom. In this consists its fundamental distinction from heathenism. This demonstrates and explains its infinite superiority. Paganism under all its forms destroys the sense of individuality, by perverting it to something extraneous. Christianity recognises, authorizes, and sanctifies it: undertakes to sustain and guide it to its only adequate and satisfactory issue. Christianity alone harmonizes all the sacred rights of individuality with the social tendency, with the supremacy of law, the claims of government, the spirit of nationality and of patriotism. Hence, it most effectually works for civilization, and carries it upon sure principles to its highest point. It founds all rights upon the rights of conscience, which precede all others in order, and ought never to be superseded or counteracted by any that follow them. But the civilization and religion

of all pagan nations have been based upon the denial of these rights.* The state was supposed in theory to create or confer all the rights that the individual man possessed. He was the creature of the state, not the creature of God. Hence the individual conscience was practically annulled. It was recognised only in the public conscience—it worked only as it was influenced by the national authority. Man was nothing by himself. He became a contribution to a vast aggregate, but he never rose to the sublimity of his own individual being. The state was his commanding idea. Around that centre all his powers and affections moved; towards it all were attracted, into it all were absorbed. Between the citizen and the worshipper there was no distinction. The rights and the duties of the latter were identical with those of the former, and founded upon them. Civil and religious law formed but one code, and both flowed from one fountain. Neither the state nor the individual recognised, except in the lowest department, and very occasionally, the rights of personal conscience; never when they came into collision with those of the state. Hence personal faith, domestic education, independent government of families, and the supremacy of moral right over civil, were all denied and superseded by that principle of legislation which made the people the property of the state, and immolated the man to the aggrandisement of his country. The domestic hearths had no sacredness; the family no independence. They were not circles complete of themselves, and overflowing with spontaneous joy. They were but segments and fractions of that larger circle which had its centre in the public place, where the human materials met to be appropriated by the organs of the state. The machinery was admirably contrived, and worked well for state purposes, and for those only. But it was felt all the time to be jarring and crushing to human emotions. It started on a wrong principle, and it aimed at a false end. States should be for men, and not men for states.

It would not be difficult to illustrate these views by following the course both of Dorian and Ionic civilization. The idea of the dignity of man was in no pagan nation carried further, nor

* 'Quand le Christianisme apparut dans le monde, il le trouva soumis à la domination d'un principe ennemi, le principe des religions territoriales.'

'Le paganisme se refusait à distinguer entre le citoyen et le croyant. Chaque pays avait son culte, et ce culte était obligatoirement celui de tous les habitants du pays. La loi civile et la loi religieuse étaient inscrites au même code, revêtues des mêmes sanctions. Dissidence et revolte étaient synonymes.'

'En veut-on la preuve? Ouvrons l'histoire du peuple le plus libre de l'antiquité païenne, du peuple qui aurait dû, plus qu'un autre, respecter les droits de l'indépendance personnelle. Nous verrons que les Grecs eux-mêmes ont complètement nié les rapports spontanés entre l'âme et Dieu.'—Gasparin, tom. i. p. 3.

his powers more highly developed, nor his civil and social rights better secured, than in the two races that have immortalized Greece ; yet man's proper and sacred individuality was effectually destroyed by the legislation both of Athens and Sparta. Egypt, Babylonia, Persia, all had adopted the same principle long before. They never compassed the whole of man. They never developed the sublime idea of humanity entire. The elements were too subtle for their analysis ; the conception too complex and sublime for their philosophy. Their highest conception of human nature was *the state* ; and whether they upheld monarchies, aristocracies, or republics, they only cemented and bound human beings skilfully together, to make mountains and aggregations of physical force, or martial glory, or national prosperity. Thus, in identifying man with the state, they unmade him ; for when the state had absorbed him, he was but half a man. The other half, which ought to have been reserved intact for man himself, was destroyed, and his whole nature became no better than an abortion—a mere peg or wheel in state-mechanism. He was a busy and delighted actor in a continued drama ; his part performed, he made his exit, and the only ambition he indulged was to make it gracefully ; while the *denouement* of the whole was involved in the fate of his country. In all these, and in all other pagan nations, whether low or high in the scale of civilization, man lived not for himself or his family, or his God. He was a portion of the nation's power, a mere item in the public commissariat.

Some ancient nations, influenced more by territorial ambition, made all things contribute to their military resources, and placed physical heroism at the summit of all virtues ; while others, rising to a far higher standard, made intellectual vigour, artistic skill, or literary accomplishment, the pinnacle of human glory, and the end of human life. These were all consecrated at the shrine of their country, or laid as a chaplet upon its altar. Even their women were estimated chiefly for maternity, and families were contemplated by their ablest philosophers and statesmen, only as confluent rills, contributing to form and feed the river which bore up and bore forward the vessel of the state. Such was the theory of civilization elaborated by the most eminent philosophers and legislators*—Draco, Solon, Socrates, Plato, and

* Consultons à présent ces mêmes écrits de Platon et de Socrate, sur le point que nous occupé. Cherchons-y une reconnaissance, une consécration quelconque des droits de la conscience personnelle, des droits de la famille, des droits de l'individu.

‘Qu'y trouvons-nous ? Le bannissement de quiconque donne une idée fausse de la divinité ; la suppression des familles, la négation des individus ! Communauté des femmes ; communauté des enfants ; despotisme complète et universel de l'Etat ; enlèvement des enfants aux mères ; exposition de ceux qui sont

Aristotle; they only approached by slow and small degrees, and age after age, as experience directed their speculations, some few degrees nearer to a just appreciation of human nature. The fundamental principle, however, had been prominent in all the great monarchies which had preceded the Grecian republics, and the same reappeared in their Roman successors, and has been as yet only meliorated and limited, not wholly suppressed, by the progress of civilization in modern Europe. The principle still lurks in the supposed right of the state, the monarch or the majority, to choose a religion for the whole people, and make the minority support it, while in some instances they refuse them protection and liberty in the exercise of their own forms of worship. All catholic states proceed upon the principle of denying the rights of individual conscience, and some protestant states imitate the heathenish example. Yet it cannot be denied that this is the intensest tyranny, the most degrading vassalage to which the human spirit can submit, the vilest defacement of God's image—the denaturalizing of man's nature! It has proved the most prolific source of social uneasiness, and has more or less been mixed up in all the various and protracted revolutions of Europe. It is against this principle that Christianity militates, by teaching every man to assert his individuality, and claim for his conscience a perfect independence of all human authorities. Here is the essential antagonism between Christianity and paganism. The former aims to make supreme in man that power which the other represses and eradicates. The one encircles man's individuality, in the matter of his conscience and his religion, with an inviolable sanctity. It places thereon the seal of the divine kingdom, and forbids its usurpation by any pretender. In doing so, it lays the only true basis of personal morals, and consequently the best foundation for social order. The opposite principle breaks through the inclosure, and demands all for the state, for secular interests, and for time. Christianity holds man individually responsible for his moral and religious principles, and commands him to assert, enjoy, and defend his freedom of conscience, independent of all nationality; because this inalienable right alone corresponds with and admits the supremacy of God over all his creatures directly, and their personal accountableness to Him.

This doctrine is essentially opposed to every system of religion,

nés de parents âgés et de ceux qui sont difformes; réunion de tous les autres dans un berçail commun (c'est la crèche perfectionnée) où des surveillants officiels les élèvent et où les mères viennent les nourrir au hasard, sans les reconnaître; voilà quelques traits de l'organisation idéale proposée par Platon dans la *politique*, dans la *république*, et dans ses divers traités.—*Gasparin*, p. 8.

or system of social organization, which either sacrifices or keeps in abeyance the individuality of man. That grand error, that glaring impiety of all governments, from ancient Egypt down to modern Europe, Christianity attacks, and Christianity is surely destined to annihilate. Individuals, families, states, have all their separate spheres; and to harmonize these is the business, and will be the achievement of that religion which states and monarchs have been endeavouring for eighteen centuries to pervert to their own selfish and tyrannous purposes. The effort has signally failed; for Christianity is vindicating, in a manner the most conspicuous and commanding, the independence of the individual man against all controlling earthly powers, even that of the sovereign people, whose tyranny over conscience is as intolerable as that of prince or pope. But Christianity cannot do this without claiming and securing for every individual man the unabridged and unpunished exercise of his individual conscience. The struggle to obtain this right has never wholly subsided since the era when Christianity arrayed itself against paganism, in the advent of the Gospel. But when statesmen undertook to legislate for the promotion of Christianity, they introduced a principle essentially repugnant to the nature of the Gospel, and which gave the first serious check to its progress. It involved a compromise unworthy of the Christian cause, and productive of all its subsequent corruptions. The pagan principle of state dominion over conscience gained the victory. It only renounced its form to preserve its spirit. The Christian principle of individuality soon disappeared from the Christian church. Prelates and priests became its sternest enemies and most savage persecutors. But though the fortunes of the divine principle were long depressed, they were never desperate. There were always some to assert the rights of conscience, and denounce the tyranny, whether of civil or ecclesiastical rulers. In the present age, and throughout Christendom, there is a revival of this momentous controversy. Indications multiply upon us, that an improved state of things is gradually approaching; and even revolutions, that neither begin in religion, nor intend its advancement, supply a vantage ground for vindicating the rights of humanity, and placing them on a foundation from which they will never again be wrenched. Christianity is, therefore, ultimately concerned in every change which tends to protect individuality against the encroachments of human power. There lies its strength, and there will be its triumph.

We proceed now to offer some observations on the present aspect of European affairs, with the view of enumerating those facts which appear favourable or otherwise to the progress of Christian civilization. Human minds have been long directed

by the leading-strings of princes and statesmen. Will they now, in any tolerable degree, assert their manhood and cease to be children? They have been scared by hobgoblins, amused by mere toys and playthings, and soothed by sweetmeats so long, that they have well nigh sunk into perpetual childhood. It is time for the Hercules to spring from his cradle, and claim his independent rights.

We cannot but think that there are symptoms in many European nations, that mankind are preparing very generally to discuss the fundamental question. The injustice, inconvenience, and contention arising from the mixture of religious affairs with civil, the possibility of their severance, the removal thereby of many abuses and of much bitterness, the natural right of all men to civil equality, whatever their creed, are all matters beginning to engage attention; and, as they are pondered and calmly discussed, will secure an increasing measure of unanimity among all who are not interested in the maintenance of abuses and oppressions. The following facts may be enumerated as indications of progress in the right direction. They may not exhaust the subject, nor include every topic that might be named, but they will serve our present purpose by affording promise of future advancement.

1. For many years past, the conviction has been everywhere strengthening in men's minds, that persecution or deprivation of civil rights, simply on religious grounds, is utterly wrong and unjust. It is merely might against right. Arguments have been employed to convince men that the exercise of individual conscience, whether against civil or ecclesiastical authority, ought to be restrained by temporal punishment. It has been attempted to revive this doctrine even in England. But the sophistry makes no way. The discussion does good. It brings out to public execration the heathenish principles that lurk in some Christian minds, and it affords opportunity for thoroughly exposing the anti-christian and inhuman character of such doctrines. In consequence, intolerance has lost ground, and is losing it everywhere. The conviction is deepening and extending, that princes and statesmen have no more right to interfere with the exercise of private conscience than with the internal arrangement of a man's house. Hence, persecuting laws have been giving way for years past. The common sense and common feeling of mankind are, in this respect, in advance of legislation. But progress is making in the right direction, and it must go on. Let a few prominent facts suffice to establish this. Contrasting the religious state of France up to the end of the eighteenth century with its present state, we see that it has acquired a very

considerable degree of toleration. The Protestant church, which was severely persecuted for ages, has enjoyed comparative liberty and security. Belgium had outstripped France before the late revolution, and England has gone beyond most in abolishing religious distinctions, and protecting equally all its subjects, though it is yet reluctant to yield all that justice claims. Our established church is the great barrier to perfect civil equality. Austria had done but little, yet public opinion even there had taken a right direction, and was become strongly averse to persecution for conscience sake. Prussia had made the most considerable advance. Italy remained stern and exclusive under the iron bondage of its church. Yet, as in France, priestly domination was becoming growingly offensive to the people. Switzerland, with its professed love of liberty and free institutions, has evinced less sympathy with the rights of conscience than any other country of Europe. Spain and Portugal have remained stationary for a long period, though even there the persecuting spirit has lost somewhat of its former fierceness. Upon the whole survey of Europe, we may congratulate ourselves that persecution for religion has become unpopular; and though intolerant governments are reluctant to admit what they deem innovations, or relax their hold on the will and conscience of their subjects, yet it may be affirmed that, even before the late struggles for liberty, no monarch, no government in Europe, save and except always the autocrat of all the Russias, would have ventured to curb or punish nonconformity by such atrocious measures as would have been undisputed a hundred or even fifty years ago. But,

2. The assertion of human rights has in several important cases gone far beyond this abstinence from persecution. Great numbers, once calmly submitting to the dictation of civil authority in religion, have perceived and painfully felt its hostility to the headship of Christ, which is nothing but the practical impossibility of reconciling the pagan principle with the Christian. Jesus Christ sets up individual conscience; state authority puts it down. Jesus Christ teaches every man to choose for himself; state authority insists upon its right to choose for him, and punishes him if he does not comply.

Let our readers ponder the establishment recently of the free church of Scotland, which has infused new life into several of the Protestant communities abroad, as well as greatly tended to diffuse and confirm the love of liberty in the breasts of Englishmen and Scotchmen.

In the same line, we find still more recently the free church of the Vaudois, placed, indeed, by its heroic resistance of tyranny,

in far more trying circumstances than that of Scotland, because it is positively and severely persecuted, and has not been sustained by an equal degree of spiritual life among the people. It has met with far less sympathy in the nation. It had no settled public opinion concerning the rights of conscience to fall back upon; and it found no such general laws of toleration as the Scottish church found, to guarantee its safety and liberty upon its rupture with the state. And, beside this, the erastianism and rationalism, we might even say the concealed infidelity of the residuary church of Switzerland, have prompted to more resentment and intolerance than in Scotland. The radical politicians of Switzerland are far more anxious to preserve their own power than to promote liberty. Their real infidelity is the true reason of their harsh measures against the evangelical church; and, with the professed love of liberty upon their lips, they have proved themselves as great tyrants as any autocrat or pope. Yet, in defiance of all these difficulties, the free church of the Vaudois has been organized, and has become another hopeful symptom of the future. The two volumes by M. Gasparin, at the head of this article, are replete with interest and information upon this subject.

3. The most memorable instance of progress towards just views of the freedom of religion which modern times supply, preceded the late revolution in Prussia, where a change in the constitution of the national church, far more important and fundamental than has yet taken place in any other country, Protestant or Catholic, was made by the king himself just before the late revolution. The facts are highly interesting and important; and as probably few of our readers are acquainted with them, we shall give a brief recital. The Protestant church of Prussia, like that of England, has long been under the absolute control of the monarch. For some years past, the king has paid special attention to its interests. He has employed many of the best and wisest of his divines to collect and digest information as to the working of other organizations. Whether he foresaw that change would be forced upon him by the course public opinion was taking, or whether he was in advance of that opinion, in the enlargement and liberality of his views, it is not for us to determine. We fear the British public will scarcely credit the spontaneity of his liberalism, either in church or state. However that may be, yet all may admire the sagacity either of the king or his ministers, which suggested the greater conformity of the state church to the opinions of the people, and the adjustment of its organizations and relations with the rights of conscience and prevailing love of freedom. In his late measures, therefore, he remitted to the

church itself the right of self-government, and resigned the authority which he had exercised over its affairs. In calling together the first synod, he gave it full permission to hold a free and common discussion, and to adopt such measures as might seem best for the future government of the church. Upon opening the diet, his words were these—‘The church has nothing to do with the state: it has its separate representatives.’ We believe he had not followed out his theory to the full and fair application of the principle of independence to individual conscience and personal faith; and some serious complaints were made of continued restrictions upon freedom of worship. But, in comparison with former times and other sovereigns, it was a bold and generous concession, and, like all such, becomes the stepping-stone to something better. The new organization of the church was cordially accepted by the assembly; and when M. Eichorn, the minister of public instruction, endeavoured with consummate ability to excuse, and still prop up, in some way, the delusive notions of a state conscience, and state religion, the orators of the assembly tore to atoms the splendid drapery with which the old doctrine had concealed its absurdity. The result of the measures adopted has been to place Prussia considerably in advance of many other European nations, England only excepted, by whose example the king of Prussia was no doubt materially influenced. We do not wish, however, to have it supposed, that Prussia had received before her revolution a full religious emancipation, or that it had repudiated the doctrine of state-control, in some sense, or to some degree, over the spiritual affairs of the people. We do not say that the reform was complete, but simply that an important advance was made. Whether the people of Prussia entertain just views of their own rights, and of the necessity of mutually respecting them,—whether they generally understand the doctrine that even majorities have no right to rule minorities, nor even a single individual, *in his religion*,—whether the statesmen and philosophers whom the revolution has pushed to the head of affairs, will be disposed to advance beyond the late ecclesiastical constitution, must yet remain doubtful. We fear that the emoluments are looked upon as a sort of national lottery. All hope for a share in public funds at some time; and then there is a strange fondness in human nature for being religious by proxy—getting its benefit without its burden. Hence, most nations have unthinkingly admitted it to be a part of the royal prerogative, and one of the functions of their civil rulers, to choose a religion for them. Somehow, they thus imagine they ease themselves of responsibility. M. Gasparin has quoted a passage from Milton, which graphically describes this injurious

and profane tendency in human nature. We shall present it to our readers, of course not in the French translation of M. Gasparin, but in the poet's own racy diction:—

‘ There is not any burden, that some would gladlier post off to another, than the charge and care of their religion. There be, who knows not that there be, of Protestants and professors, who live and die in as errant and implicit faith as any lay Papist of Loretto. A wealthy man, addicted to his pleasures and to his profits, finds religion to be a traffic so entangled, and of so many piddling accounts, that of all mysteries he cannot skill to keep a stock going upon that trade. What should he do? Fain he would have the name to be religious—fain he would bear up with his neighbours in that. What does he, therefore, but resolves to give over toiling, and to find himself out some factor, to whose care and credit he may commit the whole managing of his religious affairs ; some divine of note and estimation that must be. To him he adheres, resigns the whole warehouse of his religion, with all the locks and keys, into his custody ; and, indeed, makes the very person of that man his religion ; esteems his associating with him a sufficient evidence and commendatory of his own piety. So that a man may say his religion is now no more within himself, but is become a dividual movable, and goes and comes near him, according as that good man frequents the house. He entertains him, gives him gifts, feasts him, lodges him ; his religion comes home at night, prays, is liberally supped, and sumptuously laid to sleep ; rises, is saluted, and after the malmsey, or some well-spiced brauge, and better break-fasted than he whose morning appetite would have gladly fed on green figs between Bethany and Jerusalem. His religion walks abroad at eight, and leaves his kind entertainer in the shop trading all day without his religion. Another sort there be, who, when they hear that all things shall be ordered, all things regulated and settled,—nothing written but what passes through the custom-house of certain publicans that have the tonnaging and poundaging of all free-spoken truth,—will straight give themselves up into your hands, make them and cut them out what religion ye please. There be delights, there be recreations and jolly pastimes, that will fetch the day about from sun to sun, and rock the tedious year as in a delightful dream. What need they torture their heads with that which others have taken so strictly and so unalterably into their own purveying ? These are the fruits which a dull ease and cessation of our knowledge will bring forth among the people. How goodly, and how to be wished, were such an obedient unanimity as this ! What a fine conformity would it starch us all into ! Doubtless a staunch and solid piece of framework as any January could freeze together.’

4. Of the other German states it is impossible yet to form anything beyond a vague and general opinion. Bavaria, with a population about two-thirds catholic and one-third protestant, cannot be said to have any lively sense of religion. Baden, with

about the same relative numbers, is in a state of religious apathy. In the thirty-one smaller states, the proportion of protestants is much larger, being about four to one; yet the symptoms of spiritual life are rare and feeble. The protestant church is a strange jumble of believers and unbelievers. All sorts of opinions are professed by pastors of the same communion. Speculation and theory prevail over scriptural truth. Yet there is an ardent love of liberty in the German mind, and the present movement will greatly tend to expose hypocrisy; and should it do nothing directly to aid the evangelical cause, will yet open a door for wider efforts hereafter. The example of Prussia will materially affect the protestantism of the smaller states; and should the whole of Germany be consolidated into one empire, the question of religion will most probably be left in the same position as the slave question in the United States. To each separate state will pertain the right to legislate in this matter for itself. Then, most probably, there will be variety in the systems of organization, and all religions will be tolerated, while both popery and protestantism will still accept of the regulation and endowment of the state. The voluntary system is not without friends in Germany, but the public mind is by no means prepared to take the cause of religion out of the hands of the civil authorities, even if they were prepared to renounce it. The only chance of a salutary change would arise from financial motives. The infidel portion of the people would be happy to rid themselves of the burden, but we fear the Christian portion would shrink from so great an alteration, and the ministers themselves would not favour it. Germany wants a free protestant church, after the example of Scotland and the Vaudois. But, as it has proved in both these cases, it will probably not arise, in the first instance, spontaneously, but be the result of necessity. The people have been so long used to be cared for in this matter by their rulers, that they will be long before they learn to care for themselves.

The most discouraging fact of all, is the theological condition of the protestant church. It is impossible that it can be efficient or united, while it is utterly destitute of any standard expressed or understood. There is literally no principle of attraction but the church and the stipend. There can be none among materials so heterogeneous and repugnant. The old church-standards are all deemed obsolete, and in almost every vital point; and latitudinarianism can go no further. All distinction is obliterated between the church and the world. It is so, or very nearly so, in all establishments. Where membership becomes a constitutional right, the scriptural idea of personal faith is exploded. The good citizen cannot be rejected, however irreligious, from

the national communion. The best of the reformers essayed in vain to make the scriptural idea of personal religion comport with nationality. Calvin, who probably comprehended the spirituality of Christ's kingdom better than any of his compeers, lost his way, and opened the door to all citizens, because they were such, and not because they were Christians. Freedom in the state became identical with freedom in the church. The church then became a vassal to the civil rulers, and hence all the churches of the Reformation have yielded to the desolating influence of a principle essentially antichristian. The world has the control of that which should be a spiritual community. This principle has nearly exterminated spirituality, and effectually bowed out the ancient orthodoxy.

Looking at the whole of Germany, in which the catholic and the protestant population are nearly balanced, there is ground for hoping that the Christian cause will be advanced, though at present, and for a time, political questions will occupy the public mind. Infidelity, not so much in the open forms in which it rages in France, but under various forms of philosophic speculation and rationalism, which reduce Christianity to a mere phase of human civilization, prevails fearfully among the nominal protestants. Its excesses and absurdities have provoked reaction. But nothing can restore the spirituality of the protestant communities, except a separation between the believers and the unbelievers, in the matter of their ecclesiastical organization. While the churches of the Reformation embrace alike the Pantheist and the Athanasian, the Trinitarian and the Unitarian, the Pelagian and the Calvinist, the Divine Spirit cannot make them his temple; and no event could arise more auspicious for evangelical religion in Germany, than the formation of free Christian communities. Something more like a definite testimony for God and truth would then be given to the world, and the national admiration and reverence cherished for their great reformer would then acquire significance and moral influence, while the truth for which he so heroically contended would live again, and prove itself divine. It would do so under an organization better adapted to these times, than that which upholds the name only of the reformer, but abjures his piety and his theology.

5. We come next to France. Upon its religious condition our readers can scarcely need information. Infidelity in some of its forms pervades the entire population. Man is nothing but an intellectual animal—a piece of flesh and blood, whose sensations are its supreme good, and which, like a piece of machinery, will wear a given time and then drop to pieces. Its catholicism, which to appearance is predominant over all other forms of religion,

shows little of the sincerity or soundness of a divine faith. Properly speaking, the nation has no faith. Its Christianity is merely an antiquated heir-loom associated with its history, and respected on that account. It is a national custom, a fashion, a matter of taste, a *spectacle* that pleases the eye, not a religion that commands the understanding and touches the heart. It might be renounced by the nation without a pang. The hold that it retains upon the public will is the feeblest in Christendom. The speculations of philosophy and the negations of infidelity have sapped the foundations of religion and shaken all its pillars. There is no positive idea of the spiritual and the divine in the French mind. It clings to no hope of a blessed immortality, by which it is inspired, and for which it would suffer. France is thoroughly animalized. It knows and believes in no joys but those of the present moment. It recognises nothing sublimely grand, morally beautiful, and eternally true. '*La Belle France*', and '*La Grande Nation*', are the only great ideas in the public mind—its *beau-ideal* and its *ne plus ultra*. Fraternity, liberty, and equality are its substitutes for religion, and the ennobling visions of faith. Hence its sphere is self, its emotions are fitful, and its strength spasmodic. Principle—high, sacred, heroic—has nearly disappeared. Life has become a pantomime. Conscience is scarce pretended, and is never feared. The word might disappear from the language for all its moral use. Yet there is enthusiasm, energy, intelligence, genius, ambition, and many other noble qualities, which, under the tutelage of a high morality, and a true religion, might make France a great nation. At present all seem to be corrupted and perverted by a contemptible egotism, a low selfishness, a base and thriftless hypocrisy, which nothing ever cures but the divine influence of religion. Hence, with all the physical and intellectual qualities that might place France at the very head of Christendom, and give her a mighty influence over the civilization of the world, she has become powerless for good, and prolific only in evil. Her very genius, enterprise, and ambition have outgrown her moral strength. A histrionic sentimentalism meets you everywhere, and flows eloquently from every tongue; but sentiment—noble, calm, manly, religious—there is none, or next to none. Hence, though great in arts, in science, and in arms none greater—yet with no religion, no moral sentiment, no truly commanding idea, no recognition by the public mind of the infinite and the eternal, no sincere emotions of the good and blessed, worthy of so great and energetic a people, they have become a splendid imbecility, a pompous inanity. They have undergone more changes than any other people, and are no nearer settlement than they were

centuries ago. Their quickness degenerates into instability: their emotions into brutality. And, as was observed long since, ‘they have whirlwinds in their brains, and quicksands in their breasts, which toss their counsels and cogitations to and fro.’ The remark of Cæsar is as true, in 1848, as when he made it so many centuries ago: rashness is innate to the French nation—*Gallorum genti temeritas est innata*. *Impiety, injustice, and corruption*, were named by an author of their own as the three furies that perpetually gnaw the vitals of the country. They were never more visible than in the present day. ‘The character of the people has undergone little or no alteration during many ages. Two centuries since, it was written—

‘Moreover, as the French grow quickly in love with anything, so are they sooner cloyed therewith than any other. And for their affections one to another, and towards strangers, they are soon hot and soon cold. They will take a pet at anything, and pepper in the nose, though their bodies be not pepper-proof all over. An inquiet nation, and enemies to tranquillity, impatient of peace until they have recovered the ruins of war; lovers of stirs and motions, which makes their next neighbours, the Flemings, to have this proverb of them—*Quand le Francois dort, le diable le berce*—When the Frenchman sleeps, the devil rocks the cradle.’

The cause of human progress cannot be materially advanced by a people whose morals are as fluctuating as their politics, and whose revolutions always need to be revolutionized. The catholicism of France has experienced something like a revival of late years, but it is still heartless, and takes no hold upon the understandings of the people. Its protestantism is latitudinarian and heterogeneous in the highest degree. Like that of Germany, it comprises all grades of opinion that do not sink to positive infidelity. Since its restoration as a national community, which took place under the Consulate, there has been no standard, no creed, no system of organization, nothing but the endowment which has united it to the state. Any given number of persons who chose to designate themselves protestants, could open a place of worship, select their teacher, and claim for him the state pay of a protestant pastor. This has produced, as might have been foreseen, a most gregarious body, without a single principle of spiritual union. Upon this point, however, we cannot present better information than is supplied by M. Coquerel in the following passages:—

‘The simple fact of our present situation is this:—Towards the close of the French revolution, under the consular government, when Christian worship was resumed in France, protestant worship was

included in this new-born freedom. A law was passed, known under the name of the Law of Germinal, (the month of the date,) conferring civil liberty upon the protestant communities, and regulating their organization. This law is silent as to the obligation of signing the articles, in order to enter the ministry; and, what is still more to the purpose, this law has preserved and remedied several of our old institutions, but has not preserved the national synod—the supreme council of the church, the only body which had a right to draw up articles of faith for the whole community, and to urge subscription to a creed as the previous condition of receiving orders. The consequence is, that in the positive legal and irremediable absence of all ecclesiastical authority endowed with this power, not one single minister since the year 1802 (and, in fact, long before) has been, or could be called upon to sign the former creeds, which have not been legally revised (as was usual in every national synod) since the year 1660. The final result comes to this,—that the law of Germinal has made of the reformed church of France an assemblage of *independent presbyterian congregations*, each governed by its own consistory. Still, we form the national protestant establishment; our civil rights are sanctioned by the charter and the laws of the realm; an annual endowment is voted by the legislature; we are *irremovable* from our situations; the pastors are freely elected by the several consistories, who inquire, as they see fit, into the doctrines of the candidates for a vacant place; and the investiture of our elections is confirmed by royal ordinances, under the signature of a responsible minister, the keeper of the seals.

‘To this Law of Germinal all the pastors of France have taken oath.

‘The force of circumstances, the course of political events, has calmly brought us to the very point which the protestantism of Holland, and later still, the protestantism of Prussia, has reached by the wise enactments of their general assemblies—the preservation of the ancient creeds, simply as venerable records of the science and piety of their fathers, and the enjoyment of a full freedom of examination and of faith.

‘A great deal may be said, and has been said, against this law of Germinal, and its various results; a great deal, undoubtedly, is wrong and imperfect in this ecclesiastical plan; the want of a mutual bond, of a more intimate and regular connexion between the separate congregations, is particularly to be lamented; and the fervent prayers, the arduous endeavours, the generous exertions of all the true friends of French protestantism, are centered in the difficult task of drawing together all these distinct forces, and re-uniting the protestants of France, not under a system of fixed dogmatism, nor under the yoke of our fathers, which the current of the age has shattered to pieces and swept away for ever, but in the Christian bond of faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, of liberty and of peace.

‘Prominent as may be the effects of the law of Germinal, they are fully explained by the spirit, and by the extreme difficulties of the moment. In 1802, protestants and protestant ministers were looked

out for on all sides, to form the congregations, and to re-open the churches,—and it was hardly known where to find them. Six thousand names were required for the erection of a consistorial church; and it is a positive fact, that numbers of catholics, in different places, gave in their names, in order that the city might enjoy the benefit of the new church. Who was to call these strange signatures to account?—and who had a right to blot them out? By this circumstance alone, one may judge of the singularities of the situation. It must never be forgotten, that the law of Germinal, with all its faults and omissions, was unanimously accepted by the protestants of France—and well it might—as an immense, an inestimable blessing; it must never be forgotten, that our civil rights as husbands and wives, as fathers and mothers, as sons and daughters, do not go further back than 1787, one of the last acts of the unfortunate Louis XVI., and his admirable minister, Malesherbes; it must never be forgotten, that when the law was passed, our ancestors, for a century or more, had hardly ever met for public worship but under the shade of forests, the hanging of rocks, or in the gloom of their mountain caves; it must never be forgotten, that ten years after the time when our persecutor, Louis XIV., went to his account, in the midst of the profligacy of the regency, the administration of the Duke of Bourbon found means, for a time, to be serious enough to re-open the galleys and dungeons for us, and to re-erect the scaffolds; and, to sum up the whole, it must never be forgotten, that the last French protestant minister who lost his life, to expiate the foul crime of having performed divine service for his brethren, François Rochelle, was publicly brought to the gibbet at Toulouse so late as the year 1762. What if, from the height of his scaffold, his eye, before closing in death, could have pierced into futurity, and had foreseen that, forty years later, (no more!) the same worship for which he died as a martyr would be placed under the protection of the law of the land, and offered up in full liberty and peace throughout the whole empire! Who can doubt that his last prayer would have been a thanksgiving, and that the prospect would have brightened still more his path to heaven?

‘ And when we come to balance the blessing and its deficiencies, the law and its effects, what do we find? It is true, there is no legal and official standard of theology, which we are all constrained to believe and to expound. And I will tranquilly venture to say, that most probably not one of the ministers of the church would sign the old confession as it is; for instance, with the article on the eternal damnation of unbaptized children, with the article on irrevocable predestination, and with the Athanasian creed, as a sanctioned appendix. If there were, which there is not, and which there cannot be, any authority legally requiring subscription, I am fully convinced that it would be only signed according to the well-known principles which prevented Paley from becoming a bishop. Moreover, it must be understood, that the forty articles form a whole, which must be rejected or accepted as it is. Is it not obvious, that if one minister, or one consistory,

assumes the right of blotting out or altering one single article, every other minister, every other consistory, may blot out or explain away what seems superfluous or inaccurate; if, in one church, the confession of faith is rent in two, some articles considered as fundamental, and others as accessory,—a sort of division unknown in the old synods,—another church may find the vital truths of Christianity in other articles, and consider the remainder as an appendage of no moment. The fact is, that by an especial and visible care of Divine Providence, our liberty can neither be questioned nor limited: and as to the benefits of the present state of things, the question does not rest solely in the tacit removal of a spiritual bondage; the true question is, if, under this modern rule, the protestant churches of France have advanced as far on the way of progress as can reasonably be expected?—*Preface*, pp. xxi.—xxv.

‘As to theological liberty, we are now upwards of 500 ministers in the reformed church of France, and the different shades of orthodoxy are certainly as various among us as with our brethren of the Lutheran communion; nevertheless, I am confident, that not one of us can be justly called a rationalist in its genuine German sense; there is not one of us who does not consider the Scriptures as a positive revelation—not one of us who does not consider the sacraments with a deep religious awe; not one of us, from whose pulpit do not continually descend into the minds of the congregation, the doctrines that God is the father of all;—Jesus Christ, the only Redeemer;—man, the prodigal son, incapable by his own merits of working out his way home—to his Creator: *judgment* an inevitable account, and *immortality* our real existence. Is this an abuse of theological independence; and is not this unity enough for all, save for those among us who, alas, will not allow room, in the church of the Lord, for any other theology but their own?

‘As to zeal and proselytism, to speak only of what I daily witness; a little before the day-break of our liberties, the whole protestant congregation of Paris could assemble in a hall of the Dutch embassy, or a parlour of the Rue de Thionville; this is only fifty years ago; the ministers of the church of Paris, by the constancy of their professional labours, are now in possession of three churches in the metropolis, where we preach alternately; the Oratoire, the largest of the three, is the largest protestant church in France, and holds upwards of 2000 hearers; the congregations are sometimes—I might say often—overflowing to such a degree, that people return home for want of room; on the Christmas and Easter solemnities, we reckon the communicants, both men and women, by hundreds; the number of confirmations is yearly increasing; a number of Roman-catholics constantly attend; the sacrament is never given but catholics, converted to our faith, are admitted; nothing can be more impressive, more striking, than the deep silence, the order, the solemnity of our public offices; and the private duties imposed on our clergy by this regular increase of the church is such, that we bend under the task, and wonder where we find time to get through it; all this in the midst of two immense

events most unfavourable to the progress of religion, and particularly of ours—the Emperor's tremendous wars for twelve years, and the restoration during fifteen; all this in less than half a century! Is this losing our time; is this shamefully stopping on the way, and turning to nought the mercies of the Lord, and the treasures of Divine grace?—pp. xxvii., xxviii.

This statement would not convey to our readers a complete view of the protestant church of France, without the following passage, which will throw light upon more than one point of importance and interest to our readers:—

'What religious task, considered at a distance, can seem more similar on the two sides of the channel than the circulation of the Scriptures? The Bible is always, and everywhere, the Bible; and at first sight it appears evident, that selling at reduced prices, or bestowing the sacred volume as a gift, cannot be done in two different ways, and according to different rules. But let us consider the case more closely. In England, a Protestant and religious country, the man who receives a Bible, or is induced to purchase one for a trifle, may be a profligate character, an infidel, a man without any pious habits, any Christian knowledge; but there are some things at least he is perfectly aware of: he knows that this same book is every Sunday opened and read in all the churches of the country; he knows that the most respectable and numerous portion of the community at large look upon this book as sacred; he knows that on this book oaths are taken as on the word of God; and he may, to be sure, forget the gift of the holy volume, and never seriously turn over a page of it; but it is a hundred to one that this indifference will be his worst sin, that he will not try to learn out of the Bible a lesson of lewdness or of impiety, and, if he reads it, it is probable that some remembrances of his education, however faint, will enable him to understand enough of what he reads. In France, where a man, totally unprepared, receives a Bible, he has never in his life seen it opened in a place of worship; it has never been under his sight as a school-book or a church-book; no early associations are recalled to his mind; no dim recollections of his youth remind him of a time when the volume was put into his innocent hands; he knows that it is considered by thousands, far more learned than he is, as a collection of oriental fables thrown together at random; if ever in his life he has heard or read anything about it, it is a hundred to one that he has only studied it in Voltaire, whose most abominable and impious volume can be purchased, too, at a reduced price, for a few farthings; if he opens it, it is but too easy to guess what books and what pages he will curiously glance at; and if, unfortunately, companions are at hand, the dismal probability is greatly strengthened, that the sacred volume will become a stumbling-block of perverseness, scandal, and infidelity; lastly, to hope for the best, if he turns over the book seriously, what can he make of it in that state of complete and absolute ignorance of religion, in which he has been

left after partaking of the sacrament, and receiving confirmation at ten or twelve years of age? Is the conclusion to be drawn from all this, that the Bible is not to be distributed in France? God forbid! The only conclusion is, that a Bible Society must be conducted in the one country on a plan different from that adopted in the other.'—pp. xxxi., xxxii.

There can be no reason to doubt the truth of this testimony. It presents a dark picture of the entire protestant body in France. Here is laxity and licence enough, and more than enough, to comport with the idea of that divine religion which is a system of truth and love. According to this writer's admission, 'the different shades of orthodoxy are certainly as various among us as with our brethren of the Lutheran communion'—that is to say, the *orthodoxy* thus varied contains all but the extremest heterodoxy. It is not quite so bad as the rationalism of many of the German clergy; but there is no authority, no standard for the national protestant church that could keep out of its pulpits even the extreme corruption of Germany; for if such a man as Dr. Strauss, for instance, should be called to a protestant church in France, there is no authority that could say *Nay*; and the only question that could be raised, would be, whether those who are already in the church would disown him as a brother, and refuse all religious association with him. This description of the protestant church of France is another striking proof of the degenerating tendency of establishments, and of the pernicious working of the heathen principle of state-rule in religion.

It is not necessary here to dwell upon the facts as they stood at the outbreak of the February revolution. Under present circumstances, we can discover no means that the protestant church possesses for commencing a defecating process. And, for the sake of Christianity, we are inclined to desiderate a dissolution of this heterogeneous mass, for the purpose of resuscitating the life and strength that may be found in it, and which loses its moral power by the contact. Such a change, however, does not seem likely at present,—perhaps, in the agitated state of the country, is not immediately desirable. The really spiritual element has not yet faith enough, nor vigour enough, nor unity enough, for the formation of a free church. What, then, will be gained to the cause of Christianity by the revolution? We expect, at least, that all restraint and obstruction will be removed. Liberty of worship, as well as liberty of opinion and conscience, will surely be obtained for all men of all persuasions, be they few or many, native or foreign. If the protestant clergy still depend upon the state, and still remain without any standard, or any synodical authority, yet if France will but protect equally the rights of all her

subjects, and leave unmolested the citizens who choose to worship in neither of the national churches, but maintain a form of worship to their own mind, then we shall have hope that, in connexion with the dissemination of the Holy Scriptures, the cause of Christianity would find a wide scope and a fruitful field in France. Already some of the best friends of evangelical truth are turning their thoughts to the consideration of free Christianity. The advantage of having a church not bound to the fortunes of the state, not liable to be agitated by its revolutions, and affording something that is worthy of the name of Christian fellowship and unity, cannot fail to engage the thoughts of French Christians. But, should the emancipation of Christianity not come from its friends, it will very probably be the work of enemies, or be the result of political circumstances and financial exigencies, which will compel statesmen to cut off its pecuniary resources.

Upon a general survey of the entire subject of progressive Christianity and progressive civilization, we flatter ourselves that some important indications appear of a better order of things arising throughout Christendom, and even throughout the world, than has hitherto prevailed. There is a general dissatisfaction with systems that persecute for religious opinion ; there is, we would fain hope, a growing forbearance among Christian communities, towards each other, and among the evangelical bodies a longing after union. In another direction, we find the conviction prevalent, both in the political and literary circles, that Christianity in some form is inseparably connected with the progress of civilization—that, in fact, there is no civilization deserving the name without it. But besides this, an opinion is germinating with special vigour that the Protestant nations are outstripping the catholic, just as, in earlier ages, and when there was no purer form of Christianity, the catholic surpassed the heathen. It was cheering to see, as we did lately, a leading article in the ‘Journal des Débats,’ of May 24th, setting forth a comparison between the catholic and protestant nations, tending to show the superior morality and more earnest piety of the latter, and tracing out the influence of protestant principle upon the development of the human mind and of national resources. Everything, in fact, evinces an approximation towards the right solution of the vexed question of religion. The barriers to human progress are giving way before the spread of knowledge and liberality. Political philosophers have very generally reached the conclusion that Christianity cannot be, and ought not to be, much longer incorporated with civil government. It is impossible to foresee precisely what may yet result to the cause both of national progress and free Christianity from the

extensive changes which are yet going on. But it seems, at any rate, highly probable that the old absolutism cannot rise again; and that even popery, if it is to remain, must renounce Jesuitism and political intrigues, and adapt itself in other respects to the rights of man and the dictates of reason. The determination to enjoy more liberty is both active and universal. In some instances, we may be disappointed; anarchy may impede progress, and mob-rule or military despotism may supersede the sovereignty of law. But in the more important and influential nations public opinion will tend to a speedy adjustment, and that adjustment, come when it may, will assuredly abolish restrictions, establish toleration, and leave more ample scope than ever before for the dissemination of pure Christianity. Great Britain and America never stood so high in the estimation of the world as at the present time. Their example is appealed to daily by the first writers of the Continent. The free institutions that have promoted their prosperity, and placed them in the van of human progress, and fortified them against the excesses of a revolutionizing spirit, are not overlooked, either in France or Germany, Italy or Spain. The struggle may yet be a long and perilous one before these nations can rid themselves of those oppressions and inhumanities which stay their progress; but an era has dawned upon Christendom, full of hope and promise; and we shall be greatly and grievously disappointed if it does not issue in various social improvements, both civil and religious, and contribute to the advancement of civilization throughout the world. But as we affect not to be prophets, we must wait to see. *Finis coronat opus.*

POSTSCRIPT.

POLITICS.—On the continent the political storm begins to subside; but there is still a heavy ground swell. Paris, which seemed to have placed insurgency among the highest of the virtues, has since taught us, that even barricades, to be potent, must be raised with clean hands. Thus men get their truth, not all at once, but a bit at a time. The changes which have laid bare man's deep passion for liberty, have everywhere demonstrated the relation of liberty to order—of confidence to prosperity. Much too has been done to show, that theories which take the name of brotherhood, may sometimes be only so many theories of plunder—giving new point to the old conclusion, that the greatest enemies of liberty are those who commit excesses in its name.

At home, lessons of this sort have not been wanting. To curb Irish repealers and their sympathizers, the landmarks of English freedom have been narrowed; so it is ever, at such times—a portion of liberty is given up, that the remainder may not be lost. Thus a mere hatred of restraint, taking the name of patriotism, becomes parent to oppression. It is the retributive law of Providence that only the men who are fit for liberty shall possess it. Intelligence and virtue are the only conservators of freedom. The continent of Europe is now learning this lesson—teaching this truth; and even Englishmen are still in the same school.

The franchise question is no doubt advancing among us, but it is with very sober steps. Give us the manhood suffrage, say some. But is society based on the manhood principle? Does it exist to perpetuate man simply as man? Or does it not rather exist to give him civilization in place of barbarism? If the latter, then is it not a mistake to fall back upon the abstract ground of mere manhood—the institute itself being something beyond that, and called into existence for something which is also beyond it? Our seers have erred on this point. They have pleaded for a limited suffrage, at the same time conceding the abstract right of the unlimited. Hold to that ground, gentlemen, and you labour in vain. Society exists, not simply that man may cease to be alone, but that he may accumulate, develop, and improve. That government is the best which conduces best to these ends. The best suffrage, in this view, may be a small one, a larger, or the largest possible. The claims to the widest franchise arises where there is the widest intelligence and virtue: and property becomes the test of these qualities, because no other test would be upon the whole so certain.

Remove the question from the abstract ground of mere manhood, and say that the suffrage should be commensurate with taxation; and having by this step converted society into a great joint-stock interest,

the question arises—if you give to every man a vote because every man is, directly or indirectly, a tax-payer, then should not the voting be graduated according to the amount of the taxes paid, leaving, in consequence, a wide, a very wide gap between the vote of a peer and a peasant? Might not such a state of things work more unequally and oppressively than anything with which we are now familiar? Truly this question goeth not into a nutshell; and we are glad to see the *Leeds Mercury*, the *British Banner*, and the *Patriot* disposed to look on the practical as well as the theoretical side of it.

But it would be,amusing, were it not pitiable, to find our Whig politicians affecting sympathy with Chartists, that they may turn the tables against moderate reformers! It reminds us a little too much of Sir Robert's yearnings over the inchoate rights of the old freemen, and somebody else's lament over the fifty pound tenants in the counties. Nothing new under the sun. The policy, however, will prove a mistake. Sober men do not look to further reform as being *all* they need, but as a part of it: and a part it is, which they will gain in its time, much as they have gained most things—viz., in a way to owe small thanks to those who at last shall cede it to them.

Another grant of public money has been made to the West Indies, professedly to aid free labour, in reality to prop up a corrupt submanagement system, which no such patchwork can save from destruction.

REV. JAMES SHORE *versus* THE BISHOP OF EXETER.—It is probable that before these pages come under the eye of the public the Bishop of Exeter will have committed the Rev. James Shore to prison, as the penalty of leaving the church of England, and presuming to officiate as a nonconformist minister without his lordship's permission. According to our old canon law—a law it seems which is still recognised in our civil courts, no clergyman can cease at his own pleasure, or indeed by any possibility, to retain that character. Once a priest he is always a priest. The character is indelible. On this ground, Mr. Shore, after having officiated for three months in a licensed edifice, as a nonconformist minister, is summoned into the ecclesiastical court, and subjected to a harassing law-suit for four years—a suit which he has carried to Westminster, and before the privy council, at the cost of more than a thousand pounds, ending in the decision that the power which the bishop claims is a power which the law gives to him, however unusual may have been, or may still be, its exercise.

In his own defence, and in answer to the alleged hardship in the case of Mr. Shore, the bishop asserts, that Mr. Shore has only to 'intimate' to his lordship 'his wish to be deposed,' and he shall be deposed within a month, and without cost. But it is to be observed that Mr. Shore has become, by every available formality, a nonconformist minister, and that by expressing such a wish to the bishop, he would of necessity concede the principle asserted—viz., that in ordination, the bishop did, by some mysterious means, convey this indelible priestly character, and that it belongs to the bishop by a further

process, no less mysterious, to degrade him from the official standing which the former process has given him. But Mr. Shore, in common with all classes of protestant nonconformists throughout this empire, does not believe in that principle. It is in his view a superstitious and priestly fiction, and to become a party to such a process of deposition, would in his case be an act of gross insincerity. It would be to seem to recognise as a religious truth, a doctrine which he holds to be untrue—profanely and mischievously untrue.

Besides which, all that such a process could embrace would be a more formal deposition from the *exercise* of the priestly functions ; it could not, as is insinuated, do away with the priestly character. To that even the power of the bishop does not extend : the character is indelible. The proposed deposition, then, being merely a deposition from priestly offices, leaving the priestly character untouched, the moment Mr. Shore should resume those offices he would be liable to a new suit, and, continuing disobedient, to a new imprisonment. His exemption from those penalties could only be by sufferance. He would still be a clergyman, but a clergyman under degradation ; and all consistent plea in his defence would fail him, inasmuch as he would virtually have acknowledged the plenitude of the bishop's authority, even after having professed himself a nonconformist minister.

The thing needed, therefore, is, that our statute law should interpose, repudiating this popish fiction and assumption on the part of the canon law, as utterly at variance with the Protestant liberties of Englishmen.

For our part, we sympathize deeply with Mr. Shore. He is a man of unblemished character, and deeply injured ; and if incarcerated, or further molested, we earnestly trust that the friends of religious liberty, churchmen no less than dissenters, will make his cause their own, and give themselves no rest until the odious law, thus odiously applied, shall come to an end, and no future prelate be allowed to play the game of the present Henry of Exeter.

DISSENTING COLLEGES.—Among nonconformists, the chief movement of interest just now consists in the proposed union of the theological colleges belonging to dissenters in London and its neighbourhood. This step is urged on the ground that these colleges, taken together, are little more than half full, that the cost in consequence is far greater in sustaining so many separate institutions than would be necessary to sustain one institution of greater compass and efficiency. Apart from legal questions affecting property, we see no insuperable difficulty in the way of such a proceeding ; and, viewed generally, we should be disposed to regard it as a change for the better.

But the result of such a movement may be greatly overrated. Restlessness is often a sign of disease. The sick expect much from a mere change of posture. We say not that our college apparatus has no need of improvement, but the evil lies lower down. Healthy churches will give us healthy colleges, and nothing short of that will do it. Our ministry must become reasonably attractive to men of ability and piety,

if such men are to be found looking to it in large numbers. Here at present is our great want. It is a fact, that men whom we can ill afford to lose—men who are resolved to be freemen or nothing—are being scared from our ranks by much they see among us. We must learn to bear with each other in better temper; and our churches must, for the most part, adopt a more generous estimate as to the claims of their pastors, if we are really to advance. Apart from this, the utmost conceivable improvement in our collegiate system will avail us next to nothing. The advantages presented in our colleges, as now existing, are amply enough to form the students included in them into men of a high order, both as scholars and as preachers. Every competent and assiduous student in them will give proof of this in his time. Colleges never educate ; they can only guide and aid education. Nine-tenths of the education realized by the men who do something in the world has been self-secured. Everywhere the great guarantee of success is found, not in mere apparatus, but in a man's passion for self-improvement—in his power of voluntary application. But it is the manner of the incompetent and the slothful to put blame upon their tools. Idle students are never grateful. The silly talking of some persons of this class, both north and south, has all but destroyed them, and has done much to damage the reputation of students as a body in the esteem of our churches. The men who have made the best use of our colleges as they are, will be the last to speak evil of them. In fact these institutions are already greatly in advance of our churches, and of the average amount of proficiency which the churches are at present placing under their culture. Greater division of labour may secure more thoroughness, but this will necessitate higher preliminary attainments on the part of those who are placed under such training—and how is that to be realized ?

In throwing out these suggestions we do not mean to discourage the proposed junction of the colleges in London ; nor do we mean to intimate that our college doings are all perfect; but, by these observations, we do mean to say, that there is danger of our expecting vastly too much in this matter from mere machinery. That is the best instrumentality, which is not only best adapted to its end, but also to the sort of material on which it has to work.

LADY HEWLEY'S CHARITY.—When decision in this case was given in favour of the orthodox Dissenters against the Unitarians, the Scottish Kirk and Scottish Secession bodies put in their claims, on the ground that Lady Hewley was a Presbyterian. In 1837 this plea was so far admitted, that two trustees from each of those bodies were appointed, to act with three Independents. But this judgment is now reversed. The court has decided that Scottish Presbyterians have nothing to do with the charity, that it belongs to English orthodox Dissenters, and that the trustees should be from among the English Independents, Baptists, and orthodox Presbyterians. We must confess that the course taken by our Scottish friends in this case has always appeared to us very extraordinary.

While there was a long and costly suit pending, not the slightest intimation was given of any wish to become parties to the struggle ; but so soon as the battle appeared to be over, and the time for the dividing of the spoil to have come, this claim is put forth. Had the claim been never so just, it would not have been well, according to our notions of manliness, that it should have been urged under such circumstances ; but the claim being such as it is on the very face of it, and such as it is now declared to be by the law, gives the whole proceeding a strange aspect. We know not to what extent the Scottish Kirk and the Scottish Secessionists are committed by what has thus been done in their name, but it is within our own knowledge that some who have acted rather conspicuously in this business have so done under the influence of misrepresentation. Great praise, we think, is due to those gentlemen who during so many long years, through evil report and good report, have sustained this suit, and especially to George Hadfield, Esq., of Manchester. We are the more disposed to make this mention of the services of that gentleman, inasmuch as we have been far from seeing with him in respect to some other matters of a public nature.

Concerning the principle involved in this suit, our own opinion is simple and decided. We hold it to be perfectly legitimate that property should be left to parties holding certain religious opinions, and that wherever left, whether the property consist in chapels or in other endowments, it should be so appropriated. The question with us is one of natural equity. Whatever may be the award of that equity, by that we are willing to abide. We are not disposed to perpetrate spoliation, nor are we prepared to submit to it.

THE CURRENCY.

NOTE on Article VIII, No. XIII.

It has, we understand, been objected, and by persons who do not dissent generally from those opinions as to the management of the Currency of this country, which from time to time we have put forth, that, in some instances, we have spoken too strongly. We have broadly asserted, we believe, more than once, that the effect of Sir Robert Peel's Cash-payments Bill of 1819, has been to 'double' the weight of the debt and taxes. From this, no doubt, strong assertion, some of our readers, it seems, shrink. It is not now, we believe, denied, in any quarter, that one of the consequences of this too celebrated measure has been *greatly* to augment the weight of all engagements, public or private, out-standing at that period. This nobody now denies. It is now, therefore, only a question of degree ; and as we adhere to the opinion which we have already promulgated, that, by this most unjust or most infatuate act, the weight of the debt and taxes were actually and truly *doubled*, we shall state, as briefly as we can,

some of the principal grounds upon which we found this righteous, though apparently sweeping conclusion, and then leave the question in the hands of our readers.

We are not in the habit of hazarding assertions, we trust, on any subject, but especially on topics of such paramount importance as are those connected with money, excepting after a cautious consideration of undeniable facts. The following are some of the facts upon which our faith as to this matter is based.

The grand mistake into which many men of great talent who have treated of this question have fallen, is that of concluding that the depreciation of the English currency, which took place between the years 1797, when Bank-restriction was forced on, and 1819, when cash payments were restored by the Bill which will immortalize Sir Robert Peel, is to be truly calculated from the prices paid for gold during that period. We assert, in contradiction to this too common delusion, that the prices of gold between 1797 and 1819 afford no criterion of the extent of the depreciation of the currency of that time, and these are our grounds briefly expressed. During the greater part of that period there was no market price of gold, properly so called. Most of the transactions in the sale of the precious metals were clandestine and surreptitious, and the consequence was that, for long periods, there were absolutely 'no quoted prices' either for gold or silver, but especially gold. For proof of this fact, we refer to the evidence of *A. Asher Goldsmid* and of *William Merle*, as given before the Bullion Committee of 1810. (*Report*, pp. 24, 41.) The evidence of these two gentlemen, as well as that of some others, shows undeniably that gold was a sort of drug in England during the greater part of the period in question, and that it was sold at prices varying with every occasion. The causes were these. Owing to the growing depreciation of the currency as a whole, it became profitable to melt or to export the coin. *As money*, when in company with the depreciated paper, guineas passed far below their value. It was therefore profitable to melt them into bullion, or export them abroad, where they brought their full value. But, at that time, to 'melt or export the coin,' subjected the agent to heavy penalties. To purchase the coin at prices (paid in paper) above its current lawful value was also a misdemeanour. The consequence was, that the whole was surreptitiously melted and exported, and the prices paid were secret, and regulated by the consciences of the parties, who, before the gold could be exported, were often compelled to perjure themselves, by swearing it was foreign gold. Thus vast quantities of melted coin were perpetually thrown on the market, until gold became 'a drug' (technically so called by brokers); and this tendency was increased by the state of the balance of trade, which being always in favour of England, caused the gold to be sent back from the Continent as fast as it was exported thither. In the Appendix to the Report of the Committee of 1810, the balances in favour of England, for five years consecutively, are given. They are as follows:—

1805. £	1806. £	1807. £	1808. £	1809. £
6,616,434	10,433,727	5,866,946	12,481,290	14,884,649

During the whole war this was the general position of trade. We commanded the seas, and all colonial produce was supplied to the Continent by us, or not at all. Under such circumstances, it is idle, it is a mere delusion, a most palpable folly, to found any calculation upon statements of the prices of bullion during this period. There was no known price. Those quoted by the brokers to the Bullion Committee bear absurdity on their face. ‘Portugal gold’ bears, according to their accounts, a far higher value than gold not known to be foreign. Why? Because it could be ‘sworn off’ at the Mansion House without perjury! Such was the state of the bullion market, and so veritable are the calculations founded upon such statements as to prices.

Having thus briefly shown why the stated prices of bullion betwixt 1797 and 1819 afford no criterion of the extent of the depreciation of the then currency, we are next to inquire where that criterion is to be found. We answer, first, in the average prices of wheat and other grain, taken for a series of years; and next, in the scale of rents, tithes, &c., at certain periods. By investigating these matters narrowly, we shall arrive at a near approximation to the truth, and the results of such investigation will be found substantially to bear out that which we have asserted as to the effect of Sir Robert Peel’s Bill in doubling the weight of the debt and taxes.

Grain is a commodity so abundantly grown, that though, in consequence of the variation of the seasons, its prices vary from year to year, yet if a series of years be taken as an average, it cannot vary in any material degree, the quantities grown and the demand being substantially the same. Any great or striking alteration in the average prices of grain, especially of wheat, may therefore safely be attributed to the currency alone: it cannot be accounted for in any other way. If, between the years 1797 and 1819, we discover wheat to bear more than *double the nominal value* of the same grain for a series of years ending in 1792, when war and over-issues of paper money had not commenced, we may safely attribute a phenomenon so extraordinary to a depreciated circulating medium, and to that alone. It cannot, in truth, be accounted for in any other conceivable way. Now, then, let us compare the prices of the nine years of peace, which preceded the French war of 1793, with the prices during that war, and note the results. We have before us several returns of the prices of the former of those periods, but we take those very elaborate tables, compiled by Mr. Tooke, for his work on ‘High and Low Prices,’ as the best. What are the results, year by year? 1784, 39s.; 1785, 35s.; 1786, 34s.; 1787, 40s.; 1788, 43s.; 1789, 48s.; 1790, 46s.; 1791, 40s.; 1792, 42s. Average, 40s. 9*4d*. Thus, then, the prices of wheat for these nine years, in round numbers, average *forty shillings* per quarter, or *five shillings* the Winchester bushel. What, now, do we find the prices

during the war, whilst the currency was confessedly depreciating day after day? We shall take the returns laid before Parliament by the Bullion Committee, as probably the most rigidly accurate, and give the average results at different periods of the depreciation. They are as follows:—In England, from 1797 to 1799 inclusive, wheat is, on the average, 56*s.* 11*d.* From 1800 to 1809 inclusive, wheat is, on the average, 83*s.* 1*d.* From 1810 to 1814 inclusive, wheat is, on the average, 101*s.* 9*d.* per quarter—this last price being the result of returns printed in the Appendix to the Report of the Secret Committee of 1833, on the renewal of the Bank charter, and no doubt correct. As in 1815 the Bank commenced a rapid reduction of the circulation, to meet the expected return to cash payments, to which she was bound to resort ‘within six months after a definitive treaty of peace,’ the four years, up to 1819, must not be included in this calculation, and after 1815 only one small loan of 3,000,000*l.* was borrowed. Thus, then, taking wheat as our guide, the one-pound note, from 1797 to 1799, would seem to have been worth *about* 16*s.*; from 1800 to 1809, *about* 10*s.*; and from 1810 to 1814, *about* 8*s.* standard silver. In this sort of money the whole of the existing debt, as we shall show, was probably borrowed!

So much for wheat. As a corroboration of the conclusions here come to, let us examine the prices and rates of other commodities during these periods, and we shall find the result substantially correspond. The following exhibits some portion of an elaborate statement of the statistics of the parish of Bradford, given by Josiah Easton to the committee of the House of Lords, in 1814. The reader will mark the results:—

Dates.	Wheat, per Bushel.	Beef and Mutton.	Hay, per Ton.	Total Produce.	Rates.	Labour and Manure.	Rent, per Acre.	Tithes, per Acre.	Wages, per Day.
1783 to 1792	<i>s.</i> <i>d.</i> 6 2	<i>d.</i> 3½ per lb. 16 oz.	<i>s.</i> 38	<i>£</i> <i>s.</i> <i>d.</i> 4691 0 0	<i>£</i> <i>s.</i> <i>d.</i> 210 0	<i>£</i> <i>s.</i> <i>d.</i> 1945 17	<i>£</i> <i>s.</i> <i>d.</i> 1 0 6	<i>£</i> <i>s.</i> <i>d.</i> 170	<i>s.</i> <i>d.</i> 1 3
1793 to 1802	9 5	7½	60	7162 1 10	315 15	3023 5	1 11 6	264	2 0
1803 to 1812	12 6	8½	70	9120 0 0	430 0	4096 13	2 1 0	332	2 4

Here, in this remote rural parish, we see the cost of everything, save the poor labourer's wages, *doubled* nominally before 1812; and if we examine the Scotch prices of wheat, where it is less a staple article of food, they show a similar augmentation. In the returns printed by the Bullion Committee of 1810, those prior to 1793 are imperfect, but the probable average is 38*s.* per quarter. From 1797 to 1799, it is 47*s.* 8*d.*; from 1800 to 1809, it is 72*s.* 4*d.*; from that date to 1815, the average is 91*s.* per quarter, according to such returns as we have seen. Thus, in Scotland, taking into consideration the circumstances

of the two countries, the results corroborate those of the English averages.

To this position of the currency the Cash-payments Bill of 1819 put an end. It strung up the value of money to the standard that existed prior to the passing of the Bank-restriction Act; and thus really doubled the weight of all outstanding money engagements, in which no change whatever was made, though, to meet the alteration in the value of the current money, their *nominal* amount ought to have been reduced fifty per cent! To this conclusion, we are aware, two objections, plausible but unsound, may be taken. The first is that, in point of fact, the bill of Peel has *not* reduced the average prices of grain, &c., to the level of the period prior to 1793. The next is, that nearly three hundred millions of the debt were borrowed prior to the Restriction Act of 1797, when the serious depreciation began. To these objections the replies are brief. For the prices of wheat since 1815 we must consider the effect of the monopoly created by the corn laws, before we come to any conclusion. Had that monopoly not existed, they would have sunk to the level of 1793, or even lower, as time will now prove. As to the debt borrowed prior to 1797, the reply is, that all the old existing stock was bought up by the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, and replaced by new stock, which was lent in the depreciated paper of the day. This cannot be denied; for if we add together the whole amount of old stock so cancelled, as stated by Mr. Alison, (History of Europe, vol. ix., c. 61, p. 269,) we shall see it amounts to the enormous sum of 554,156,657*l.*, or nearly twice the debt that was borrowed prior to 1797. If we sum up the entire annual amounts overpaid, in the shape of dividends, since the year 1819, in consequence of the unjust measure which bears the name of Sir Robert Peel, and charge interest thereon at the rate of *four per cent.*, the result is, in round numbers, that *seven hundred* of the *eight hundred millions* of the debt are really cleared off by these over-payments, or there is no truth in figures.

Upon these facts we offer no further comment. We leave the question with confidence in the hands of our readers familiar with such questions. Let the considerate reader only reflect upon the *actual position* of the fundholder before and after 1819, and then say if our statements be exaggerated. In Mr. Cayley's 'Commercial Economy,' it is demonstrated, by means of tables drawn up by Mr. Thomas Attwood, (formerly M.P. for Birmingham,) that a public creditor who lent the value of eighty bushels of wheat in 1813, when wheat was 14*s. 4d.* per bushel on the five years' average, and consols 57*£* $\frac{1}{2}$, received back in 1821, when wheat was 6*s. 6d.* per bushel, and consols 72*£* $\frac{1}{2}$, the value of 224 bushels of wheat; besides interest in like proportion! Need we add a word more; or need we, to those who can *doubt* whether a full *hundred per cent.* was added to the currency between 1797 and 1815, quote the assertion of Mr. Tooke, that 'at least *fifty per cent.*' was so added in the short period between May, 1823, and September, 1825?

**CRITICISMS ON BOOKS
AND THE
FINE ARTS.**

BOOKS.

1. Life of Mirabeau.
2. Brown's Expository Discourses.
3. History of the Bank of England.
4. Analogies and Contrasts.
5. Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon.
6. Imperial Dictionary.
7. Scriptural Ordination.
8. Ancient Sea-Margins.
9. Maurice's Nine Sermons.
10. Morier's Religion and Politics.
11. Works of John Howe.
12. Neander's Life of Christ.
13. Judas Iscariot—a Mystery.
14. Noble's Divine Law.
15. Craig's Theocracy.

16. Gcale's Two Years in Italy.
17. Man and his Motives.
18. Financial and Commercial Crisis.
19. Hoffmeister's Travels.
20. Wilson's Oliver Cromwell.
21. James's Church in Earnest.
22. Tracts on the State-Church.

FINE ARTS.

23. The Drunkard's Children.
24. The Sonnet, by Mulready.
25. Parmegiano and Correggio.
26. Scotland Delineated.
27. The Artist's Married Life.
28. A Bridal Gift.

I. Mirabeau: a Life-History. In Four Books. 2 vols. 12mo. Smith and Elder. London, 1848.

THE author of this work states, that before the memorable 23rd of February, a considerable portion of it was ready for the press; but that in the second volume, recent events have disposed him in the choice of 'such passages as were still sound, practicable advice to Frenchmen, and, in fact, to every lover of order and of peace.' The style and tone of the publication is somewhat too much of the Carlyle school for our taste, but it furnishes much better material from which to form a judgment concerning the history and character of Mirabeau than the English reader will find elsewhere. The tendency of the writer to look as favourably as may consist with candour on his much disfavoured hero, does not lead him to suppress facts; and as to his own reasoning upon those facts, the reader will be competent to judge of the degree of value that should be attached to it.

Under the best possible education, the passionate, impulsive nature of Mirabeau would have been a faulty nature; under the influence of an education as neglected and faulty as it could well be, the natural consequences followed. Up to a certain point in his history, the bad was comparatively forgotten in the good; from that point the good has been as much forgotten in the bad. But the unfortunate incident for his memory has been, that after awhile he ceased to be a man of mere party; and thus, by degrees, brought upon him the evil tongues of all parties. He found it easier to raise the demon of revolution than to control it when raised. This last work, however, his gigantic soul saw must be done, or all would be lost. But the thing could not be done,

and what he foresaw ensued. In this respect, his career bears some resemblance to that of our own Cromwell. Had he given himself up to mere partisanship, his party would have been an heir-loom for his reputation. All sorts of party passions would have rushed to his defence, had he only have been content to echo its watchwords. But his nature, with all its faults, could not be brought to worship the narrow egotism of party as the wisdom of humanity. His aim, accordingly, was in the direction of a broader and more humane form of settlement than mere partisanship could tolerate. In holding to this course he was wise, however much he may have been execrated and calumniated for his wisdom. Men of sense look back upon him as the one man who saw where it would be good to stop, and their estimate of the mobs, or the managers of mobs, who were proof against his counsel, is not now very flattering. In his private life, he was a vicious man in a vicious age, but there were some forms of degradation to which the sovereignty of his intellectual nature could never be brought to submit.

II. *Expository Discourses on the First Epistle of the Apostle Peter.* By JOHN BROWN, D.D., Senior Minister of the United Presbyterian Congregation, Broughton-place, Edinburgh, and Professor of Exegetical Theology to the United Presbyterian Church. 3 vols. 8vo. Oliphant. 1848.

Every man acquainted with the history and character of Dr. Brown will have his impression relative to these discourses before reading them, and that impression will be highly favourable. Nor will the work disappoint the expectation. But, concerning the kind of work intended in this publication, it is proper that the author himself should speak:—

'The work now laid before the public is undoubtedly a commentary, though in a form somewhat peculiar. It is not a continuous comment on words and clauses, nor does it consist of scholia or annotations, nor of lectures, in the sense in which the word is ordinarily employed in this country; nor of sermons, either on select passages, or on the successive verses of the sacred book which is its subject. The epistle is divided into paragraphs according to the sense—of course, varying very considerably in length. Each of these paragraphs, embodying one leading thought, forms the subject of a separate discourse, in which an attempt is made to explain whatever is difficult in the phraseology, and to illustrate the doctrinal or practical principles which it contains; the object being not to discuss, in a general and abstract manner, the subjects which the text may suggest, but to bring clearly out the apostle's statements, and their design; and to show how the statements are fitted to gain the objects for which they are made. If the author has been able, in any good measure, to realize his own idea, the exposition will be found at once exegetical, doctrinal, and practical. Whatever may be interesting and intelligible only to the scholar, has been thrown into notes.'—Preface.

Dr. Brown gives a list of the authors to whom he has been more or less indebted in the course of his labours, and makes special mention, as might be expected, of that matchless commentator, Archbishop Leighton. A new translation of the Epistle precedes the discourses, and the discourses are a rich contribution to our theological literature, which should be equally acceptable to the private Christian and the divine.

III. *History of the Bank of England, its Times and Traditions.* By JOHN FRANCIS. Willoughby and Co., London. 2 vols. 8vo. 1847.

This history is neither more nor less than that which it purports to be—a history of the Bank, its traditions, times, and the various anecdotes connected with it as an establishment. Mr. Francis has, in fact, written a pleasant and gossiping account of the rise and progress of the structure of which he is one of the subordinates. If the reader expects more, he will be most grievously disappointed. Upon the recondite matters of paper circulation and of banking,

Mr. Francis throws no new light;—in short, upon these subjects he throws no light, old or new, for he is totally unacquainted with them. He looks upon the directors as a conclave of infallible popes, and upon the bank parlour as a sort of Vatican or oecumenical council, the decrees of which are truth absolute, and wisdom unapproachable. As a history of the bank establishment, however, setting aside the extreme deference of the author for all directors—past, present, and to come—this is a pleasant book, and as such we unhesitatingly recommend it. Amongst other notable matters, we have a view of the progress of forgery, and the awful bloodshed caused by the attempt to stop it by criminal enactments of shocking severity. The first forgery seems to have been committed in 1758, by a linendraper of Stafford, a man not driven to it by want or external circumstances of any pressing kind. From this time it went on with an accelerating velocity, through ‘old Patch,’ Fauntleroy the banker, and others, until, towards the end of the war, the juries fairly grew sick of death-dealing. From the cruelties of that period Mr. Francis laudably shrinks. If paper-money can only be kept up by the influence of such a Juggerernaut as existed in 1814, better at once to dispense with it, and return to the inconvenience of large payments in metallic money, which is far preferable to forgery and unceasing suffering.

The account which this author gives of the scenes at the bank during the panic of 1825-6 is highly edifying. We see he attempts to discredit the fact, that the establishment was saved by the *accidental* finding of a box of notes for one pound. We cannot say his attempt is successful. The evidence before the secret committee of 1833 seems to us to be decisive of this point. The late Mr. Jeremiah Harman was pointedly asked whether there was *any preparation* for the issue of these notes, or not? His answer was, and as a gentleman of high honour and a director, who was present during the scene, it cannot be doubted, ‘None in the least, *I solemnly declare!*’ Mr. Harman, in short, asserted that the accidental discovery of this box of notes ‘saved the bank and the credit of the country,’ and we believe him. It was one of those hair-breadth escapes which the English paper-system has so frequently experienced. There is another fact connected with the use of paper-money, as to which we perceive also that Mr. Francis exhibits a portion of disbelief—we allude to the forgery of the French ‘assignats’ by Mr. Pitt’s government, after the declaration of war in 1793. Of this there cannot really be any reasonable doubt. The truth was fully admitted, during a trial before Lord Kenyon, in 1795, (*vide ‘Espinasse’s Reports,’ Mich. Term, 36 Geo. III., A.D. 1795,*) as to a pro-missory note, drawn by one Strongitharm upon one Lukyn. The note was dishonoured by Lukyn, who was defended by the celebrated Erskine. The defence was, that the whole transaction was based in fraud! Strongitharm was an engraver. He was employed to forge the assignats ‘for the use of the Duke of York’s army,’ and on this representation he did so. The defendant refused to pay the note given, and the action accordingly was brought. For the defendant, Law, afterwards Lord Ellenborough, was counsel with Erskine. The judge, however, admitted *his* belief that the engraving of these false assignats was ‘sanctioned by the (then) government,’ and the jury found a *verdict for the plaintiff.* Lord Kenyon held it ‘lawful’ thus to distress an enemy, and quoted the Latin line, ‘*an dolus an virtus quis, in hoste, requirit?*’ If this were not enough, there exists evidence to prove that the paper used for this forgery was manufactured at certain paper mills, in a remote and secluded situation in the north of England, and that the false assignats (some of which may still be produced) were struck off there, by means of presses sent for that purpose. So much for this matter; as to which Mr. Francis seems to have only heard some vague rumour, locating the forgery ‘at Birmingham’—a mere mistake.

A large portion of the second volume of this amusing work is devoted to the relation of the various ingenious frauds to which the use of paper securities of every kind must give rise. Amongst others, we have an instructive account of the counterfeiting of Exchequer Bills, to an immense amount, a few years ago, during the chancellorship of Mr. Spring Rice.

In short, as a narrative of the commencement and progress of the use of paper-money in England, and of the various extraordinary events to which that system has given rise, these volumes are both instructive and entertaining. As a monetary history, in the proper sense of the word, they are of no value. Mr. Francis knows nothing of the mighty instrument on which he is employed; and, knowing nothing, he cannot of course teach his readers anything.

: IV. *Analogy and Contrasts; or, Comparative Sketches of France and England.* By the Author of "Revelations of Russia," &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Newby. 1848.

This is a publication to the hour, but from a man who had not his information to collect when the hour came. We had hoped to call the attention of our readers to it at some length; but disappointed in this respect, we shall do our best to convey a just idea of its character in a short space. These resemblances and contrasts embrace nearly everything important relating to the history, character, and country of the two nations, especially as bearing on the social changes which have taken place in them. Though published since the French Revolution of February last, it was written, for the greater part, prior to that event, and in anticipation of some great and inevitable change in that country. Concerning his means of knowledge with regard to France, the author thus writes:

'He has made not less than twenty distinct visits to that country, some prolonged to many months, some spent in its capital, and two for the express purpose of visiting the manœuvres at the camps of Compiègne and St. Omer. His associations have ranged from the peasant, the artisan, and the private soldier,—his roadside companions,—from the smuggler and from the chamois hunter, whose avocations he has shared, to the old noblesse, with whom peculiar circumstances have enabled him to mingle on terms of cordiality, not usually conceded to his countrymen.'

'Active habits, some military and mechanical knowledge, a slight addiction to the tastes of the bookworm, a tendency to statistical inquiry, and as much acquaintance with the literature of France as with that of his own country, have, in the belief of the writer, insensibly aided him in the acquisition of information upon the subject of which he proposes to treat. He has, besides, at all times of his life, been accustomed to associate with the French in foreign countries as well as at home. His acquaintance extends to the representatives of every social or political subdivision of the more intelligent classes. He has enjoyed the intimacy of, or been on terms of familiar intercourse with, the men of the old regime, the servitors and associates of Louis XVI.—with the relics of the republic succeeding him—with the survivors of Napoleon's battle-fields—with those who were true to the prosperity, with those who were faithful to the adversity, of legitimacy—with the supporters of the existing order of things, and with those who seek to subvert it—with the republican and the Henry Quinquis—*with the bigot and the infidel, the speculator and the communist, the man of letters and the commercial traveller—**with the Anglo-maniac of the Jockey-club, and the Anglo-phobist of the Estaminet.*

'His experiences have shown him the Frenchman, in all those circumstances which develop most saliently the peculiarities of character. He has witnessed the marriage, the christening, and the burial, the courtship of the betrothed, the domestic life of the married couple, and the divorce of the ill-assorted. He has herdled with the republican and the *Chouan*. He has seen the Frenchman in exile and in office; in misery and in prosperity; in adversity and in fortune. He has seen the noble in his château, the peasant in his cottage, the capitalist in his villa, the trader in his retirement, the prefect in his residence, the curate in his humble abode. He has seen the sailor in port and in storm, the soldier in his camp and in his barracks, on the road, and in his quarters, in his bivouac, and on the battle-field. He has dined with the ambassador, and the liberated galley-slave. He has seen all classes live, and many Frenchmen die.'

'Such opportunities, it is true, do not necessarily imply that the writer should have pro-

fited by them, or have acquired either profound or accurate knowledge of his subject, but they may, perhaps, suffice to entitle him to the hearing which might be denied to the mere tourist or book-maker.'—Vol. i., c. i.

This may be taken as a fair specimen of the light, readable style, in which matters are sketched through these volumes. They teem with well-timed information concerning all the more considerable parties, persons, and changes in France during the last twenty years, and they present this information, in conformity with the title of the work, in instructive relationship to affinities or contrasts in our own history.

V. *The Analytical Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon, containing an Alphabetical Arrangement of every Word and Infexion contained in the Old Testament Scriptures, precisely as they occur in the Sacred Text, with a Grammatical Analysis of each Word, and Lexicographical Illustration of the Meanings; a Complete Series of the Hebrew and Chaldee Paradigms, with Grammatical Remarks and Explanations.* Quarto, pp. 90, DCCLXXXIV. Samuel Bagster and Sons. London, 1848.

The publishers of this volume state that it has occupied upwards of seven years of unremitting labour on the part of its author. Any competent person who shall read the above title-page with attention will be aware that the compass of labour involved in the carrying out of such a scheme must have been so great as to have been appalling to any mind possessing no more than the ordinary powers of application. Not only to Biblical students, but even to advanced scholars in this department, the work is a boon of great value. The Lexicon, which extends to nearly eight hundred pages, in double columns, is preceded by a grammatical introduction of nearly a hundred pages. The volume is beautifully printed, and the oversight, to preclude errors of the press, appears to have been most vigilant and successful.

In an analytical Lexicon, the great object is to give the etymology and the signification of words. We can conceive of nothing more complete than the process by which these results are aimed at in the present work. The entire body of words contained in the Hebrew Scriptures, exactly as they are found in the text, have been thrown into alphabetical order; so that each, accompanied by its prefixes, suffixes, and under every modification of form, may be immediately found by the simplest operation. Each word, thus arranged, is concisely but fully *parsed*, and its composition explained, and its simple form and root given; and whatever necessary information is not found in any case in the Lexicon is supplied by a reference to the grammatical introduction and the tables of paradigms. The signification of the words is given under their respective roots, which are always indicated in the analysis of each form. In addition to the various significations of each root, a synoptical list of all the words derived from each is given, to aid the student in remembering the connexion between the root and its derivatives. Altogether, it is a volume which should have its place in the library of every man interested in the study of the language which is not only more ancient than any other known to us, but which has been made the vehicle of instruction transcendent in its influence and worth.

VI. *The Imperial Dictionary, English, Technological, and Scientific, adapted to the Present State of Literature, Science, and Art, on the Basis of Webster's English Dictionary; with the Addition of many Thousand Words and Phrases from the other Standard Dictionaries and Encyclopædias, and from other Sources. Comprising all Words purely English, and the Principal and most generally used Technical and Scientific Terms, together with their Etymologies and their Pronunciation, according to the best Authorities.* Edited by JOHN OGILVIE, LL.D. Illustrated by about Two Thousand Engravings on Wood. Imperial 8vo. A. G. Blackie and Son. 1848.

This is another work on which it seems 'more than seven years of toil and research' have been expended by the editor. The law of progress which is so forcibly affecting everything about us necessarily affects all works of this nature. The dictionary of our grandfathers, or even of our fathers, might have served their need, but would be inadequate to ours. The history of language is influenced by everything belonging to the history of civilization, and in accordance with this fact, the 'Imperial Dictionary' is published as a book 'up to the time' in which it makes its appearance. Preliminary to the dictionary is an 'introduction' of fifty closely printed pages on 'The Origin and Progress of the Principal Languages, Ancient and Modern, that have been Spoken by Nations between the Ganges and the Atlantic Ocean.' With regard to the dictionary, Webster is taken as the basis; but as Webster added 12,000 words to Todd's Johnson, so Dr. Ogilvie has added 15,000 to those found in Webster, and has improved, in many other respects, on the plan of the latter editor. Each page presents three handsome columns, and at every step the attention is arrested by elegant wood illustrations. The book, accordingly, is not, like most other dictionaries, a book of mere words, but deals largely with things, and is one, in consequence, which may not only be consulted, but *read* with interest and advantage. This first volume extends to the letter I,—a second volume will complete the work. When completed, it will be of its kind all that can be wished—at least, for our time.

VII. *Scriptural Ordination neither a Sacrament nor a Form.* By Rev. ANDREW REED. 8vo. Garrold. London, 1848.

This discourse was delivered at an ordination in Bungay, in April last. Its motto is from Exod. xii., 26, 'What mean ye by this service?' To which Mr. Reed replies, that what congregational dissenters mean by such services is—'to assert that the New Testament is the only rule for Christian churches; that churches ought to be independent; that they should, nevertheless, unite and co-operate affectionately for common interests; that they should sustain a ministry, but not one pretending to be a distinct caste, or to be as lords over other ministers or churches; and that all ministers are alike dependent, not on spiritual gifts conveyed through a regular priestly succession, but on the immediate grace and blessing of Christ and the Holy Spirit.' No one can complain of the temper in which Mr. Reed has dealt with these topics. The discussion is conducted throughout with dispassionateness, candour, and a manifest aim to elicit truth. With the substance of it we cordially concur.

Mr. Reed says, emphatically and truly, that our ministers do not need the services of apostles, or of any who profess to succeed them, to convey a fitness for the pastoral office; that in ordination such persons 'only use the sign—the Lord must bestow the grace.' True; but the sign has its purpose and utility nevertheless. Baptism, in our view, does not regenerate, nor does the eucharist impart spiritual life. Here, also, men 'only use the sign—the Lord

must bestow the grace.' But if baptism and the Lord's Supper do not convey these spiritual blessings, they have a significant relativity to them; and so, if ordination does not convey office, and still less fitness for office, it has a manifest relativity to both. It is a part of the order of Christ's church. Men may, no doubt, be efficient pastors, in certain circumstances, without ordination, precisely as men may be true Christians, in certain circumstances, without partaking of baptism or the eucharist. But it does not follow, because these 'signs' may be safely dispensed with in some instances, that they should be made light of in the ordinary course of things. To reverence these observances as scriptural is one thing, and to hold that men can receive nothing Christian, except through such media, is another. The spiritual does not depend after that manner on the institutional under the economy of the Gospel. We do not, of course, mean to raise ordination to the place of a sacrament, in the ecclesiastical sense of that term, but we do mean to say that we know from the Scriptures quite as much of lay baptism, and of a lay administration of the Lord's Supper, as of lay ordination. So far as apostolic precedent is concerned, the church is as free to dispense with the aid of official persons in any one of these services as in the other. So possible is it to destroy principles by riding them to death.

Our own views of 'scriptural ordination' are expressed in the venerable 'Cambridge Platform.' 'Ordination we account but the solemn putting a man in his place and office in the church, whereunto he had right before by election: being like the installing of a magistrate in the commonwealth.' But we hold that this 'installing' of a ministry is the proper work of the existing ministry, and necessary to a pastor's *orderly* induction to his office, though by no means necessary to a valid and effective discharge of its duties. The Holy Spirit, who often does his own spiritual work without baptism or the eucharist, must not be supposed dependent in his operations on the form of ordination.

We are quite aware that 'Apostolical-succession, Dissenting-puseyism, &c. &c.,' are very dreadful things; but in our endeavour to keep clear of these, we would not rush into the extremes of Plymouth-brethrenism, Dissenting-chartism, and a course of action which would leave the reputation of our ministry without its proper safeguards, and teach our churches to account their separate independence as everything, and their dwelling together mutual esteem and confidence a small matter. The peculiar circumstances of the early independents in this country and in America, thrust them upon extremes in this respect, and in some others, extremes in which it would be the excess of folly in us to become imitators. Infallibility does not belong to the 'fathers' among us any more than elsewhere.

We have ventured upon these remarks because they tend to strengthen some of the conclusions in Mr. Reed's able discourse, and, at the same time, to place a little check on the bearing of some other observations, which tend to raise the mere call of a church into a mystery quite as unintelligible as some existing notions about ordination.

For we are not satisfied that pastors and deacons, as intimated by Mr. Reed, and in general very broadly asserted among us, were the only officers of the primitive church designed to be permanent. Timothy and Titus were ordained, and they were empowered to ordain others, but they were not pastors. We generally speak of them as evangelists, but to them as holding that office the epistles which bear their names were addressed. Has that office indeed ceased with the apostolic age, and have these epistles ceased, in consequence, to have applicability and value? If not, is it correct to say the New Testament knows nothing of a Christian ministry, that it simply recognises an order of pastors? But more of this another time.

VIII. *Ancient Sea Margins, as Memorials of Changes in the relative Level of the Sea and Land.* By ROBERT CHAMBERS, Esq., F.R.S.E. 8vo, pp. 337. 1848.

This is a deeply interesting volume, full of facts and observations which bring out the story of the earth, and especially of our own island, in a manner conferring a poetical remoteness and grandeur on appearances which the uninstructed too often pass in utter heedlessness. The work commences with a section, intitled, 'General Descriptions and Facts'; and the 'Local Researches and Descriptions,' which form the second section, embrace the results of research in the following places :—

'Vale of Tay—Fife—Strathspey—The Great Glen—Lochaber—Basin of the Forth—Environs of Edinburgh—Parishes of Borthwick and Chrichton—Falkirk and Stirling—Vale of the Tweed—Basin of the Clyde—Ancient Delta of the Ribble—The Mersey—Chester—Bristol—Bath—London—Sussex and Hampshire—Devonshire—Paris—Lower part of the Valley of the Seine—Ireland.'

We should state that the work is illustrated with many engravings, sufficiently sketched for their purpose, and includes a map of part of Lochaber, showing the shelvings in the glens.

IX. *The Lord's Prayer: Nine Sermons Preached in the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn.* By F. D. MAURICE, A.M. 12mo. Parker.

These discourses, simple in style, but rich in thought, were delivered in the months of February, March, and April last, and with the purpose of directing the mind of the congregation at Lincoln's Inn to a Christian view of the great changes which were then in progress on the continent. Such a use of the pulpit is legitimate, and under the guidance of such a preacher could not fail of being instructive and impressive.

X. *What has Religion to do with Politics?* By DAVID R. MORIER, Esq., late her Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary in Switzerland. 12mo. Parker. London, 1848.

'What has religion to do with politics?' This question Mr. Morier answers endeavouring to show, that if politics are to be well based and trustworthy, they must be imbued throughout with Christianity; and that the agencies by which our government is to realize this end are eminently—national education, and a state church. Such of our readers as may not concur in this issue of the writer's argument, will find both facts and reasonings in this small volume well deserving their attention. Mr. Morier's maxim is, that every step in the advance of liberalism, to be safe, must be preceded by an advance in Christian intelligence and principle—a sentiment which recent events have done not a little to strengthen in the mind of the English people.

XI. *The Works of the Rev. John Howe, M.A., as Published during his Life: comprising the whole of the Two Folio Volumes, Edit. 1724. With a Life of the Author.* By the Rev. J. P. HEWLETT. 3 vols. 8vo. Tegg. London, 1848.

Beside the works of Howe, published in Dr. Calamy's edition, in 1724, this collection includes several papers published during the lifetime of the author, but which have not hitherto had a place in any collection of his works. It is due, also, to the editor, that he should be allowed to state some other advantages secured by his labours to this edition of works which have their place in the first rank of Christian literature.

'The text has been formed by a laborious comparison of all the editions, not only of the collected, but of the single works, to which the editor had access. It is confidently believed that a pure and standard text has thus been obtained. These volumes contain no interpolations. A word has, indeed, been sometimes added, where absolutely necessary to complete the sense, but always in brackets. In a few instances, evident mistakes which appeared in the earliest, and have been retained in all subsequent editions, have been corrected without any distinct notice of the fact, but it has only been in cases in respect to which no doubt as to the reality of the mistake could possibly exist.'

'In regard to punctuation, decided changes have been made. Had the points been thrown at random into the forms of Calamy's edition, the sense, so far as the pointing is concerned, could scarcely have been more completely obscured. A large amount of the hopeless difficulty, and even barbarism, commonly attributed to the style of Howe, is fairly referable to this cause. Wherever practicable, the modern style has been carefully adopted; and although a few crabbed sentences may remain, setting at defiance all attempts to reduce them to strict order, yet it is believed that the unwearied care that has been bestowed upon the present edition, will greatly facilitate the study of these noble writings.'

The works of Howe must be adapted, in their substance, to all time. Whatever may be said of his style or of his method, the chastened, philosophical spirit in which he viewed all the departments of revealed truth, and discoursed on the experiences and duties of Christian men, are the very qualities which are especially wanting in our own day, and which must be in *plate* in every age of true enlightenment. The students of John Howe and of Richard Baxter should be preachers to our time and to all time.

Wholesome, too, would it be to not a few of our rising ministers, if they would give themselves a little to the study of the character of Howe—would mark how he combined the firmness of the confessor with the catholicity of the Christian. Were he back with us again, and to do some things which he once did, he would, no doubt, be denounced by many as 'no dissenter,' and even *his* name would be cast out of evil, as that of Doddridge often was at a later time. But the invectives of passion are rectified by the judgment of time. There are men who hold enough of the principles distinctive of party to give them an honest party relationship, but whose souls were not formed to be hemmed in by such relations; and we are satisfied that the men who serve even their party interests the best, are those who know how to keep such interests in just subordination to interests of wider import. The spirit of Howe in our pulpits, and in our aggressive movements—the spirit of modesty, candour, devotion, earnestness, and self-sacrifice, would be to us as life from the dead.

XII. The Life of Jesus Christ in its Historical Connexion and Historical Development. By AUGUSTUS NEANDER. Translated from the Fourth German Edition. By JOHN M'CLINTOCH and CHARLES E. BLUMENTHAL, professors in Dickinson College. With a Preface by A Clergyman of the Church of England. 8vo. pp. xlvi, 450. Low, Fleet-street. London, 1848.

It is with no ordinary pleasure that we call the attention of our readers to this publication. Neander's doctrine concerning inspiration, and on some other points, varies from what generally obtains in this country and in America; but the great substance of this portly and precious volume is not affected by those differences. Strauss has been made accessible to the English reader, and it was fitting that his great antagonist should be thus placed side by side with him. We owe our best acknowledgments to Professors M'Clintoch and Blumenthal for their service in this particular; and to Mr. Low, the English publisher, for placing this fruit of American learning so readily within the reach of every Englishman concerned about the great question to which it relates. The translators have exercised a sound discretion in dividing the work into books, chapters, and sections. These halting-places, where the

matter is so varied and so accumulated, are of great assistance to the reader. There is also an admirable index. Altogether, the volume is one of the most valuable that has been given to our literature from the literature of our neighbours for many years. To every theological student, every Christian pastor, and every thoughtful man, we say—possess it.

XIII. *Judas Iscariot, a Miracle Play.* By R. H. HORNE. 12mo. Mitchell. London.

Our taste goes not with attempts of this nature. The coarse conception and feeling to which miracle plays once addressed themselves have passed away, and the approach to profanity, which might be pardoned when proceeding mainly from ignorance, becomes something different as perpetrated against knowledge and better culture. Nor are we sure that the attempt of Mr. Horne to soften down the treason of the 'traitor,' though in some degree sanctioned by the high authority he has cited, can be made to consist with the teaching of Scripture.

XIV. *The Divine Law of the Ten Commandments Explained, according to both its Literal and Spiritual Sense, &c., &c.* By the Rev. S. NOBLE. 8vo, pp. 445. Simpkin. London, 1848.

Mr. Noble labours hard to show that Tritheism is irrational and unscriptural, and supposes that in so doing he has destroyed Trinitarianism. But Mr. Noble should know, that no intelligent Trinitarian believes in three *Gods*, or in three *beings*, as divine, but in one nature, whose threefold personality is at least as intelligible as Swedenborg's threefold essence. Another aim of Mr. Noble is, to repel the charge of seeking salvation by self-merit, which is not, it is said, the doctrine of Swedenborg, inasmuch as he taught that men should be obedient to the 'Ten Commandments,' not for the sake of reward, but from the pure love of obedience; and that this obedience becomes possible to man only as he is aided by the grace of the Lord. In this manner Swedenborg precludes the atonement, and would realize the obedience required by a dispensation of pure rectitude. At the root of all this confusion lies a grave misconception as to the spirituality of the divine law, and concerning the relation of God to man, not simply as a parent, but as a sovereign.

Our author cites the language in which some of our philosophical prophets have expressed their admiration of the genius of Swedenborg. We think the gentlemen consistent in doing as they have done, for visionary as was the Hon. Emanuel Swedenborg, he was about as competent to be a theological and philosophical guide as are these his admirers. His partial truth, and his predominant error, were alike a reaction against the weak points in the orthodoxy of the times.

XV. *Theocracy, or the Principles of the Jewish Religion and Polity adapted to all Nations and Times.* By the Rev. ROBERT CRAIG, A.M., Rothesay. 8vo, pp. 309. Johnstone. Edinburgh, 1848.

We think the author of this volume unfortunate in the selection of his theory, and, as a consequence, in the title which he has given to his volume. No one doubts that the people to whom a revelation from God is given, are morally bound to become obedient to it, and *in so far* to become the subjects of a theocracy. But an attempt to show, on this ground, that 'the principles of the Jewish Religion and Polity' are of perpetual obligation, is not wise. It was not at all necessary to the object of the writer that he should have taken ground of this nature. But though Mr. Craig's theory is ill-advised, and for

the greater part untenable, he has shown, with much clearness and force, the identity of revealed religion in all cases, and the moral and religious obligations of all the persons and communities to whom God's revelation comes. There is a discrimination and maturity in the reasoning in many parts of the volume with which we have been much interested. It will amply repay perusal, notwithstanding the exception we have taken to it.

XVI. *Notes of a Two Years' Residence in Italy.* By HAMILTON GEALE, Esq. M'Glashan. Small 8vo, pp. 294. Dublin, 1847.

The preface to this volume bears date, September, 1847, in which the writer expressed his confidence that Italy could not 'remain much longer in her present state of degradation, without a voice amongst the nations of the earth.' The tone of the book is in keeping with this aspiration—friendly to Italy. The writer does not attempt anything profound in history or antiquities, in art or politics, but presents a readable description of places, objects, and people, as they fall under his notice. No man, however, must hope to write with much effect on Italy who does not bring to his task either learning or genius; a sound mixture of the two is the great prerequisite.

XVII. *Man and his Motives.* By GEORGE MOORE, M.D. Small 8vo, pp. 406. Longman and Co. 1848.

Dr. Moore is the author of a valuable treatise intitled, 'The Power of the Soul over the Body,' and of another intitled 'the Use of the Body in relation to the Mind.' Dr. Moore's former works were philosophical and moral, the present further embraces the element of religion. It is a book of the sort demanded by the times—one in which science and taste are made to be tributaries to an enlightened Christianity. It is adapted to prove a most valuable present to persons of intelligent and cultivated minds, who need guidance of a more definite and thorough description than it would be reasonable to expect from the ordinary services of the pulpit. The chapters are fifteen in number, and on the following subjects:—Man—primitive and derivative; Selfhood—soul, mind, and spirit; Immortality; Man in Relation to his Maker; Mental Manifestation; Self-management; Association; Liking and Disliking; Teachings of Light; Knowledge; Faith; Hope and Fear; Love; The Love of Action and Power; Conscience.

XVIII. *The Financial and Commercial Crisis considered.* By LORD ASHBURTON. John Murray, London. 1847. pp. 40.

Without at all acquiescing in the adage of 'de mortuis nil nisi bonum,' we see no reason for being unkind to this last effusion of the late Lord Ashburton. It has all the vices and all the virtues of his speeches in Parliament and elsewhere, embodying as it does much information with much obliquity of view, and some show of liberality and fairness, with a good deal that is the reverse. Lord Ashburton expressly condemns Sir Robert Peel's Banking Act of 1844. The reasons he gives are anything, however, but satisfactory; nor has he shown that if that act were repealed, and another drain of bullion to occur, that the Bank Directors, as prudent men, could act in any way materially different from that to which they are bound by Sir Robert's scheme. Lord Ashburton says if food be dear, grain *must* come in, and gold go in payment; but is that, asks his lordship, any reason for denying accommodation to commerce generally in the meantime? Surely it is. The safety of the Bank, in such periods, depends upon a speedy reduction in the high prices of food. This, however, can only be effected by a denial of *all* discounts, and violent contraction of the circulating medium. To throw out only the bills drawn in

consequence of speculations in corn will not effect anything. They are discounted by others if the Bank Directors refuse them discount; and thus the speculation goes on, and the high existing prices are continued, or even forced higher. If this continue beyond a limited period, the treasures of the Bank must inevitably be withdrawn; and hence the Directors, from the instinct of self-preservation, must forcibly *crush down* prices to save themselves. This can only be done by crushing *all* prices down. No *selections* are possible.

It is passing strange to see a man, with the probable share of information possessed by the late Lord Ashburton, ascribe the panic of 1825-6 to domestic speculations and their failure, and not to the export of gold abroad. He asserts that, when in December, 1825, he was consulted by the late Mr. Huskisson on the state of affairs, the exchanges were not in a position to drive specie abroad. True; because the violent efforts of the Bank, through the autumn of that year, rectified them at last, after causing a panic unprecedented for the extent of ruin inflicted. It is notorious, however, that the amount of specie and bullion exported throughout 1824 and 1825, especially in the latter year, was the real moving cause of the crisis that ensued. It is also true, that after the crisis was past, the conduct of the Bank in making advances mitigated its effects upon commerce, and that the Act of 1844, had it then existed, would have prevented this alleviation. Granted; but to what does this amount? Only to another proof that paper-currency is, in any hands, an unmanageable instrument; and that the true method is to restore a metallic currency in reality as well as in name, and reduce the expenditure of the Government as far as it can be equitably done, to meet the consequences of that restoration.

XIX. Travels in Ceylon and Continental India; including Nepal and other parts of the Himalayas, to the borders of Thibet: with some Notices of the Overland Route. Appendices addressed to the Baron Von Humboldt.
I. On the Geographical Distribution of Coniferæ on the Himalayan Mountains. II. On the Vegetation of the Himalayan Mountains. III. On the Birds of the Himalayan Mountains. By Dr. W. HOFFMEISTER. Translated from the German. Small 8vo. pp. 521. Kennedy. Edinburgh, 1848.

Dr. Hoffmeister was travelling physician to His Royal Highness Prince Waldemar of Prussia, the first German prince who ever visited Ceylon, Bengal, and the courts of Cathmandoo and Oude. The prince joined the British army in its march against the Sikhs, and Hoffmeister fell in the prime of life, and full of hope as a student of science, at the battle of Ferozepoor on the Sutlej. Twenty years since, the scientific information, of nearly all sorts, contained in this unpretending volume, would have sufficed to warrant the publication of a couple of quartos. The form of letters to friends, in which the information is here presented to us, though defective in the method and finish which the author would no doubt have given to the results of his travels, is easy, natural, and sprightly, and certain gaps are from time to time supplied by extracts from Hoffmeister's diary, or as notes by the translator. Many of the letters were published in Germany before the lamented death of the writer, and as collected and published since, they have attracted great attention in that country. No man of science can read them without interest.

XX. Oliver Cromwell and the Protectorate. By DANIEL WILSON, F.R.S. Scot. 12mo, pp. 304. Nelson's British Library. 1848.

Mr. Wilson has beautifully said, that 'truth is the daughter of time,' and the fate of Cromwell in the history of our literature is a striking illustration of

this truth. We are old enough to remember when almost every educated man you met was found to have taken his notions of the great puritan from such sources as Huine or Clarendon. At that time, we felt assured that the common faith in this particular was a calumny. But as it was with the rival parties whom Cromwell's genius kept at bay during his life, so was it with the descendants of those parties for some two centuries after his death—divided as they were among themselves, they were as one in their hatred of a man whose magnanimity aimed at a good that should embrace all England, something other and nobler than the good of any mere sect or party whatsoever. He refused to become the tool of any, and he was counted an enemy by them all. Each party vociferated, as now, about its 'principle!'—'our principles!'—forgetting that each remaining party rested its cause no less upon this same thing called 'principle,' and that for party to ride over party, counting its own principle as everything, and other men's principles as nothing, could be at best nothing more than a change of the old tyranny by a prince, for a new tyranny by a set of pretended patriots or religiousists. The soul of Cromwell nau- seated this narrow, selfish, and hypocritical policy. He would not—could not away with it. His language to these strong-hearted, but narrow-thinking men was—England was not made for any one of your parties taken alone, but for all taken together, and if you would be men, and be at peace, the only course open to you is 'to come to a settlement;' by which he meant, that they should come to some basis of mutual concession—to the kind of compromise which, however hated that word may be, is, in such case, a carrying out of that great rule of equity—'Whatever you would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.'

Mr. Wilson's volume is written for the most part in harmony with these views. The style is simple and unaffected, which, considering how much affectation has been thrown over the subject of late, is saying a good deal. We cannot say much for the engravings which are intended as embellishments of the work. The representations of Cromwell partake vastly too much of the old mixture of the Caliban and the Scaramouch, which has been too commonly attributed to him by artists. We are the more surprised at this in the present instance, inasmuch as Mr. Wilson, if we mistake not, can wield the pencil quite as skilfully as the pen. Even Milton and Charles have little of the symmetry of countenance in these sketches which is proper to them. But the book itself presents a view of the life and character of Cromwell, upon the whole, as trustworthy as will be found in our language, and very pleasant in style withal. We may venture to add in conclusion, that if Mr. Wilson would acquaint himself with Dr. Vaughan's ultimate view of Cromwell's character and history, and see the authorities on which that view rests, he should look beyond the 'Essay' of which he makes mention, to the 'History of England under the House of Stuart,' by that author.

XXI. *The Church in Earnest.* By JOHN ANGELL JAMES. 12mo, pp. 352.

We scarcely need say that we hailed the announcement of this work with pleasure. Mr. James, in a manner every way becoming himself and the service, had delivered his charge to the pastors of our churches, and it was but just that an appeal marked by the same wisdom, fidelity, and affection, should be made to the churches themselves. And this is now done. We are aware of the means which have been used to give to the former volume a wide circulation; but only half the good work will have been performed if the same steps are not taken in favour of the present production. It is a fitting companion for its precursor, and certainly every layman who has read the former should also read the latter.

XXII. *Five Tracts on the State Church.* By J. H. TILLETT, Rev. G. BURNETT, EDWARD MIALL, Rev. G. H. HINTON, Rev. E. P. MARSELL. 1848.

The good people are not few who have come to the conclusion that no dissenter can deal with the church and state question in a manner at all entitled to attention. We wish we could prevail on such persons to read these five lectures—throughout they are calm, cogent, scholar-like, and Christian-like. We say this the more freely, because we admit it is not always that the question is discussed in a manner accordant with our own notion of fitness. The following are the titles of the lectures:—*The Church in Fetters.* *The Endowment of all Religious Sects.* *What is the Separation of Church and State?* *Church Property—whose is it?* *The duty of Christians in Relation to Church Establishments.*

FINE ARTS.

XXIII. *The Drunkard's Children.* By GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. London, Bogue.

WE have already noticed the former series of designs, styled 'The Bottle,' of which these are intended to form the sequel. The opinion we expressed of the first series was much less favourable than that adopted by the majority of critics of the press; but neither their popularity, nor this further evidence of their success, inclines us to alter our verdict. The reviewers have rivalled one another in their comparisons of the modern caricaturist to Hogarth. We can fancy Mr. Cruikshank would prefer some less invidious style of compliment. He has humour of his own, which not even Schrödten can surpass—a grave satire, healthy and pungent as the humour of Hood and the wit of Lamb. But in these temperance prints, so be-lauded by a portion of the press, he appears as the uninventive copyist of Hogarth, with all the wonted inferiority of an imitator. It is neither more nor less than Hogarth's 'Gin Lane' reproduced, in the style of his 'Idle Apprentice,' a plagiarism alike of the first thought* and of its mode of treatment. Plate I. represents the drunkard's children introduced to the gin-shop, for which their previous familiarity with 'The Bottle' has sufficiently prepared them. Plate II. is only another phase of the deformity of vice—the low beer-shop and thieves' gambling-house; and Plate III. repeats the change with uninventive monotony, by introducing us to the low dancing saloon—the stage whereon vice displays her most disgusting deformities without a veil. The series would have been greatly improved by the omission of any two of these. The first is decidedly the best in variety of character, and in intelligible correspondence to the moral teaching aimed at in the whole. We can detect no progress in the tragedy wrought out by these succeeding scenes. In Plate IV. we see the wretched boy-thief arrested in a low lodging-house. The insipidity of expression in most of the countenances in this plate finds some relief in the startled gaze of a negro disturbed by the confused noises around him, and staring 'with mouth and eyes' from underneath the rude coverlet of his humble couch, in a way that seems to tell us, poverty and not vice has introduced him to the haunts of crime. This is followed by Plate V.—the Court scene at the Old Bailey—still more deficient in expression and character than its predecessors. Plate VI. The Newgate cell; Plate VII. Death releasing the wretched boy from the hulk-ship to another tribunal; and Plate VIII.—the last scene of all—the poor lost girl, in the tattered finery of the decaying prostitute, flings herself

from London Bridge, to seek oblivion in the dark waters that roll below. Though extravagant in its horror, there is more of artistic skill and pathos in this last plate than in all that precede it. One looks critically on the others, scanning their details with severe and unsympathetic eye; but there is something in the lonely wretchedness of the abandoned suicide that reaches the heart.

As to the *moral* conveyed by such scenic exhibitions of vice, we are only more strongly confirmed in the conviction we have already expressed of their inutility, by this second series. The maxim of Pope,—

‘Vice is a shape of such a hideous mien,
That to be hated, needs but to be seen.’

is, like many others of the poet's specious moralities, a rhyme without reason, which every day's experience contradicts. Were it otherwise, the moralist might be found daily escorting his juvenile train of clowns to the obscure haunts of dissipation and vice, that he might scare them into the narrow path of virtue by a familiarity with the gin palace, the low Casino, and the convict cell. Such, however, is not the teaching of the inspired moralist, ‘Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not into the way of evil. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away.’ There is a sort of sentimental morality in vogue in the present day, that seeks to teach by means of novels, fairy tales, stage moralities, and even the ‘Jack Sheppard’ school of literature, and we confess these gin-palace and Newgate scenes of George Cruikshank appear to us of the same class,—at best a kind of *rose water* medicament more pleasant than profitable to the patient. The Greeks, indeed, set us the example of this scarecrow method of dealing with vice, when they intoxicated their helots, in order to display the effects of intemperance in the most repulsive form; but the youngest of our readers have probably laughed to see the rooks composedly alight on the *scarecrow*; and the *bugbear mode of teaching* in all forms is liable to the same results. In this respect we confess that Cruikshank is on a par with his original. We should like to learn of a solitary instance of virtue or reform traceable to the moral teaching of Hogarth's Harlot's or Rake's Progress!

Dr. Mackay, we may add, follows in the artist's wake, going over his ground once more with some very common-place temperance poetry, the influence of which will be simply *nil*, unless in its example on other destitute rhymesters in want of a theme. Anti-slavery Rhymes, with Cowper and Montgomery at their head, proved prolific enough to nauseate the most tolerant of readers. Corn-law Rhymes, for all that Moore and Elliot did for them, have been little less hardly dealt with; and we predicate for the *Bottle Rhymers* as much zeal, with less acceptable fruits.

The vehicle of the artist's works, however, should not be overlooked. Like the former series they are executed by the new process of glyptography, in which Mr. Cruikshank has acquired great facility. Eight such prints for one shilling is truly wonderful. It is an element in the whole production which should qualify the critic's censures. Let Mr. Cruikshank try now whether there is not more inspiration for himself, and far more moral power for others, in the depicting of virtue than of vice.

XXIV. *The Sonnet.* WILLIAM MULREADY, R.A. Lithographed by JOHN LINNELL, jun.

Among the attractions of the metropolis this year, none present more valuable features of study for the lover of art than the collected works of Mulready now exhibiting at the Adelphi, under the auspices of the Society of Arts. The

scheme of which this exhibition forms a part is one that every well-wisher of native art must hail with delight. By means of annual exhibitions, each consisting of *the works of one living artist*, and by public voluntary contributions, a fund is to be raised, which the promoters propose to employ, first, in giving the artist whose works are exhibited a commission for a picture; and second, in the purchase of pictures already painted; both of which, it is proposed, shall be presented to the National Gallery, with a view to the ultimate formation of an adequate collection of British art.

The print of the 'SONNET' has been lithographed for presentation to the subscribers. The original painting, which hangs in the present collection, is one of the most delightful of Mulready's happy thoughts. A young lover, reading his sonnet written 'to his mistress's eyebrow,' is watching with bashful eagerness the effect it produces on the fair listener, for whose ear alone it was designed. It is a perfect gem. The study in chalk for the picture is also here; and it is from it the lithographic copy has been taken: though well executed it is rough, and will hardly satisfy those who study the fine tones and graceful harmony of the finished painting. Mr. Sheepshanks is the enviable possessor of the original, which he cannot prize too highly. It takes a foremost place among the collected works of Mulready; and that is no slight praise. There is a singularly fine truthfulness and individuality of character marking the works of this artist, which carry him through this trying ordeal with peculiar honour. The utmost care and study is apparent in the treatment of the humblest subject; and the numerous studies in pen and ink, pencil, and chalk, which hang in the ante-room, prove with what anxious care and industry this studious and thoughtful painter works out to a perfect realization his first happy thought.

The subscribers of the 'London Art-Union' have an opportunity of examining, in the same collection, the original of 'The Convalescent,' which has been so beautifully engraved for distribution among them. Though a remarkably fine picture, it is certainly deficient—like most of the Art-Union committee's selections—in the requisites for a popular print.

While on the subject of art-unions, we may observe, that the holder of the £300 prize has selected from the Royal Academy George Harvey's fine picture of 'Past and Present,' a most creditable choice, proving that the mere-trumpery attractions of gaudy colouring and theatrical composition can no longer be relied on for outweighing sterling merit. The managing committee of the Edinburgh Art-Union have selected for their highest prize Robert Scott Lauder's 'Christ Teaching Humility,' which formed one of the attractions of the Westminster competition on a former season. The price, £400, which cannot be considered as extravagant remuneration, when we bear in remembrance the size and number of figures of the painting.

XXV.—*Parmegiano and Correggio.*

The depression of trade which so greatly affected the print publishers, and retarded their efforts when we last wrote, continues to produce its chilling effects. Little that is new, save an occasional portrait, makes its appearance; and not a single work of any extent, calculated to give employment to engravers, is now on hand, with the exception of the projected *Vernon Gallery*, to be carried on by the publishers of the 'Art-Union Journal.' While such is the case here, we receive, with some surprise, from the Continent, works of art of the very highest class, and equalling in beauty of engraving, the finest productions of Raphael Morgnen. We allude to Toschi's gallery, now issuing from the studios of a few Roman engravers, a new number of which has just appeared. It contains two beautiful Lunetts, of Correggio, from the Camera

di S. Paolo; and two exquisite works of Parmegiano: the one, the *San Giorgio*, engraved by L. Margotti, A. Costa, and P. Toschi; and the other, the still finer painting of the *Due Duonni*, the united production of C. Riamondi, G. Silvani, and P. Toschi. We have rarely seen more delicate or finely-toned prints. They cannot fail to delight the most fastidious collectors.

XXVI. *Scotland Delineated.* J. Hogarth, Haymarket, London.

While the noble works we have referred to are emanating from the Eternal City, our own publishers are holding back such as they have in hand, unless in the case of serial issues, where a good list of subscribers, or the necessity of redeeming pledges already entered into, leads to a different course. Of these may be reckoned a new number of Hogarth's splendid work, the '*Scotland Delineated*,' containing a fine pictorial composition, by Cattermole, of the Murder of Rizzio, in Queen Mary's chamber at Holyrood; a fine Sunset, by Roberts; Craig Millar Castle,—another of the Scottish Queen's haunts,—with Edinburgh in the distance; Castle Campbell; Kilchurn Castle, Lochawe; &c., &c. The work continues to maintain its high pictorial character, though, like most of such large lithographic works, the critic has occasionally to regret a sketchy slurring of parts, and, still more, an artificial style of composition, by which the portraiture of the scene is sacrificed for what is esteemed a more attractive effect. By such means these large and costly works frequently lose all claim to any higher value than mere drawing-room ornaments—a thing the more to be regretted, as they afford so favourable an opportunity for gratifying and enriching the stores of the topographer, without in any degree detracting from their favour in the eye of the mere picture fancier. We are well aware, however, how much easier it is for the artist to make up a picture from some hasty, half-hour's sketch, than to carry away with him such a truthful piece of local portraiture as shall realize to the student the elaborate beauties of the scene.

XXVII. *The Artist's Married Life;* being that of Albert Durer. From the German of Leopold Schefer. By MRS. J. R. STODART. John Chapman, Strand, London.

This is one of those quaint, thoughtful pieces of sentimental reflection in which the German mind delights; but, though containing some fine instructive thought, it is far too devoid of incident or point to produce much influence on our home readers. The primary idea it is designed to convey is the chilling effect resulting from the total absence of sympathy in those among whom an artist's chief intercourse lies, and more especially from the unsympathizing selfishness of a wife. In this it is, we believe, only an elaboration of the well known tradition respecting the great German painter's wife. Others of its reflections, however, have a wider range. Take, for example, the following:—

'The severest Capuchin is in the right when he censures the artist who does not, in the strictest manner, fulfil the moral laws of Nature. The gift of fancy, and the gift of reverence for the Godlike, are two very different qualities in man; and it is only by their union that a truly perfect man is known. What makes him an artist is that, to outward appearance quite a simple man, he yet can mount into the region of fancy *as often as he will*. . . . Nature gives to the genuine artist, with his birth, the true elevation, the greatness of mind necessary for life-long, unvarying endurance, day and night, and from her comes every daily breath, every word; so that he feels, suffers, and rejoices in every thing, under every lot, and in all circumstances. And thus he sits, apparently like one mute or blind—yea, as a child among children, and dwells meanwhile—although with them, yet wherever he will—in heaven or in hell. It is only the constant, unremitting power, which gives the stamp to the genuine calling; and from that power he has occupation, name, work, and happiness.'

And if he wilfully close the realm of fancy, then he becomes subject to the smallest law of the exterior world, and more so, indeed, of his love and of his conscience, which are the tenderest and purest laws in the world.

"Dost thou hear?" said *Nunnenbeck* to his young relative, and seized him by the hand; "wherever thou beholdest a dissolute artist, my son, even if it were only his shadow, then think: he is no artist, has never been one fundamentally, or will soon be one no longer; for the conflict between two passions drags even the strongest person to death."

One other brief extract we must find room for:—

"The artist has felt what he wishes to represent: he may change and transpose; then unfold and convey his ideas to other men; and his work will always spring from the heart, and go to the heart again. Therefore, he must have experienced the greatest, the simplest, the most beautiful, and the saddest events of Nature and of human life; he must have felt the highest joy, and the deepest sorrow; and whoever has trod the noble path of human life with an observing mind—and that is peculiar to the artist—to him are none of these wanting. But it is enough for him that his fancy embrace Nature in her simplicity! He need not have been the murderer of innumerable children in order to represent the Massacre of the Innocents, if he only has and loves one living child, and thinks it may die!"

From these, the reader will see that, however quaint the vehicle of these reflections, they are worthy of study, though the style of their setting is such as will suit the taste of only a very narrow circle of students.

XXVIII. *A Bridal Gift.* By the Editor of 'A Parting Gift to a Christian Friend.' Marples, Liverpool.

This is a book of about two hundred pages, six inches by five in dimensions, elegantly bound in white, pink, and gold, with board sides. The letter-press is divided into three parts, under the titles, 'Bridal Thoughts,' 'Home Duties and Pleasures,' 'Future Re-union'; and the extracts thus arranged are selected from our best writers in prose and verse. The embellishments, beginning with the title-page, and extending from page to page, until the end, are in the best conceivable taste,—literature and art, thought and decoration, combining at every step to impart a pleasing impression to the reader. The work has reached its seventh edition—a tolerable proof of its adaptation to its purpose.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—Dr. Beard, of Manchester, has issued a Prospectus, proposing the publication of a series of original and translated works, adapted to the present state of the controversy on the subject of Christian Evidence, to which we would call the attention of our readers. It is to the following purport:—

The Library of Christian Literature, consisting of Theological, Religious, Historical, and other Works, Translated and Original, designed to exhibit THE FACTS which lie at the basis, mark the early progress, and display the triumphs of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ in their true light, their physical and historical relations, and their great moral, social, and spiritual consequences, apart from particular views of Christian Doctrine, and the aims and interests of rival churches, and with special reference alike to the attempts and the results of Modern Criticism, and the illustration and enforcement of the Credibility of the Sacred Scriptures, and the truth, worth, and perpetual obligation of their spirit, tendencies, and universal teachings, edited by the author of 'THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH IN REPLY TO STRAUSS,' will, if the requisite support is given, be published after the rate of Three Octavo Volumes per annum—price, to Subscribers, £1 1s. (to others, each Volume, 10s. 6d.), payable in advance.

